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of Socialism & Capitalism

WHERE DID IT ALL GO WRONG?

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Fletcher

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Nicola Šop

Gunshot-Wounds
of Wisdom
Brian Aldiss

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John Wain

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Wyndham Lewis

An Anthology of his Prose

Edited with an introduction by E. W. F. Tomlin

'Lewis needs a book like this, a book of examples. His energy so complicated, his talents so diversified, it is almost inevitable that we've reached a point a mere decade after his death where much of his best work seems inaccessible . . . ' Robert Nye, *The Times*. 80s

METHUEN

Cottages in Space

I

Each one sways on the azure;
They approach one another, then drift apart,
Meeting at random, floating on the wind, knocking against each other.

When they touch, they rattle like shaken nut-shells,
When windows come together, two neighbouring faces touch.

All is momentary, the kiss, the clasping of a loved hand;
Then good-bye till they meet again
After an age of moving in circles.

II

Cottages in space, and windows
With a breath-taking view into fathomless abysses.

Open your door, and from your threshold
Descend to the next cottage,
Swinging through space.

You'll leave no foot-prints, you'll find no traces.

Go, go,
Draw nearer, stumble, totter:
Fly to your neighbour's embrace.

In sheer delight you will toss each other up in the air.

III

Settling down in space,
All things are still on the move,
Knocking against one another,
Edge against edge.

Where shall we hang our favourite pictures from earth,
Our souvenirs?
There are no walls.

W. H. AUDEN writes: "Considered by many of his compatriots to be the best living Croatian poet, NIKOLA ŠOP was born at Jajce, Bosnia, in 1904. He was crippled for life during Hitler's bombardment of Belgrade in 1941. 'Cottages in Space' is taken from his volume *Space Poems* (1957)." Another long poem by Šop ("Space Visits"), also translated by Brusar and Auden, was published in the May 1965 ENCOUNTER.

Unlock your trunks with caution,
Lift their lids very slowly,
Or everything will fly away:
Our little earthly things are out-of-date here.

Things of another substance are needed,
With another point of balance,
Weightless, unpossessive, in concord,
Things that don't get lost.

IV

How delightful, this first feast,
With objects settling down quietly,
Getting used to a new order.

The guests, however, have not yet arrived.
Have they lost their way in the new situation,
Do their feet still slip, is their step still awkward,
Does a level space still look to them like an abyss?

Peer through the window and listen,
Listen for something that flies in circles.

V

All is in order, ready for the guests.

Slender threads tie the plates to the table
And the food to the plates,
To prevent them from flying away,
Because, in the lightness, all things flutter,
Are breezy, blue, like feathers.

But the expected guests; where have they got to?
Where has their lightness carried them?

Round the table, attached to new spaces, arm-chairs
Wait for the invited ones to hold on to them,
Lest their lightness suddenly snatch them away.

VI

Everything hereabouts has lost its weight,
So you must tie it down lest it fly away.

Every object is a winged bird:
Let it flutter in its cage.

How wonderful it will be when, deeply moved,
He raises his glass to propose a toast in the language,
The voice we still remember so well.

He will weep, but the tears won't fall,
Won't slide down his cheeks.
Instead, shining and twinkling, they will remain
A necklace of tears, afloat in the air,
Strung on an invisible thread.

VII

I keep forgetting that all things are weightless.

I open windows and, suddenly,
All my things fly out into space like birds,
Out and away, and I fly after them.

We find it so hard to arrange the things in our rooms
In the new weightless order.

How long will it take us to learn
They are things of another substance, with another point of balance,
Things in concord that won't get lost?

VIII

Make no mistakes, my guests,
Things no longer stand in their old relations,
Ownership has become vague.

When you have learned the new point of balance, you will be light,
You will sleep peacefully
Over gulfs and abysses.
A long life to you all, my first guests, in these new spaces,
Remembering forever the old reality.

Gravity is deadly:
It lowers things into human hands
That make them their own.
From gravity ownership was derived, the desire to possess was born.

But here things float, they belong to all;
Each one seems everybody's, as it circles in an unbounded calm;
It doesn't belong to a limited space,
It detaches itself from an owner's catalogue.

IX

Yes, it is from gravity that ownership was derived.
Gravity bound things and tamed them: caged in,
They served man gladly, liked to call themselves his,
Wherever they were, inside the house or outside, or on the roof.

At night, exhausted by service,
They fell asleep on their shadows:
All their dreams were about smoke.

Oh, to be suddenly set free,
To be with it, to be it,
Detached, fluent, light, up there,
Smoke.

X

Meanwhile, my guests, you have gathered here,
Swaying in concord, I see, with a new point of balance,
Ready to clink glasses;
None will get cracked or broken.

How jolly it is to see spilled wine
Floating like a red cloud.

We marvel still at the phenomenon, forgetting
That forces, unknown hitherto, are keeping it afloat.

XI

Well, my guests, now we have clinked glasses.
Good health to you all.
But please stop talking. Silence, please.
I hear something ticking somewhere.

In somebody's pocket, it seems, an earthly watch must be ticking.
Somebody's hiding one,
Somebody's measuring time after the out-of-date manner.

Whoever he be, what's the use of the gadget to him?

There's no more getting up or working by it,
No more sleeping according to its whims;
Not since we dropped anchor in space.

XII

Let us consider this gadget.

A box into which, it is said, time pours,
That records in advance hours and seconds
On a small round face of glass.

But no: time does not necessarily move when the hands move:
No, it's a spring inside that moves the hands.
Time stops or rushes past the watch,
Takes away, destroys, renews.

What's the use of a clapper striking,
Or the cuckoo of an earthly cupboard-clock?

XIII

In the cupboard all things have become transfigured.
Nobody guesses that what we used to call worm-holes
Are in fact the beds of new streams.

Inside a grinding goes on in secret,
Not the dry exhalation from a time-worn interior,
Like an old library, where on entering, we behold
The crumbling effect of worms on old grey letters,
And leaf through the past, hardly daring to breathe,
Lest everything should crumble to dust.

XIV

No, it's not the dry exhalation from a time-worn interior,
But a transfiguration.

Filled to overflowing with new things that breathe,
The old cupboard bursts open;
At the pressure inside
The key is ejected from the lock.

Inside the cupboard a clock
Desperately cuckoos the old time,
As new things fly out of it,
Unfamiliar objects with enchanting edges.

The purpose of this, the name of that,
Has still to be learned.

XV

You'll have to stop each object and ask it its name,
Hold it close to you and listen
To its unfamiliar pulse,
Or, perhaps, with a child's curiosity
Turn it over, prise it open and peer inside
To learn what its hidden secret is,
What is inside, serving a new purpose,
Shake the object to hear it tinkle.

XVI

Look, my chance-come guests, what do I see?

One of you feels like sleeping here in the earthly manner;
His head is nodding.
He must be the one
With an earthly watch concealed in his pocket.

Look at him! He's fast asleep:
Some of his midnight hours must have struck for him.

Be quiet and listen. He is still talking nonsense. How strange!
How did this late-comer ever reach these spaces?

On Phaeton's chariot, you whisper to me,
You, the girl who sways on my right.

XVII

Yes, that must be it. The uninvited guest arrived on Phaeton's chariot,
Which he must have found in some corner,
Shattered to be sure, but still winged.

On it he soared,
Bringing all his old things with him, his earthly furniture,
With those bygone weights of his, those shapes and possessions,
He expects to sway, to balance.

Speak softly. Look, the sleeper is starting to sway: the new harmony
Is gradually taking hold of him.

Hush, hush. In silence gather his things together,
Load them on to the chariot and himself with them.

Send him toppling headlong to Earth, to Hades.

translated by Branko Brusar & W. H. Auden

Raymond Fletcher

Where Did It All Go Wrong?

WHERE DID IT all go wrong? The anguished question punctuates history and ends all the great political dramas. It was asked by Alexander the Great's bewildered Hellenes as his Empire sank back into the sand on which it was erected. It was asked by weary veterans of the French Revolution as they straggled back from Waterloo and by Old Bolsheviks as they waited for the executioner to end their nightmares. So terminate all heroic political enterprises. Mud is constant, it seems, and shall endure; and the stars are for ever out of reach.

But something has gone wrong with the cause which appealed to so many refugees from *Sturm und Drang* just because it was so un-heroic. Democratic Socialism, as we disillusioned revolutionaries saw it, was a creed that was realistically based on the attainable hopes of men as they are, not men as they might forcibly be remoulded. It was cool. It was sane. It was about equality. It was about freedom. Its organisation, moreover, was intelligently constructed because nobody consciously constructed it. The intelligentsia provided an accelerator, the trade unions a brake, and millions of ordinary democrats the fuel. Democratic Socialism *could* be built and required no ruins on which it had to be built. What was best in the old order would be incorporated in the new. Slow growth from planned growth points was the thing. It might

strain the patience but would never torment the conscience.

Yet even now there is hardly enough electoral steam left in Democratic Socialism to keep Harold Wilson in the House of Commons, let alone put him back into Downing Street. There is more than the evidence of the pollsters to support this depressing conclusion. Every Labour M.P. knows what many are reluctant to admit—that his weekly surgeries are a surer guide to public feeling than his party management committee; and that the verdict of the surgeries is a thumbs-down to most of our cherished beliefs. The Labour Party may win the next election in much the same way, and for the same reasons, as the Democrats almost got their man back into the White House last November. But it will be no victory for Socialism, no matter how many bright young thinkers re-define the term and no matter how much meaning they drain from it in the process.

LABOUR M.P.s will hold their seats because they are identified with a union vote that has nowhere else to go, because they personify an ancestral hatred of "Them," because industrial workers do not like Quintin Hogg, because Edward Heath seems unlikely to set the Thames on fire and because the economy may be going up and taxes coming down.

In no constituency will a Labour M.P. win because the government nationalised steel, increased family allowances, built a good many schools and hospitals and presided over the restructuring of a lot of industry. Labour, I remind myself, won the 1966 election in spite of its plans, not because of them. The Prices and Incomes policy had not begun to bite. The high cost of giving the highest priority to the Balance of Payments had not appeared in four years' tax demands. What the voters wanted was business

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as usual with a change of management, no more.

Gone, in fact, is the delusion that we Socialists represent the "real" interests and aspirations of the People, and that the People themselves would see it if they were not blinkered by the "capitalist press." We have met the People in a series of disastrous by-elections. We have discovered that they too are pragmatists, who wonder what is in it for them *as individuals*. Their political behaviour, to borrow a scientific term, is going random. Areas that were once solid in their loyalties are melting at the edges.

Aspirations that once had to be expressed in social terms (that is, in the organised demand for more schools, more welfare, and more public control of other people's lucrative activities) are now personal or family ambitions (that is, an individual's desire for a good job, an enhanced status, a good education for young Johnny as a passport to a good job, and a bigger car to carry the family further). The Welfare State no longer generates enthusiasm among the workers for whom, and largely by whom, it was created. Heated invective about state-subsidised layabouts is now heard as frequently in canteens as in the plushier restaurants; and, as every Labour M.P. was recently reminded, family allowances arouse as much resentment as the increased income tax that goes to pay for them.

THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES, in short, now begin to reject what Socialist mythology regards as the people's achievements. Socialists, therefore, are deprived of the one ideological crutch that helped some of us to hobble along one road while working-class voters were groping their way towards another. It was the belief, derived from Marx but not without influence on those of his readers who never got beyond his first footnote, that, in some transcendental way, we are the people, that *our* flag is the people's flag, and if democracy regularly gives the old heave-ho to the people's doctrine and the people's leaders, somebody—perhaps the Editor of *The Times* or the sub-editors on every other paper—is mucking about with democracy. Without crutches and without illusions Socialists must now face a chilly reality.

REALITY is that though we may be wanted by our constituents, our doctrines are not. It is that most workers were doing very nicely, thank you, during the thirteen wasted years and

do not think they are doing so well now. It is that Barbara Castle's Prices and Incomes policy, though hardly different from the "planned increase of incomes" that the 1963 Labour Party conference accepted with exhilaration, was killed by proletarian derision just as her innocuous Industrial Relations Bill was killed by proletarian resentment. It is that the class-consciousness generated in industrial disputes drives workers against "their" party instead of towards it. It is that dynamic words from dynamic "new men" have not conjured up much new economic growth. It is that the planned solution to the balance of payments problem did not solve it, whereas the un-planned back-tracking to financial orthodoxy looks like doing so. It is, most of all, that Capitalism works and most people are quite content to let it.

Capitalism, of course, is not a dirty word, though by Sunday-sermon standards it is a dirty system. Measured by the Marxist yardstick, however, which registered such things as production and distribution, capitalism in this part of the 20th century has taught itself how to deliver the goods. The famous contradictions are still there, true. There is poverty in the midst of plenty. There is class conflict. There are currency crises. And those who claw their way to its commanding heights are frequently as undesirable as some of those who are elected to political office.

The contradictions, however, can be lived with or manoeuvred out of. The post-war revolution in agricultural productivity, for example, should have shattered the agricultural price system in Europe as it did in the pre-1914 United States. It didn't. The downward curve of the trade cycle that most of Europe ran into three years ago should have been a run into ruin. It wasn't. Why and how capitalism got through its little local difficulties is no concern of mine in this article, though I think I know. What does concern me, and should concern every Socialist, is that our main indictment against the System has been thrown out by the highest court we recognise—that of the People themselves, expressing their political will in the ballot box and their economic will over the counters.

We always said that capitalism neither worked nor could be made to work. We argued that the glaring injustices that affronted our consciences were not the "real" diseases but were merely symptoms of the social disease, *i.e.*, the private ownership of socially-created property. And we were wrong. It is no use changing the

argument and talking of the lousy films they make in capitalist Germany, or the watering of French wines, or the tail-fins of American automobiles. We were just wrong about the potential of the system.

BACK IN THE DAYS when I regularly defended Holy Writ against such ideological back-sliders as John Strachey, Douglas Jay, and Anthony Crosland there was at least one intellectual mud-hole into which I never stumbled. I never thought that by changing a description one could change a thing. When Eisenhower's word-merchants described a recession as a "rolling readjustment" I preferred to call it a slump. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation was, to me, a military alliance which I compared to a public convenience (*i.e.*, a necessary refuge, not a permanent home) and certainly not a "New Europe." It was the best of the good writing habits I acquired on *Tribune* and I have no intention of dropping it now. Capitalism, in my book, remains capitalism, no matter how it shores itself up with Committees and Commissions.

Both Strachey and Crosland took a different view in the good old days when Right was wrong and Left was right, and God help anybody who got caught in the crossfire. They tried to devise a new terminology to fit what seemed to be emerging in the 1950s—a social system that was neither capitalism nor socialism nor even an unstable amalgam of the two. Theirs was not an entirely wasted effort. The more reasonable inmates of the New Left use John Strachey's "last-stage capitalism" as a useful theoretical tool; and I myself have learned something from Crosland since I stopped hating his political guts. But the new terminology did not create a new reality. It merely persuaded some political commentators that the young men who talked Croslandese must have discovered the secret of political dynamism that had eluded the Old Gang in the Labour Party.

But the old hands in business were not taken in. They knew that they were in no danger of being taken over. Rejuvenated capitalism was created in the image of General Motors and not by the Fabian Society. Giant corporations certainly make the most of subventions (open or concealed) from the State and jack up their profits into super-profits in markets either provided, or greatly influenced by, the State. But what is new in that? There is nothing in the

recent history of the American aircraft corporations that was not, so to speak, dress-rehearsed in the days of the emergent American Railway companies. Yet I cannot say, as the unreconstructed Socialist in me itches to say, that the founders of Union Pacific wrote the scripts for today's board meetings of Lockheed. What has to be said is that public funds do not change the character of the corporations that receive them. Capitalists who sell aircraft to governments are no different from capitalists selling *Snibbo* to housewives. And it is because they and their system are doing well that Socialism is doing badly.

There are, of course, other explanations in circulation, all well studded with statistics and well ballasted with footnotes. But when you carve through the academic fat into the political meat of such offerings it usually proves indigestible. Like most members of the Labour Party I sometimes want to punch Harold Wilson on the nose; but I am not prepared to believe, even in transports of irritation, that what went wrong with Socialism bears his name. It is highly unlikely that the Church will canonise him, strong as he is for family allowances. But I cannot believe, as Paul Foot would have me believe, that the Prime Minister was bent on betrayal from the moment he had that picture taken outside No. 10 Downing Street.

THE WORD "BETRAYAL" is the one permanent resident in the ever-changing vocabulary of the Left. When I set out to guide the workers of South Wales towards the Marxist light twenty years ago, as stupid an endeavour as any guilt-ridden young fool ever embarked upon, I was constantly in the company of older militants who were expert anatomists of betrayal. Whenever a colleague got himself elected to the council there were dark mutterings about his "selling-out" in the working men's clubs. Attlee and his government were quite unmentionable and rarely mentioned. They had, in the opinion of my militant mentors, nothing to do with either Socialism or the working class. It was much later that I began to ask myself what kind of a movement it was that was always led by traitors. And what kind of working class was it that tamely allowed its unions to be staffed by sold-out bureaucrats, its cooperatives to be run by clapped-out non-entities, and the parliamentary seats at its disposal awarded as retirement presents to worn-out trade union officials?

I ask the question still. What kind of a Parliamentary Labour Party is it that accepts a leader one minute because there is, as the saying in the lobbies goes, "no alternative," and then angrily repudiates everything he says and does the next? It becomes all the more bewildering when the current leader is measured against standards set during the Attlee years—when the Left were saying the same things about him as they now say about Wilson. This is not to say that the Left (or rather the *Tribune* group which has squatters' rights in the area) is always wrong. Far from it. I think that James Dickens would have advised the Chancellor far better than the Treasury during the run-down to devaluation, and that his policies might well have removed the balance of payments problem from the political agenda far earlier, with healthy results all round. (It is, after all, a bit thick when a crusading movement turns itself into a mere committee for Saving the Pound.) But a change of leader or of style in leadership will not change the opinion of Mr. Henry Dubb, the *Ur*-Labour voter, that his taxes are too high and his wages too low.

The "betrayal" thesis is, in fact, a boomerang. Instead of concentrating the indictment against Harold Wilson it actually broadens it to include the party he leads in Parliament and the delegates who regularly give him standing ovations at conferences. If he is a "super con-man," then we, who have all been conned at one time or another, are simply a pack of gullible fools. I cannot accept this. If Harold Wilson has abandoned most of the ideas he took with him into Downing Street in 1964 it is more logical than charitable to assume that some of them just wouldn't work.

Every big idea with a big head of emotional steam behind it must occasionally be tested to destruction, just like prototype aircraft. To save Socialism, in fact, it is necessary to try to destroy it, at least in print. The first stage of the exercise is undoubtedly painful, as my own headaches testify. Intellectuals, moreover, find it easier than other people to be dishonest. Only the Webbs, the most brilliant fools in the England of their day, could have hailed Stalin's Russia as "a new civilisation." They meant well, and as far as this country is concerned they did well; but Mr. Henry Dubb, despite the limited intellectual tools he had, saw through Stalin long before Left intellectuals got round to asking questions about the Moscow trials.

I AM NO LONGER ABLE to disguise the fact that I am an intellectual who has talked and written his share of nonsense, though most of it was good readable Trotskyist nonsense and not a word of it the self-degrading rubbish that my intimate enemies wrote about Stalin. Some of today's intellectuals are a better breed, partly because many of them were born of workers and have lived as workers. Yet there is a milder strain of the virus of the 1930s still active. It has clearly infected many of the young Socialists who by-passed the old mythological constructions, who knew Stalin only as a dead dictator, and who came straight to Hugh Gaitskell and then to Parliament with very light ideological luggage.

This has not prevented them from clothing what is in the language of what ought to be. Their enthusiasm for the Common Market bears witness. The EEC has its bread-and-butter problems, but it works. Nobody writing from the heart of the German *Wirtschaftswunder*, after living and working in the Six for a couple of months (as I do and have done) can doubt either its success or its permanence. Those European Socialists who either serve on its Commission, or helped to wean it in committees, can be forgiven for thinking that the injections of Socialism that went into its bloodstream now nourish a set of potentially Socialist organs. Socialists in Britain have not the same excuse for making the same mistake. The Common Market is certainly not a capitalist conspiracy, but it *is* rejuvenated Euro-American capitalism, which has chosen the controlled multi-national corporation as its instrument for doing its business. It is also, as the realistic Professor Hallstein always insisted, as much of a State as Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine or the pre-Bismarckian *Zollverein*. It cannot be transformed into the Socialist United States of Europe by adding a few Labour Ministers to its council.

The "Great Debate" in the Labour Party about British entry into the Common Market aroused slightly less interest in the country than a dropped catch at Lords. Yet it was a test-bed in which Democratic Socialism shook the rivets out of itself without knowing it. Some of the political eccentricities displayed can be understood and excused. Politicians whose following dwindles, like actors who play before a diminishing audience, tend to over-do it. Hence the bombastic claims that Britain would take the leadership of a Europe which, at that moment, was preparing to admit us only through the

tradesmen's entrance (*i.e.*, the offer of association) and eventually allowed the French to slam even that door in our faces. Hence the odd idea that the *élan* that was visibly lacking in this country would be pumped into us by our booming European partners, a notion rather similar to the cannibals' belief that you acquire a warrior's strength by nibbling a warrior's heart.

But the arguments for entry that carried most weight among the participating Socialists were those that shook Socialism itself virtually to pieces. There were better social services in the Common Market countries. There were higher wages, more influential trade unions, more successful cooperatives. And the Commission did allow you to plan if you wanted to, though there was to be no mucking about with the market.

Nobody asked why, if the Europeans had gained all these things *without* Socialism, they should need either it or us. As Lenin pointed out, people do not turn against an old social order because they want to but because they have to. They can be led to a new society only when it is impossible for them to live in the old. It was quite clear during our debates, and it has become clearer to me since, that Socialism as we understand it and cheer it at conferences is, to put it coldly, superfluous to European requirements. Anything public corporations can do, multi-national corporations can do as well or better at the moment. The steady advance of workers' living standards can be achieved by the workers' own organisations. The more successful those organisations are, the more prosperous and stable the whole economy becomes. Professor Karl Schiller, who took the helm of the German *Wirtschaftswunder* when Social Democrats entered the Coalition in 1966, steered it with his left hand down a bit and with a friendly eye on the unions, but he did not steer it towards anything we would describe as Socialism. He forfeits none of my admiration thereby. His charted course was not the best that German Socialists have dreamed, but the best they could do. And they, of course, have gained electoral support at the same rate as we have lost it.

WHAT, THEN, DO WE DO as we ruefully contemplate the wreckage in the test-bed? Run off madly in all directions like John Braine and end up spouting reds-under-the-bed nonsense at the Monday Club? Empty our bowels

over former comrades (and our former selves) like many ex-Communists and even some ex-Bevanites? Or slip quietly round the corner to Tothill Street and be received into the Confederation of British Industries as John Henry Newman was received into the Catholic Church?

No such theatrical leave-takings are necessary. There are things in Democratic Socialism that are not among those fractured structures lying in the test-bed. It will make argument easier if I personify one of them as Raymond Williams, another as Michael Foot and a third as Jack Jones. Each of these Socialists is a strong individualist and every one of them would run away like a racehorse from any school of thought that labelled itself with his name. But it is Williams who has mounted the most heavily-armed critique of the *individual* consumer-orientated society, Foot who most splendidly objects to anybody being pushed around for any purpose, private or public, and Jones who most vigorously reminds us of those deep, inarticulate needs of the industrial worker that even the best wage-packets do not satisfy, and who testifies that striking workers are usually trying to assert themselves as men in industries where they are still regarded as hands. The rejuvenation of capitalism may have demolished the pretensions of the Fabian planners and the abrasive social engineers: it has not filed down the cutting edge of the Williams-Foot-Jones indictment of modern society.

Nor has it robbed Literary Socialism (which I personify in Arnold Wesker, doubtless to his extreme annoyance) of any of its passion. The workers I represent in Parliament actually prefer chips with everything and it is my job to see that they get them. But Wesker desperately wants them to want more; and in Wesker's theatre I am cut down to six inches high for not persuading them to want more. This is a necessary therapy for everyone in public life. Even Bernard Shaw, who doubted whether the workers could govern themselves, maintained that all governments must govern in their interests. Literary Socialism, as an angle of vision or an organisation of generous feelings, has produced some of the best drama of our times, has pushed British television ahead of the rest (we see less rubbish on our screens than either Americans or other Europeans), and is now filling the German literary scene with vibrant life. Sometime, somewhere, some of Wesker's audiences will find some way of organising

themselves in accordance with the way he sees them. But not next week, nor even next year.

When I describe Wesker as Williams translated into theatre I offend both men. But I do not, I hope, distort the social-critical trends for which I use their names as short-hand symbols. Since I am writing this piece out of my own head as a deliberately unscholarly essay, I write only of what I have absorbed from my Socialist Trinity—and I may well have absorbed the wrong bits.

I am, moreover, concerned with diagnoses, not prescriptions. When Williams probes into our present discontents, as he did in his briefest and best essay ("*Towards a Socialist Society*" in the symposium, *Towards Socialism*), I cheer. When he suggests remedies, which usually turn out to be the usual rash of well-meaning committees, I groan. Similarly, it is the Wesker who writes plays, not the Wesker who struggles to get *Centre 42* off the drawing board, to whom I remain politically indebted. My own attitudes, such as they are in my present transitional mood, are not personified by any English writer or politician. It is rather Günter Grass who speaks for me when I cannot find the right words to speak for myself.

To Williams, as to A. J. P. Taylor, civilisation is what people do in public, as well as what people consciously do together in communities. The Nottingham Playhouse is civilisation and so are the Women's Institutes. The consumption of processed cheese, like the consumption of processed television serials, is not. And there are two clear and present dangers in a society where the individual consumer can regard himself as the king, dangers that are the maggots in a luscious apple. The first is that the consumer in us will fight the citizen in us and win. As consumers we are influenced in our choice by advertising men who have studied all our psychic quirks and shape their advertising campaigns accordingly. There is an association in our subconscious minds between speed, sports cars, and sexual virility. The petrol companies, therefore, film our submerged urges and link them visually with their petrol. I am not sufficiently disturbed by TV commercials to write to my M.P. about them, but the point is this: whereas art draws us out of our inadequate selves, advertising pushes us back in. We may grow fat as consumers; but we do not grow in any other sense.

As with petrol, so with politics. It is the consumer who is the target of political campaigning

today. It is the consumer who can be persuaded to buy political leaders whose thoughts are thought for them by experts in acceptability, whose speeches are written for them by erudite students of human weakness and whose personalities are fabricated for them by cameramen, directors, and make-up girls. The great virtue of democracy is that, in the end, the Big Lies are exposed and the Big Liars sacked. Democracy takes a beating when candidates and policies are sold like soap-flakes. Communities wither and die as we all become, and are governed as, manipulable consumers.

I know that there is always a healthy kick-back coming. Newton's Second Law of Motion—that action and reaction are equal and opposite—offers the only theoretical consolation to bewildered contemporary Socialists. But the kickback into more public spending to improve the quality of our public living may come too late. We may find ourselves, like the unfortunate citizens of New York, consuming like Croesus but afraid to go home in the dark.

This is the second of the dangers to which Williams draws attention. Where the market is the only important social process we are all commodities, and some commodities just do not get sold. They range from Strand cigarettes in Britain to unskilled Negro workers in Detroit. Yet don't we all have a chance to get on the market? Careers are now open to talent. Dustmen's sons can go to university and dustmen's daughters marry into executive suites. But what happens to those who cannot make it and who feel that the whole of organised society is not only pressing down on them but also looking down on them? What happens to a society whose *leitmotiv* is not so much keeping up with the Joneses as finding new ways of publicly despising the Joneses? Will the bottom people eventually strike at the top, blindly, viciously and destructively, as they do in Michael Young's disturbing book *The Rise of the Meritocracy*? And is this not the social disease of which the increase in violence is one of the indices? Strong communities might contain all this, as strong families gently discipline their idiots, but consumer society objects to paying the bill. So long as these questions are asked, Williams remains relevant.

FOOT WILL ALWAYS be relevant, even in Utopia. He will not have people pushed around, whether they are journalists who want to tell the truth or coal miners who want to work. As a re-

incarnated Hazlitt he is both a Socialist and an enemy of one aspect of Socialism. The bureaucrat, the man in Whitehall or in the Town Hall who knows best, thrives best in a planned economy; he is Foot's eternal foe. One kind of freedom, however, demands planning. It is the freedom to work and the freedom from being sentenced to unemployment by remote people for incomprehensible reasons. The social and technological change we all enthusiastically demand at Party conferences frequently arrives in the individual worker's home as disaster. It is the machine or the merger that is going to put him out of a job. Foot's Socialism is about liberty, about Cobbett, about the Englishman's right to tell his social superiors to go to hell and about spreading the good things of life around more fairly. But, in 1969, it is mostly about organising our social machinery in such a way that the metallic kind does not damage human dignity. We'll always need Foot, even though, from time to time, we have to jettison part of him to preserve the rest.

JONES is the Jack who knows he's as good as his master, if not a darned sight better. He has far more in common with the rebellious social frontiersmen who carved out an area for the growth of trade unions than the unimaginative Friendly Society types, all gold badges and good works, who actually presided over its growth and who were astonished to find at the turn of the century that they were supposed to be heading for a grand takeover of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Others may chant Clause Four to scare away the Evil One: Jones believes in it.

But he believes in it in his own way. His job is to sell labour at the highest price he can get and he is a very good bargainer. He knows far more of productivity bargaining than the politicians who make speeches about it. He has a ruthlessly practical attitude towards change, which he measures in the extra pennies an hour he can get out of it for his members. He was a thorn in the backside of the trade union establishment for years, yet he is so much a prototype trade unionist that it seems odd to meet him away from the negotiating table or out of the conference hall. His Socialism is a response to the limitations of collective bargaining. What he wants more of, for the workers he leads, is only partly to be measured in money.

It is easy to pare away the fungoid growth of mythology from British trade unionism and

find the same acquisitiveness underneath it that conference resolutions regularly denounce. It is even easier to sneer at the jargon-clogged channels through which the organised British worker's desire for more is expressed for him. But trade unionists are usually right about the great big issues—right, that is, when the individual trade unionist is multiplied by his organisations. The T.U.C. got to the causes and cure of the Great Depression of the 1930s at least four years before Keynes. It spat out the dictators when literary men were making pilgrimages either to Mussolini or Stalin. It organised itself for war, under Ernie Bevin, far more totally than Hitler's Labour Front. And it now says that economic expansion is necessary for it to speed up the job of reforming itself, and it is right again.

There is, in short, a vast, largely untapped reservoir of common sense and wisdom lying below executive levels in our society. Jones wants to tap it by enfranchising it. He wants what we achieved when we were at war—the camaraderie that dissolved a thousand industrial problems a day, the shared purpose, the shared commitment and the shared responsibility—to be achieved in peace. Maybe he wants too much. Maybe the exhilaration of war-imposed Socialism was as fleeting an experience as a sexual orgasm, and the norm is what we have slipped back to. But what he wants is no mean, degrading thing; and it is because I am still loyal to him that I do not indulge in the fashionable scribbler's habit of urinating upon trade unionism.

BUT JUST AS the dead don't vote, except in Northern Ireland, the future can't vote either. If Socialism does not mean anything to our Henry Dubb, who is beginning to think that he will not bother to vote at all next time, it does not mean anything at all. The Labour Party's task, however, is not to re-package its goods to suit what market-researchers say are Henry Dubb's tastes. Equally mistaken are the bewildered Labour M.P.s who talk incessantly of getting the message across, and look accusingly at me because my weekly newspaper column (in the *Guardian*) does not read like a party poster. If every editor of every newspaper published nothing but governmental glad tidings, Mr. Dubb would still feel inclined to sit out the coming election. For he does not think he *needs* us any more, neither Harold Wilson nor Williams, Foot and Jones. Democratic

Socialism has got to get itself needed before it breaks out of the encircling apathy. Even then there is one more river to cross. Political artistry is mostly persuading people to want what they need; and the Labour Party has always been short of political artists.

Much of the stock in Labour's present store is not likely to be needed in 1970. Not even Marks & Spencer's could sell the expanding social wage, expanding public ownership, and perpetual industrial re-structuring in the kind of political market I describe above. People no longer think they need further advances on these fronts. They are letting in retreat-bugling candidates at almost every by-election. Yet Labour can save itself, and keep Democratic Socialism in being (like one of Admiral Mahan's ideal fleets), but not by more policies. It is already over-loaded with policy and will just sink if it takes on any more. What it has to do first of all is, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, to clear its mind of cant.

This time the job must be done properly. The Labour Party must expose both itself and Democratic Socialism to the power of destructive thinking, even if it has to hire a few demolitionists like Peter Simple to help. (Such characters, in any case, would do far less harm than the specialists in being with-it who worked "soul" into the current slogans.) Such shock therapy might break a few hearts and disturb a few minds; but Socialists cannot carry on like Arab armies, shielding themselves from reality with quasi-populist rhetoric, treating every minor parliamentary skirmish as a battle and hailing every defeat as a victory.

An overload of cant disqualifies those who carry it from either thinking strategically or formulating a strategy. The Labour Party has to learn what Captain Basil Liddell Hart eventually succeeded in teaching the military—that frontal assaults usually fail and that the indirect approach is invariably the only one. In other words, you don't just charge into such mine-fields as industrial relations; you creep into them after very careful preparation, recognising with every cautious step you take that the fears you face (however irrationally based) are nine-tenths of the facts of the situation you are in.

Socialists may think that because Joshua took Jericho with trumpets other citadels will fall if they shout outside them loud enough. They won't. Just as war was not abolished by the dozen international conventions that outlawed it, and just might be by undramatic negotiators

who have the patience to argue for a year about the shape of the negotiating table, a Democratic Socialist society cannot be "built" by social engineers. It has to grow, and what eventually comes up may not even remotely resemble the picture on the seed packet.

The very term "Democratic Socialist society," indeed, is one to be dispensed with in thinking, though it will do for occasional conference speeches. It implies something totally completed and totally different from what we have now. But life does not permit either the completion or the destruction of any form of social organisation. British capitalism, for example, could not destroy feudalism: so it took over some feudal trappings and eventually invited barons into its boardrooms. Democratic Socialism will thus always be in a state of becoming. It will never dramatically arrive. And some instalments of it will be delivered by the most unlikely people, such as the State Governors in America who are now pushing Richard Nixon towards a Federal Social Insurance scheme. "Creeping Socialism," the American diehards call it. Uninspiring, no doubt. It still gives the Foot tradition some room in which to thrive.

BUT THERE ARE CYCLICAL MOVEMENTS in politics as there are in economies. People change. Public moods change. Social needs change. In advising retreat now, I do not by any means exclude the possibility of advancing later. By "retreat," of course, I mean a pulling back of the State from areas wherein it now interferes without controlling, I mean a decisive shift of resources from the social wage into the wage packet, and I mean a pruning of indiscriminate welfare provision. I regret all this as bitterly as Hannibal's troops must have regretted his decision to yield ground in the early stages of the Battle of Cannae. Yet Hannibal, as every schoolboy knows, was as clever as I want Labour leaders to be: he retreated in the centre in order to advance effectively on the flanks.

The future lines of advance for Socialists are, paradoxically enough, being mapped out in capitalist America. Sociologists, physicists, engineers and quite a few intellectuals, all rubbing their heads and their disciplines together in think-tanks, are studying the future. They are not dreamers. They are diagnosticians. And what they are diagnosing is a social disorder which Alvin Toffler, the fugelman of Futurism, has described as "Future-Shock."

Its symptoms are all around us. They are what

Williams, Foot and Jones, and many others who would not be found dead in the same polling booth, are keeping their eyes on and thinking about. The cause of these present discontents, Toffler argues, is that the future is arriving too fast in some areas (such as automated, fantastically productive, modern industry), and too slow in others (such as urban development, educational systems and the control of communications). Some men go to the moon: others can't get out of the ghettos. The American situation, in fact, can serve as a metaphor for the rest of the West, which steadily becomes what America already is. Planning a co-ordinated arrival of the future demands a massive intervention of public authority. This is the message that the computers are chattering out: Alvin Toffler has translated it into English and Robert Jungk into German. It is the foundation of a strategy, and it could be the beginning of a programme. It certainly provides a map of the area wherein Democratic Socialism can become needed again.

But the message must not be misunderstood. There is no political future in just burning incense to the Future. None of us likes change. Even I would resent and resist the automation of the House of Commons. People cling tenaciously to their islands of things-as-they-are.

It is to this innate conservatism, in fact, that Socialists must anchor themselves as the technologists pull us all into the future. It is not change that Socialists must shout about. It is the preservation of security amid the destructive

ravages of technology that they *must* quietly talk about. They must find the courage to be dull, as the successful Swedish Social Democrats have done. The Swedes are not Walter Crane heroes, storming the reactionary heights. They run the most civilised society in Europe almost anonymously. We all know the names of Swedish film directors, but hands up anyone who can name the Swedish Minister of Health. People give their confidence to leaders who assure them, in deeds rather than words, that they are going to remain people and that they are important. Social reforming, in short, is best done by stealth, by shoring up communities as they are, at the same time as giving them almost imperceptible injections of change.

ALL THIS, I know, is short-hand. I have not attempted to write the next party manifesto, but merely suggested that the less manifesto the better. I am not in possession of the secret of governing, but I know (since my constituents tell me) that Labour has done too much of it and that the country is suffering from legislative indigestion. And after all this theorising I have come to roughly the same conclusion as my railwayman neighbour, who does no theorising at all. I fully intend to vote Labour next time. But, for heaven's sake, my leaders, be the pragmatists you say you are and go with the grain of the timber you are trying to re-shape.

Brian Aldiss

Gunshot-Wounds of Wisdom

Writer's Notebook in Rio

IT'S THE SENSE that the jungle's crawling into the city—back into the city, let's say! Look round at this room—bright, modern, full of all these smart clever people. Yet at back of all the intellectual conversation you can hear the vegetation growing and the bongo drums going.

I like that! The music fills me to my fingertips.

That's what you expect, isn't it?—Love affairs busting or lasting like empires?

Silver is the colour we usually call wings. You see them every day above us where I live.

Without wanting to go into it too technically, I'd say that for several thousands of years now, vocalisation of thought has been on the increase, and this is part of the pressure to which the human brain is now endlessly submitted. If it wasn't for the command centres of the human brain, we'd be mutating every hour on the hour!

Forget the state of your shirt and just look at the fantastic women coming in. The whores and queens of ancient Egypt, isn't it?

Brazil's the fourth biggest nation on earth. You have to take that into consideration.

It doesn't make much of an impression, does it?

Well, on me it does. The whole continent comes flooding through that window!

Eh, I lika your story so mooch—it gotta da beeg monster, eh?

That's what's so delightfully cockeyed about

the place. You come here and they make a Yugoslav girl Queen of the Festival!

I suppose one couldn't sleep with Neda Arneric?—I mean, even respectfully?

He's a very famous musician in Rio. He lives in a street named after him.

Oh, I tell you, I'm hot for melancholy, Henrietta!

No, the place alarms me and I'll be glad to go. Maybe I'll stay till Friday—there's a flight out *via* Bogota that would suit me. But look, we lie here on the beach—look down that end! That haze drifting in. It's not fumes from the automobiles, it's coming in off the sea. Doesn't it look like radioactivity? Remember those scenes in the movie of "On the Beach"? It's like that. Like doom!

I heard they weren't killing the interior tribes off. The tribes just sort of die off as they contact civilisation.

Did you say *contract* civilisation?

One Brazilian told me, "We're only doing to the Indians what you did to your Indians a century back."

Anyhow, they aren't so friendly. They're very treacherous. They have long loaves of bread, like the French, and present them to their enemies in the guise of friendship. But all the time they have long knives concealed in the bread, and then suddenly—wham!—they stab their enemy, bread and all. Isn't that terrifying!

You know a funny thing? Everytime it rains, we can get no water from the taps. It's special to Copacabana.

She was the most promising starlet from Fox ten years ago.

You can say that again.
You couldn't say it now.

I KNOW WHAT THEY CLAIM. But who's digging the roads? Who sells lemonade up and down the beach all day? The poor old black man's at the bottom of the pile here as elsewhere.

Maybe, but when we were at the American Embassy reception a couple of nights ago...

Look at that big Negro boy pissing in the gutter!

Their names are a litany to me. Eloise, Anne-Marie, Sigrid, Chical

Please don't say I never mentioned flowers.

Now you focka me like a dog! Come on, focka me like a dog!

The new régime has certainly cleaned up the prisons, in many many ways. The criminals and political prisoners are now kept segregated. You say segregated? The two sides play each other at football—the Corruptibles versus the Subversives.

I love you. You open up all the doors of my mind and I love you.

I watch him sometimes, driving through life like the blind fists of beggars.

Vandré's in exile now. During the festival, he hopped over the border into Uruguay.

It's God's gift to make us sweat. Forget about your shirt.

People are extremely religious in South America, all the time. But the Lord lets them bend the rules a bit. He doesn't interfere in the *favelas*.

In Montevideo it's even a little cooler.

If God had meant us to fly he would have given us tickets.

You must always realise, Mr. Aldiss, that Brazil is next neighbour to Africa.

The parliament went against people's wishes and so we were forced to get in a dictator. It's much better for the future that way.

When it comes to admiring you, I have to struggle with the repression of my own jealousy, you understand?

I like city life. Any old jungle won't do for me.

And was that girl by the gate a prostitute?

They're whores. She's a whore. I see her most nights when I come home. They've really hot these girls here and will tire you out. You have to look out for them!

Fred knew me since twenty-two years but he only married me since one.

*"God didn't make the little green apples
And it don't rain in Indianapolis
In the summertime..."*

Next time we welcome you here again, we shall go up to my estate in Bahia. It's like another world from here.

In your judgment, should there be a difference in *SF* published in a developed country as compared with an undeveloped country?

A week is about as long as I can sustain the role of being a beautiful person. Things don't get stronger.

The hotel's full of awful crippled people thinking awful crippled thoughts and saying and doing awful crippled wicked things.

You worry too much. I used to have these big worries and then one day I stopped it and now they're no bother.

I tell you as an American—Americans are so naive! I mean *North* Americans. Half this bunch never been out of the country before. They're shit-scared to leave the hotel! Just sit up in their room trying to order hamburgers and cleaning their teeth in mineral water!

They're the ones who get the intestinal upsets.

The postcards you write today get home after you, like messages from a displaced person.

You realise this is one place where the skies are bluer than they look on the picture postcards?

HOW CAN you *not* like Rio, unless you are a dead man? It's got all the key symbols of life: city, stones, heat, sun, sand, sea, sex, jungle, all the key symbols, all locked inextricably into the Rio package, and the concrete Christ up on Corcovado above it all with his eyes alight—a splendid gesture!

I never liked him so much as I do here. Do his eyes really light up at night?

After this experience, I never hope to find myself again!

You heard Eisenhower died? Last of the big-time presidents. Me, I died five years ago.

There's a historical reason for it. There is always a historical reason for everything. The Portuguese never tamed the wilderness. They still live with it here. Now in North America, we did tame the wilderness. We swallowed it. Now we have it inside us. These people here, they have it outside them. It's much more difficult to stay a human being in North America than anywhere else. Our mental institutions and cancer wards are full of people who shouldn't be dying.

Of course I'm happy, darling, and I wouldn't have missed these few days with you for anything in the entire lousy world. But I just wonder how much this whole experience is changing us.

I've said it before and I don't mind saying it again, you English are sexless.

Like van Vogt says, we're mutating every hour on the hour. We're all doing it at the same time, so nobody's quite sure what's going wrong.

Look at all these married couples here, carrying their tragedies round with them.

Well, it's nice to share things, whatever.

It's simply the spell of the tropics. Everyone

likes to get away from Protestant cultures for a while.

Who wants to go back to them?

Matter of fact, I was just going to order another drink. Sit down and I'll tell you the plots of a few films.

What does it mean? Read it again!

It says, "This sphere will be a sharp point when it gets to the far corner of the room in your mind."

Very strong in here. Strong, yes? Orange—ooh, not! You laugh my English no good. American good, Brazil bad. Elizabeth Taylor very strong. All right, I'm sorry. Orange. Orange very strong. Case? Okay? Okay? Okay?

Flaming fag!

I love the kinetic beauty of the city—I see it as essentially kinetic. The way you're driving along a road in bright sunlight and suddenly—wham!—you're on a six-lane super-highway under a small mountain! And then you're out again, and again the environment's changed.

Many people say Le Corbusier spoilt the city when he came in the '30s. Every block in Copacabana has its stilts—that's Corbusier's influence.

The palm trees save it. They take off from the most glaring architectural defects. You can get away with anything if you put a palm tree beside it.

That's not a principle to be recommended to architects.

I do admire the way you boys hold your liquor.

You should see how swollen my ankles are.

Oh, you must know the guy I mean. Got a mouth like a beaver's ass. Used to be a talent scout for Paramount—turned down Marilyn Monroe.

You're the most pure and lovely girl I ever saw!

No shit!

You must excuse but this table is reserved only for German and English.

We're American.

It's the same. No room!

No, it's nothing very profound, but after all your sentiments are only things you adopt for a while.

You help us and we'll conquer Africa for you. It's a world of shifting values but power hasn't been devalued yet.

When I went to South Africa, they presented me with an entry form which had on it White, Asian, Black, and you had to put a tick against one. So I crossed them all out and wrote "Brazilian."

After I met them, I dreamed they stayed at my house for breakfast and I had nothing to give them. It was terrible.

HELLO! It's wonderful to have the chance of speaking to you! I noticed you at the ball last night and couldn't help admiring you.

That's nice of you to say it. I noticed you too and so I came over just now. You must not mind my English is faulty.

We don't seem to be having any trouble communicating. How marvellous to be able to compliment you and get back something real in return. That's one of the things I love about Brazil which couldn't happen in England! People are so much more open.

Well, it is true that we are very relaxed here, you know, more than Europe.

You've been to Europe? Look, let's go next door where it's quieter, and have a drink—it's so good to talk to you.

Okay, but first you had better to meet my husband.

Wherever we go, the country opens up like a flower. At night with the moon over the hill-tops. . . .

And it's fun to have Alpha Centauri in your sky, once in a while.

Yeah. The Tropic of Capricorn. . . . I never thought I'd make it!

We are right to avoid them, I'm convinced. Sometimes, you can smell the need for you in other people and it's so sad because then you start ducking out of it like we've been doing.

It's so. I'm all too good at smelling that need, and then immediately I find myself preparing

excuses, preparing to disappear, and I hate myself for it—but after all, they don't own any little piece of you.

Right, not any little piece. Look, let me tell you a personal story—

I'm so dissociated. I don't even recall what I said I'd be doing at nine this evening.

Yes, I know the guy you mean. He's flying back *via* Caracas. He's got a bad reputation and you should turn a back on him.

When we were both under the analyst and I was expecting Torrie, boy, we were so broke! —That was before we moved to Hollywood. But now it all seems kind of a happy time, looking back. I remember how I used to just sit at Agnes' window and watch the damned sparrows down in the yard there. I've never watched sparrows since, not the way I did then.

Talking about people who use friendship to hunt you down, an English poet wrote a book of poems entitled "Not Waving but Drowning." That catches the mood all right.

Hearing all the broken English breaks mine up.

You only ever had a toehold.

This is a real man-size sea. Does everything but suck you off!

How many people do you reckon drown off Copacabana every year? I'll bet they never even bother to count. You don't see any lifeguards anywhere, do you?

My father built a big kite when we were living up in Michigan. All canvas and canes and string, you know? When he launched that, it was a really big local event.

I often wonder about the sex life of acrobats.

They generally don't have any. It all comes out in the body rhythms. I had a friend who was in vaudeville for a while and he told me. . . .

Hey, you come on beach with me, mucho sucking, mucho fucking!

On the beach? You're joking.

You come, you see, you come.

A European can only survive here for long by keeping in himself European culture alive, or

the spirit of *makumba* will drag you down. I read all the time only English books.

Oh glorious, yes, and the full moon shining down in the stoned canyons of Ipanema like a big earth satellite! Must be marvellous in the festival when the water's covered with flowers.

CHRIST, how could you tell anyone back home how this place gets you—rolls you over, opens your legs, and rapes you?

It doesn't roll me one bit. I'm catching the plane to Madrid tomorrow. Rio's hot, noisy, dirty, and overcrowded—and the crowds can keep it.

For me, that's all part of the high tension.

For me, it's Stuttgart-on-Sea.

Open up man, let yourself sweat! What did you expect, Europe?

No, but I can see why they're building Brasilia.

He's a tricky old sod, but I like him.

Bastard calling to bastard.

We were sitting in this bar on the front and up comes a quite nice-looking young beggar girl and sticks a broken stump of arm in Roy's face. And Roy says, "On you it looks good!"

Let me tell you, I'm Jewish, I came here from Libya, although my ancestors were Spanish, going back a couple of hundred years. I know something about climate. This is a real hot country—men can't do without women. Even better, women can't do without men! And nobody minds about you being Jewish here. In Rio, you can just be yourself. Of course, that has some snags to it.

Brasilia is like Washington: beautifully planned but impossible to live in.

Miscegenation!—Down here it's like mixed bathing!

After a drunken evening, eat *feijoada* next day. That way, you get a *leg* of the dog that bit you!

It's often worse attending weddings than funerals—more uncertainty, you know.

Darling, I know it's only been two days, but I've always loved you. . . .

We have here murdered two hundred people a year.

But I believe your secret police are wonderful.

I'm really smashed.

I'm not smashed but I'm four sorts of drunk. How do you call this poison—cachasser?

In Sao Paulo they say that if God made anything better than women and drink he kept it to himself.

I'll be frank, my reasonings are purely capitalistic. For instance, I didn't care for Robert F. Kennedy, but I intended to vote for him because he was an avid reader of science fiction. My view on Mr. Kennedy was: a person who reads science fiction can't be all bad.

My dear fellow, here they hold that punctuality is a European neurosis.

My gosh, I'll say it's cosmopolitan! Even the whores on Ipanema take travellers' cheques.

BOMBARDED by all these new impressions and modern signs, the brain is a very old object and it's a wonder it ever stands up. Incidentally, nobody has ever explained why the brain has two halves. But a clam has two brains, so maybe essentially man and today's clams have a common ancestor somewhere on the ancient seashores of earth. At least until proved otherwise I consider it a valid springboard point for speculation of a fictional order.

There's no such thing as an immaculate palm tree.

Always I thought of the human race as a menagerie—Jesus, how lovely that Brazil is the parakeet house!

It's not the sound of the city, full of waves, but the sight of it, full of speed and dazzle, that you can't really get enough of. Dawn coming and right down the alley you see those breakers hauling in on the shore, planetary waves arriving from Africa.

Sure, sure, it's visual—a visual place if ever I saw one.

JESUS, it's midnight already—I'd better take off my sunglasses.

Richard Lowenthal

Unreason and Revolution

On the Dissociation of Practice from Theory

THIS IS a tentative exploration of what I believe to be a major phenomenon of our time—the rise of a new type of revolutionary movement. Hitherto, we have been familiar with two broad classes of revolutions and revolutionary movements. First, there are the movements which may be understood as resulting when the normal growth, the spontaneous evolution of a society, meets an obstacle in the form of rigid political institutions that are increasingly felt as oppressive. In such cases, sooner or later an acute political crisis occurs in which the obstacle is swept away by revolutionary action. That is, broadly speaking, the formula fitting the great democratic revolutions of modern Western history; it may also be applied to a number of the national movements for independence from colonial rule that have occurred in our time.

In the last fifty years we have learnt, to our cost, to distinguish a second type of revolution and revolutionary movements—those which I, for want of a better name, would still describe as “totalitarian revolutions.” It seems to be characteristic of them that they do not occur because of the clash between a growing, dynamic society and a static political framework tending to shackle its growth, but because of some elements of stagnation, some major lopsidedness of development *within* the society itself, leading to a deadlock which a dynamic state is then called upon to resolve by the massive use of political force. This appeal from a deadlock in society to the “saviour state” has been the background to the rise of German National Socialism as a mass movement and to the long-lasting reign of violence which its victorious régime inflicted on the prostrate body of society. But the overcoming of social stagnation in the midst of change and of lopsided development has also been underlying the rise of Communist régimes in a number of underdeveloped countries—the only ones that have come to power

by the victory of indigenous revolutionary movements—and has given them the opportunity for their repeated, forcible transformations of the social structure.

NOW IT SEEMS TO ME THAT in recent years, we have begun to be confronted by yet another kind of revolutionary movement. These new movements, both within our Western world and in the so-called underdeveloped countries, use much of the familiar language of Communist ideology, and actually have taken over much of the substance of the Marxist-Leninist critique of Western capitalism and imperialism as well as the Marxist Utopia of a society without classes or domination. Nevertheless they are radically different from the Communist movements that had been created in the image of Lenin's Bolshevik party—different in their forms of organisation, their strategies of political action, and indeed in the rank order of values that gives operative meaning to their vision of the goal. In fact, one of the preconditions for the rise of these new movements has been the increasingly obvious disintegration of the “Marxist-Leninist” doctrinal synthesis; they grow out of an ideological soil that has been fertilised by its decomposition. But some of the products of this decay appear to be as virulently destructive as any Leninist movements have been in the past—without, so far, offering any tangible prospect of comparable constructive achievements.

A PRELIMINARY SURVEY of these new movements may perhaps best start by marking them off with two negative statements. On one side, they are not the democratic expressions of stable, productive sectors of the societies in which they arise; in other words, they do not originate as class movements, as interest groups or coalitions of interest groups. On the other hand, they are not disciplined parties of the Communist type,

organised from the top downward as instruments of a single will, with a systematic strategic concept of what they want and how to get there given in advance. On the contrary, it is typical for them that action often precedes thought. Despite the verbal echoes of the Marxist pathos of rationality that may still be heard from the ideological spokesmen of the Western "New Left," in practice the urge for violent action increasingly outruns consideration of any precise short-term objectives and of the rational tactical and organisational means for achieving them. It is the style of action and the utopian goal that define the movement, while all other ideas and organisational forms remain very much in flux. The goal itself, though it remains a powerful motivating force, never takes the form of a political programme with precise institutional content. That, on the contrary, is increasingly rejected: the tendency is to say that the new institutions, if any, will have to emerge from the process of struggle and from the destruction of the old order.

While the "New Left" in the West thus replaces Communist programmes, strategies and organisational forms by a faith in Utopia and a cult of violent action, a number of revolutionary movements in the underdeveloped world show a parallel trend—away from the elaborations of Communist doctrine and the organisational discipline based on ideological authority, and towards the primacy of violent action over social analysis and of military over political and ideological leadership. We may observe this tendency in the practice first of Castro's Cuban revolution and then of the guerrilla actions started in other Latin-American countries under the influence of the Cuban model; and we find its ideological justification sketched out by Che Guevara and elaborated by Régis Debray. A parallel, if delayed, breakthrough of immediate utopianism and immediate violence seems to have occurred in the transformation of Chinese Communism in the course of the last decade, beginning with the "Great Leap Forward" and the creation of the People's Communes and culminating in the recent "Cultural Revolution." Finally, analogous processes seem to be at work in some of those revolutionary nationalist movements which, without ever having become formally Communist, are developing as passionately an anti-Western, anti-modernistic, and anti-rational outlook as the last-named products of the disintegration of world Communism.

This, then, is our theme. Why do those phenomena arise in various parts of the world at this time? What are the intellectual roots of their beliefs and the social roots of their strength? And what are their significance and possible prospects?

From Marx to Lenin & Mao

LET US BEGIN with a subject we know fairly well—the role of Marxism and Leninism in the development of revolutionary ideas. If we cast our minds back to the 1840s when Marxism was born, and if we recall Engels' proud phrase about the development of socialism from a Utopia into a science, it is evident to us today that the real difference between Marx and many of his socialist precursors was not that Karl Marx was no utopian: his goals were just as utopian, just as rooted in a profound need to discover a road to salvation on earth, as theirs had been. The difference was that Marx turned his back on *romantic* and *immediate* utopianism in favour of a historical and forward-looking version. The birth of utopian socialism in the early 19th century had been part of the romantic revolt of the new-born European intelligentsia against the beginning of industrialisation and the transformation of human relations by an increasingly specialised division of labour and an increasingly pervasive cash nexus. The new turn which Marx gave to those ideas was that he rejected the romantic element in them, the resistance to modernisation based on an idealisation of the past, and proclaimed instead that, thanks to the logic of history, Utopia would be achieved by ruthlessly carrying through the painful process of industrialisation to the end. To quote Raymond Aron, Marx put forward the thesis that the only way to achieve the goals of Rousseau was to follow the precepts of St.-Simon.

This was a highly original idea at the time, one might even say a rather absurd idea. But it also proved an extremely powerful idea: for it enabled Marx to forge a link between the belief in Utopia and the belief in the logic of History. As a result, he was able to inspire a movement that combined the religious fervour of utopianism with a historical and rational element. Utopia, and the violent revolution that was to precede it, were not to be achieved by mere enthusiasm and an act of will. They depended on well-defined economic and social conditions; but the laws of history guaranteed that these conditions would be achieved in the fullness of time. Moreover, one effect of this analysis was to inspire the followers of Marx with a conviction of the vital importance of material progress; for together with the growth of the organisation and consciousness of the working class, the rise of productivity was the most important of the conditions that must mature before mankind could enter the realm of freedom. Increasing productivity would eventually lead to abundance, and only abundance would permit the creation of a social order without classes or domination. Thus the utopian goal and the

violent overthrow of the old order were not the objectives of immediate action: their possibility was mediated by the laws of the historical process, by Reason as manifested in History—their achievement by a rational strategy based on the insight into that process.

IN A SENSE, the disintegration of this rationalist and historic concept of the road to Revolution and Utopia may be said to have started with Lenin—as well as with the early “revisionists” at the opposite pole. For while the latter sought to retain the evolutionary optimism of Marx yet to eliminate the revolutionary and utopian perspective, Lenin was the first pupil of Marx deliberately to separate the task of “organising the revolution” from some of its economic and social preconditions as formulated by the teacher. He argued, under the impact of World War I, that it was the duty of the socialist party to seize power in backward Russia without waiting for the maturing of the economic conditions for a socialist society. He had even earlier “emancipated” this party from dependence on the actual support of the working class by giving it a highly centralistic, instrumental structure. Implicitly, Lenin had thus attempted to replace the missing “objective” preconditions of socialism by the creation of his new vanguard party as an instrument for the seizure of power and for the subsequent transformation of the immature society, and to that extent had begun to turn Marxism upside down. But even while doing so, Lenin still clung to the Marxist analysis in believing that *some* objective conditions were needed for the victory of the revolution—not indeed the condition of economic abundance, of objective maturity for socialism, but certainly the condition of a profound and acute crisis of capitalist society, and of a mass mood of bitter discontent enabling the revolutionary party to gain a mass following. Only once the crisis had reached that stage, he taught to the end, only once the revolutionary party had won a strategically decisive following among the masses—only then could the violent seizure of power take place. As a result, the role of the party never consisted for Lenin *primarily* in the organisation of violence. Violence might play a crucial part in its action at the critical moment, but the primary task of the party was to win over the masses *before* that moment by a policy based on a correct analysis of the crisis of society.

¹ Mao's original view of the special conditions permitting protracted guerrilla warfare in China is contained in his 1928 resolution “Why Can China's Red Political Power Exist,” printed in *Selected Works*, vol. 1 (London 1954), see particularly p. 65. The later view generalising this method is expressed in the editorial note 7 to this document, p. 304.

SOME OF THE STRATEGIC CHANGES introduced by Mao Tse-tung in transferring revolutionary Marxism to Asian soil and deliberately “adapting” it to Asian conditions may still be interpreted as mere developments along the road shown by Lenin. Striving to conquer power in a country where economic and social conditions were incomparably more backward—and correspondingly more remote from “objective” maturity for socialism in the Marxist sense—than in the Russia of 1917, Mao became the first pupil of Lenin to make use of the structural flexibility of the centralised vanguard party by seeking the necessary mass support among the peasants rather than the urban working class, and that for many years. He thus completed the effective emancipation of a “Marxist” party from working-class support that had been implied as a potentiality in Lenin's separation of the seizure of power from conditions of economic maturity and of the party organisation from working-class democracy. Moreover, Mao recognised at an early stage that the role of armed force in the struggle for power was likely to be far more continuous and decisive in China than it had been in Russia—that here, power would “grow out of the barrel of a gun.” But this greatly expanded role of violence in Mao's revolutionary strategy was still tied to objective political and social conditions in two important ways.

1. In the first place, it was in Mao's own view only made possible by the special conditions of a semi-colonial country, in which neither a single native government nor a single colonial power enjoyed an effective monopoly of armed force. That, at least, was Mao's view at the time of his own struggle for power, though after his victory he came to persuade himself that similar “protracted war” strategies would prove appropriate for *all* the colonial and under-developed countries of the world.¹

2. In the second place, Mao never ceased to insist that the success of the strategy of armed struggle depended not only on developing the correct military tactics for guerrilla warfare, but on winning and retaining the support of the peasant population in the regions concerned by correct policies and effective forms of political and economic organisation. Only a policy based on a realistic analysis of the conditions and needs of the people in the area, and a type of organisation that maintained communication with them, could enable the guerrillas “to live among the population like a fish in water,” preventing their isolation by the militarily superior enemy and assuring them of intelligence, of supplies and of a reservoir for new recruitment. This insistence on maintaining mass support by policies based on a study of the concrete social

situation constitutes the indispensable corollary to the Maoist emphasis on armed struggle and its link with the Marxist-Leninist tradition: it is the foundation for Mao's dictum that while power grows out of the barrel of a gun, the party must command the gun. For, though the party no longer represents (as with Marx) the actual evolving consciousness of a working-class increasingly aware of its true historical interests, it still represents (as with Lenin) the leaders' "scientific," analytical consciousness of the total social situation, its contradictions and tendencies, and hence of the objective possibilities for action which any successful political strategy must take into account. To that extent, Mao's concept of the leading role of the party preserves, like Lenin's concept, the Marxian idea of a rational strategy based on perception of the rational laws of history.

YET THERE IS in Mao's emphasis on the decisive role of armed struggle also the germ of a different, more basically "voluntaristic" approach to social reality. This is to be found in his view that the use of violent action by itself may be one of the most effective means for changing the relation of forces between revolution and reaction, because the right technique of armed struggle may enable an initially much inferior, revolutionary force to whittle down step by step the initial superiority of its enemy—to tire him out by exhaustion, cause splits in his ranks, and finally wear down his will to fight. In a sense, the art of ensuring the survival and regeneration of inferior forces resisting a stronger and better-armed enemy is, of course, the essence of *all* guerrilla tactics, and the hope that this will enable the guerrillas to outlast the enemy's determination has always been their rationale. But the fulfilment of that hope depends clearly not on the dedication and skill of the guerrillas alone, but on a number of independent factors—such as the enemy's fighting commitments outside the theatre of guerrilla warfare, the importance of that theatre in relation to his general policy objectives, and the cohesion of his political system as reflected in the support for the anti-guerrilla campaign and the loyalty of his troops.

In the Chinese case, the evidence does not show that the Communists were effectively wearing down the Kuomintang régime (or even substantially increasing its divisions) before the attack of Japan, nor that they had any chance to defeat the Japanese occupants (who regarded control of China as vital to their purposes), until their will to fight was broken by defeat on other fronts. Similarly, nobody has ever suggested that the Yugoslav Communists could have evicted the armies of Hitler Germany independent of the outcome of World War II. Conversely, guerrilla "wars of liberation" in Viet

Nam and Algeria could achieve political victory by military means because neither area was truly vital for the French republic; and Mao's own final civil war defeated a nationalist régime whose political and moral cohesion had been gravely undermined by the disastrous effects of the long-lasting Japanese invasion.

Mao's original doctrine of protracted warfare, so far from neglecting the crucial importance of these "objective conditions," took them into account by laying down what conditions must be fulfilled for passing from guerrilla tactics proper to the stage of decisive battles, and thus implying that these conditions cannot be created at will but must be patiently waited for. (There have been echoes of that realistic approach even in fairly recent Chinese advice to the Vietnamese Communists.) Yet, on the other hand, the attempts of the victorious Chinese Communists to recommend the Maoist strategy of armed struggle as a model for colonial revolutions in general (which became prevalent since about 1959, in the context of their ideological rivalry with the Soviet Communists), have increasingly treated the revolutionary faith and tactical military skill of the guerrillas as universal and sufficient prescriptions for victory in "wars of liberation" that would achieve their magic effects *independent* of the objective conditions in any particular case.

Castro, Guevara, Debray

THIS GROWING TENDENCY to separate the use of armed revolutionary force from any analysis of political and social conditions, implicit in the transformation of Maoist doctrine under the impact of the ideological rivalry with Russia for leadership of the revolutionary movements of the underdeveloped world, has become quite explicit with the leaders of the Cuban revolution and its would-be imitators in Latin America—with Fidel Castro, Che Guevara, and Régis Debray.

Long before Fidel Castro ever dreamt of calling himself a "Marxist-Leninist," and presumably before he read any serious Marxist literature, he acted on the assumption that armed minority action would by itself be sufficient to *create* a revolutionary situation. After this prescription had proved successful in Cuba, Guevara spelt out this new doctrine in so many words as early as 1960. Guevara, of course, did have a background of Marxist knowledge, and in 1960 he still made the validity of the new strategy dependent on one objective condition: the existence of a—presumably unpopular—dictatorial régime. Armed minority uprisings, he then suggested, would not be effective against a government which enjoyed some degree of

democratic legitimacy. However, this qualification was dropped by the *Fidelistas* a few years later, when the democratic government of Venezuela became the main target of their effort to export the strategy—and to some extent the leading personnel—of guerrilla insurrection.² Since then it has become an official dogma of “Castroism” that a small but determined and well-led *foco* of professional guerrillas is in principle sufficient to shake the stability of any political system in Latin America, and thus to create eventually, by its own action alone, the conditions for the seizure of power.

The consequences of this separation of armed violence from any analysis of social and political preconditions, and hence from any rational political strategy, have been most fully developed in Régis Debray's book *Revolution in the Revolution*. The political significance of this statement of the new doctrine lies in the fact that it represents more than its author's individual opinion. It was written on the basis of long conversations with Castro and other Cuban leaders, who had made the diaries and other documents of their struggle for power accessible to the author, and it was published for mass circulation and used as training material by the ruling party in Cuba.³ Hence it must be regarded as an authorised summary of Castro's and Guevara's own views of the “Cuban model” for the conquest of power. Now Debray has become the first to state plainly that it is positively harmful for the chances of armed struggle if it arises from the defence of the interests of a particular productive group; for such a struggle by people who are tied to their place of production—like the miners in Bolivia or the peasants of the most impoverished region of Columbia—tends to take the form of “armed self-defence” also in military

tactics. People who lead normal working lives, however poor and oppressed, have something to lose—their working place, their houses with their families—which they want to defend; hence they are militarily too vulnerable and are bound to be defeated in the end by the government's regular forces. In order to have a chance of success, the revolutionary struggle must be conducted by perfectly rootless, and therefore perfectly mobile, professional guerrillas alone!

In the context of this complete dissociation of the “revolution” from any concrete social basis, it is only logical that Debray goes so far as to give his own, arbitrary new meaning to the familiar Marxist terms of “bourgeois” and “proletarian.” According to him, only the uprooted guerrilla is the true “proletarian,” because he has chosen a life of extreme deprivation and constant danger; he has nothing more to lose but his life, and is willing to sacrifice that. Conversely, the industrial worker in the towns of Latin America is in the eyes of Debray a “bourgeois,” simply because he has a regular job and values it. Now any writer is, of course, free to choose and define his own terminology. But an ideologist who uses the terms of “bourgeois” and “proletarian” in this purely moralistic and emotional way, and defines his “proletarian” as a figure wholly divorced from the productive process, has evidently completely abandoned the method of social analysis which Karl Marx inaugurated by his use of those terms in the *Communist Manifesto*.

Finally, the cutting of all ties between the revolutionary movement and any defined social basis leads Debray with equal logic to a reversal of the relation between military and political leadership and to a new view of the role and formation of the revolutionary party. He argues that it is futile to concentrate first on creating a Marxist-Leninist party which would then organise a guerrilla movement in due course, because the party could only develop in the towns and its leaders might then be afraid to leave the towns. Instead, the only promising way in Latin America will be to begin by recruiting a band of armed volunteers who will form a guerrilla focus. The volunteers may have little or no previous political experience; they should be attracted on no narrower basis than their willingness to risk their lives in fighting Yankee imperialism and its ruling native stooges. As their ideas become more clearly defined due to the experience of the common struggle, a party will eventually arise—usually only after victory—with the proven guerrilla leaders at its head. Thus military leadership precedes political leadership both in time and as a source of authority.

It is no longer the party that commands the gun—it is the gun that creates the party.

² In 1960, Guevara wrote: “Where a government has come to power by popular vote, of whatever kind, whether falsified or not, and preserves at least the appearance of constitutional legality, guerrilla warfare cannot be started because the possibilities of peaceful struggle have not yet been exhausted.” *La guerra de guerrillas*, Havana (1960), p. 13. But in September 1963 he wrote that all Latin-American régimes were oligarchic dictatorships, and that the struggle could be successfully intensified by forcing them to drop their legalistic mask. “Guerra de guerrillas: un método” in *Cuba socialista* (Nr. 25, 1963).

³ For Debray's privileged sources, see the preface to the Cuban edition by its publisher, Roberto Fernandez Retamar, *Revolución en la revolución*, p. 5. For its use as official training material, see Raul Castro's attack on the pro-Soviet “microfaction” (which had complained about it) in *Granma*, Jan. 30, 1968. I am indebted to Dr. Wolfgang Berner's study, *Der Evangelist des Castroismus-Guevarismus: Régis Debray und seine Guerilla-Doktrin* (1969).

The Pattern of Dissociation

SO FAR I have discussed the progressive dissociation of the revolutionary struggle for power from "objective conditions"—first from the maturity of the productive forces and of the consciousness of a large, organised working class for a socialist society, then from any objectively given crisis of society and any defined social basis—along the road leading from Marx via Lenin and Mao to Castro.

If we now turn to the problems of a Communist régime *in power*, we notice in some countries a progressive dissociation of the effort to achieve the utopian goal from the objective conditions of economic development. This is a fairly recent phenomenon. For while Lenin was the first to sanction the seizure of power independent of the conditions of economic maturity, it would never have occurred to Lenin (or, for that matter, to Stalin or any other Russian party leader) to suggest that the criteria of the higher stage of the classless society—work according to ability and distribution according to needs—could become reality before a state of economic abundance had been reached. Stalin was emphatic that the basic task in "building socialism" was to create, at high pressure, those economic pre-conditions which had been lacking at the moment of political victory. Pending the achievement of economic abundance, the link between individual contribution and individual reward—distribution of scarce goods not according to needs but according to performance—was an indispensable incentive to rapid economic progress. Yet in recent years, conscious attempts to cut this link and to introduce the distributive principles of the "higher stage" of Communism in conditions of poverty and want have been made both in China and in Cuba.

In China, this occurred first at the time of the "Great Leap Forward" in 1958, when the creation of the "People's Communes" was accompanied by a major effort to introduce specifically "Communist" relationships, with distribution approaching complete equality as the share of equal "free supplies" in kind in the members' income rose quickly at the expense of the still unequal cash wages. Thus, the peasants were expected to work less and less for material incentives and more and more from enthusiasm for the common good. In fact, this army-like system of equal supplies in kind was for a time described as "distribution according to needs," even though on the basis of the existing poverty the "needs" were assessed by the authorities, and not by the individuals themselves as Marx had envisaged on a basis of abundance. This attempt

was severely criticised by the Soviets at the time, and the Chinese themselves soon back-tracked under the impact of its disastrous economic consequences. Yet in the course of the "Cultural Revolution," they have largely returned to the same basic view that the use of material incentives and income differentiation, which Lenin and Stalin had regarded as necessary tools of economic development, was really a "revisionist" concession to the capitalist spirit. Mao's decisive argument seems to be that, in the light of Russian experience, a desperate effort must be made to educate the new Communist man here and now, without waiting for the achievement of economic abundance, because otherwise he may never be created at all. The remoulding of the people to create the new, collectively motivated man should be given priority over the immediate need for increasing productivity by material incentives, because the latter tend to create not the "new socialist man," but the familiar type of economic man—which to Mao means "capitalist man."⁴

To an increasing extent, the same principles have lately come to be applied in Cuba as well. The use of youthful "volunteer" labour to work under discipline in the rural *campamento* recalls both the earlier Chinese communes and the more recent mass transfer of Chinese students to work in the countryside. It has lately been supplemented by a general ban on overtime payments, based on the same principle that in the interest of socialist education, the needed increases in output must be achieved by appealing only to collective solidarity and enthusiasm, not to ambition and avarice. In other words, here, too, the connection between the achievement of Utopia and the stage of economic development is being denied in action: the goal is dissociated from the "objective conditions" stipulated by Marx.

FINALLY, JUST AS the dissociation of the revolutionary struggle for power from an analysis of objective social conditions leads ultimately to the replacement of the primacy of the party and the political leadership by the primacy of the guerrilla *foco* and the military leadership, so the dissociation of the attempt to build a Communist Utopia from the effort to achieve its economic pre-conditions leads to a change in the basic legitimation for ruling a country engaged in that attempt. It issues in a transfer of the claim to legitimate leadership from the exponents of the "scientific" road to socialism and communism to the exponents of heroic determination, from the technicians skilled in adapting the ideology to economic needs by interpretation to the technicians skilled in enforcing ideological conformity by violence. This is a

⁴See my discussion of "Mao's Revolution" in *Encounter*, April 1967.

development that has not, so far, been fully consummated, but is recognisable as an increasingly powerful tendency in both China and Cuba.

In Cuba, the old Communist party had a much clearer economic programme as well as a much more effective centralistic discipline than the ideologically heterogeneous crowd of Castro's original followers, and up to a point Castro was eager to learn from them as well as to use their disciplined apparatus. But ultimately it was the charismatic prestige of the successful insurrection rather than the bureaucratic merits of long-term party-building, the military prowess of Castro and a few men around him rather than the ideological certainty of the old Communists that legitimated the new leadership. The resulting régime is probably as much of a pseudomorphosis—a similar shape without similar substance—of a Communist party dictatorship as many Latin American “democracies” have been of true parliamentary or presidential democracies. The “Marxist-Leninist” party is supposed to rule and its offices are everywhere, but its central organs hardly ever meet. Actual power is exercised by the revolutionary *Caudillo*, using his personal impact on television on one side and the armed force of the militia on the other.

In China, the virtual destruction of the Communist party machine as well as of much of the state administration in the course of the “Cultural Revolution” seems to have started a similar shift of the basis of legitimacy. For Mao turned on the bureaucracy of party and government with its growing preference for routine and economic rationality in the name of the heroic traditions of “the Long March” and in an effort to train the young generation in the spirit of its veterans. He found it much easier to revive the utopian spirit of the heroic period in the army than in the party or in economic life, and since 1964 increasingly called on all other organisations to “learn from the Army.” Having undermined the discipline of all other organisations by proclaiming the “right to rebel” in the Cultural Revolution, while leaving only army discipline intact, he has now proceeded to reorganise the shattered party from the top with an unprecedentedly high share of military men in the leadership, on the principle of sworn personal loyalty to him and to the head of the Military Council who is his designated successor.

THERE SEEMS TO BE a significant parallel here with developments in some of those revolu-

tionary nationalist single-party régimes, particularly in the Arab world, in which the official, ideological doctrine was poorly developed from the beginning, and in which military prestige has therefore sooner or later proved superior to party legitimacy. The case of Nasser's Egypt may be regarded as too obvious to be really significant in our context, because there the military *junta* was first, and the successive attempts to create a state party have only confirmed its character as at best an auxiliary to charismatic rule by a military leader. But it seems symptomatic that the Algerian *FLN*, which originated as a fighting guerrilla organisation under political nationalist leadership, proved unable to provide stable one-party rule until a full-time military commander took political control by force, barely bothering to have himself confirmed by the legitimate party organs afterwards. The transformation of the *Ba'ath* party, which started with a more elaborate nationalist-socialist ideology than either the Algerians or the Nasserites, yet has degenerated into little more than a congeries of rival officers' clans in both Syria and Iraq, the two countries in which it officially governs, seems even more eloquent testimony to the strength of a general tendency. It may be at least worth enquiring whether this parallel tendency to a decline in the role of political leadership and ideological guidance, and to a reversion of legitimacy to the military hero (or would-be hero), to the charismatic specialist in the techniques of violence, in a number of underdeveloped countries under both Communist and national-revolutionary régimes is not due to the impact of similar causes.

Revolution against History

THE DISSOCIATION of revolutionary passion and action from the Marxist belief in the rationality of history is not confined to the particular examples I have analysed. On the contrary, it appears to be a universal process, in which movements and régimes that remain strongly influenced by a Marxist outlook are ceasing to be revolutionary, while those that remain revolutionary renounce essential parts of the Marxist analysis.

Thus we observe that the Communist party régime in the Soviet Union—as it comes increasingly to regard the development of its productive capacity as the only decisive factor for its advance towards the “higher stage” of communism and as its principal contribution to the victory of its cause on a world scale—is becoming less concerned with either forcibly imposing “revolutions from above” on its own people or actively fostering revolutionary movements elsewhere.⁵ It has retained the belief that

⁵ For a fuller analysis of this development, see my “Has the Revolution a Future?”, *ENCOUNTER*, Jan.-Feb. 1965.

the final, world-wide achievement of communism is guaranteed by the laws of History—but it interprets those laws in an increasingly revisionist spirit as working mainly through the logic of economic development, so that the eventual attainment of Utopia will not require further revolutionary action on its part. Even more explicitly, Communist parties in some advanced Western countries, particularly those with a strong following in a modern, industrial working class, are proposing revisionist strategies for the socialist transformation of their countries by peaceful, democratic methods, based on the expectation that the inherent trends of modern industrial societies will enable them to join the governments and carry out their programme with majority support, and preferably without violence.

Conversely, those “New Left” movements in the same countries, recruited chiefly from students and other adolescents divorced from production, that are preoccupied with the need for violent action and the revolutionary overthrow of the social order, have come increasingly to reject the Marxist belief in the rationality of history and the link between the progress of industrialisation, the growth of the working class, and the utopian goal. Instead, they are looking for support to the peoples of the underdeveloped “countryside of the world” whose revolutionary ardour has not yet been damped by material comfort, and for guidance to Mao and Castro who promise to solve the economic problems of their poor countries through an upsurge of collective effort called forth by an appeal to solidarity rather than to egoistic self-interest. Nor is their choice difficult to understand in view of the fact that the working class in the industrially advanced countries has become less and less revolutionary, and that the successful industrialisation of Russia has evidently not created a society without classes and domination, but a bureaucratic class society still ruled by a harsh party dictatorship after 50 years.

To return to the remark of Raymond Aron’s that I quoted earlier, it has become obvious that the world has not come the least bit closer to the goals of Rousseau after following the precepts of St-Simon for more than a century. Hence those who will not abandon utopianism have at long last decided to try and approach those goals directly. The intellectual importance of Herbert Marcuse for the development of the Western “New Left” is that he has classically formulated this disappointment of the Marxist Utopian who feels betrayed by the logic of History. The author of *Reason and Revolution* still put his trust in that Goddess; to the author of *One-Dimensional Man*, the Devil is the Prince of the Modern World. But once

the assurance is gone that justice will triumph when the millennium comes in the fullness of time, the only alternative left to the believer is to try and bring it about by storming the heavens here and now. We are faced with a regression to a more primitive kind of secular religion—as different from that of Marx as was the faith of the Bohemian Taborites and the Muenster Anabaptists from the main stream of Western Christianity.

A Romantic “Left”

AS THE TERM “REGRESSION” IMPLIES, the breakdown of the rationalist and historical constructs by which Marx had “mediated” the revolutionary struggle for Utopia, and the consequent return to immediate utopianism and immediate violence links the contemporary “New Left” to an earlier type of revolutionary tradition. It is a tradition which, in contrast to Marx, directly expressed the romantic resistance to the growth of mechanised industry and to the destruction of “natural” communities by the process of modernisation, and exalted the values of “life,” community feeling, and spontaneous, violent action in opposition to “calculating” reason. There are, in fact, two distinct but frequently entangled strands of this romantic-revolutionary tradition, which we may provisionally designate by the names of two friends who were together involved in the Dresden insurrection of 1849: Michael Bakunin and Richard Wagner.

It is hardly accidental that Bakunin has lately been rediscovered by sections of the “New Left” in a number of countries. What seems to attract them is not just his anarchist vision, the goal of a stateless society of free associations of producers (which others have developed more fully both before and after him), but his passionate opposition to the bureaucratic rationality of the rising industrial age; his readiness to assign priority to the “creative passion for destruction” over any programme for what was to come afterwards; his hatred and contempt for liberalism, reform, and all representative institutions, not only in Russia but everywhere; his belief that a cumulation of uncoordinated, spontaneous acts of local violence could bring down both the Tsarist régime and the ruling economic and social system (alternating with fantasies of a super-centralistic, conspirative organisation which were never put into practice); and his tendency to rely on the uprooted peasant (the “bandit”) as the true revolutionary, and on the backward regions on the Eastern and Southern periphery of Europe—on Russia, Spain, Southern Italy—for the ultimate revolutionary assault on the modern core that was already corrupted by capitalism and bureaucracy. Yet Bakunin’s Pan-

slavism, his hatred of Germans and Jews, and his abiding hostility to liberalism (which he did not disdain to use as arguments in the "Confession" he sent to the Tsar from prison in the hope of being reprieved) constitute a bond with other ideologies of anti-modern violence directed not to the goal of egalitarian anarchy, but to that of the dictatorship of an élite in the name of nationalism. Richard Wagner, who was to become one of the intellectual ancestors of Nazism, already dreamt—and spoke and wrote—of the destruction of the bankers' rule by a popular Emperor and of the replacement of Westernised, liberal pseudo-culture by a truly national German folk culture at the time of his youthful friendship with Bakunin.⁶ The kinship between the more violent and irrational forms of anarchism and fascist tendencies has since been repeatedly demonstrated in other countries and later generations.

Thus Georges Sorel, whose special contribution to the syndicalist movement has been to give it an irrationalist turn and to exalt the role of violence as the test of social vitality, came for a time to support the extreme Right-wing *Action Française* and influenced the élitism of Pareto and Mussolini. Again, if one asks to what historical model Fidel Castro's early intellectual background, his style of governing Cuba by harangues and his reliance on a mixture of nationalist and socialist appeals resembles most strikingly, the picture that comes to mind is not that of any victorious Communist leader, but of Gabriele d'Annunzio, his "Republic of Fiume," and his highly original witches' brew of nationalist passion, anarchist ideals, and plebiscitary techniques of government (though Castro, no doubt, has shown less poetical and more political ability than his illustrious predecessor). And d'Annunzio's movement, by its ideological prestige and its practical failure, helped to recruit many of the cadres for Italian Fascism.

Finally, the semi-anarchist violence of Benito Mussolini's anti-militarist agitation during the Libyan war of 1911, when he was at the height of his "New Left" period as editor of the Socialist party daily, fed on the same emotional and partly on the same ideological sources which enabled him in 1914–15 to break with the Socialist workers' movement as a violent advocate of a "revolutionary" war for nationalist objectives on the side of the Entente, and later to become the founder of Fascism and lead it to victory through terror. I might also mention as

belonging to the same spiritual family those German ideologues of the 1920s—the period preceding the victory of National Socialism—who were then known as "National Bolsheviks" or "*Linke Leute von Rechts*." They sought to combine an anti-capitalist social radicalism (which in their case was much more genuine than with the Nazi party) with an anti-Western, but often explicitly pro-Russian nationalism and with a cult of heroic violence based on the memory of the "front-line experience"—of the true community of those who had been ready to die (and to kill) for the fatherland.

In short, those ardent believers in salvation on earth by political revolution who rejected the historical and rationalist "mediation" of their goal in favour of irrational passion and immediate violence have always tended to rely on romantic ideologies using varying mixtures of arguments of the Bakunist and the nationalist-fascist type. It is typical that in the later writings of Marcuse, his earlier Hegelian-Marxist rationalism is getting increasingly overlaid by the élitist anti-Western cultural pessimism of Martin Heidegger—his first teacher.

The Revolt against the West

THE REVIVAL OF BOTH STRANDS of the romantic ideological tradition in the irrational revolt of the Western "New Left" indicates a revival of the basic emotional attitude underlying them both. The rebels reject the modern industrial world in both its Western-capitalist and Soviet-Communist forms—the crude materialism of its values, the pervasive bureaucratism of its organisation, the purely instrumental character of its rationality. Indeed, their despair is a reaction to the discovery that the process of "rationalisation" in the instrumental sense, which Max Weber recognised as a universal law of the modern world, does not assure the triumph of "Reason" in the sense of the achievement of Utopia. It is the same rejection of the industrial order that also constitutes the fundamental link between the Western "New Left" and some of the revolutionary movements of the poor nations. To the new romantics, Mao Tse-tung and Castro embody the promise of a spontaneous community without conflict, hence without need for rational rules and institutions—just as to Frantz Fanon, Sorel has revealed the liberating dignity of irrational violence.

But this means that in some of the revolutionary movements of the ex-colonial and semi-colonial peoples, we are now facing a "revolt against the West" in a new and different sense. The classical nationalist movements for colonial liberation and for the independent development of the underdeveloped countries have always

⁶ For Wagner's views at the time, see the chapter on Wagner in Hans Kohn, *The Mind of Germany* (1960), particularly pp. 196–7. For the Dresden episode in Bakunin's life, see E. H. Carr, *Michael Bakunin* (1937), pp. 186–194.

been, and many of them still are, characterised by ambivalence towards the West. They have been fighting for political independence from the Western powers, for economic independence from Western capital, to some extent also for the chance to preserve their cultural identity, to keep their own soul. But they have also wished to learn from the West in order to imitate it successfully in the techniques of production and power, to catch up with it in science and material development. For the classical movements of national liberation from colonialism or semi-colonialism, one essential goal has been to make their country as rich and powerful as its former Western masters, though this goal could only be achieved by a struggle for independence which often required prolonged conflicts with the Western powers. This was an ambivalent attitude in that it was *not* inspired by a total rejection of Western models and values, but in part by a desire to emulate Western achievements—even though the road there led through a struggle against Western domination.

THE NEW ATTITUDE which we encounter in Mao's cultural revolution, in Castro's Cuba, and potentially in other movements influenced by them (whether formally Communist or not) is a total rejection of some Western values. It is a determination to stay poor-but-honest rather than imitate the West in promoting the development of economic man (as the Soviets have done), to accept some of the consequences of non-development (though not all) rather than assimilate to Western civilisation. Indeed, we observe for the first time since the decline of the early nativistic movements in those countries, for the first time in movements that claim to be not traditionalist but modern, nationalist, and revolutionary, a fundamental resistance not just to Western power and Western capital, but to the pull of Western civilisation that had hitherto been inseparable from any effort at the modernisation of non-Western countries.

THIS IN TURN throws further light also on the revolt of part of the young generation in the West; for that revolt, too, is directed against important aspects of Western civilisation.

This is often denied by well-meaning liberals who, in trying to understand the young rebels, argue that the latter "really" share our liberal values—that they merely take them more seriously than their hypocritical elders and want to *act* on principles which the establishment merely *talks* about. If that were all, we should be faced with a political and social movement of a familiar type, for that is indeed the classical

role of revolutionary (and also of reformist) movements within a growing civilisation—to regenerate the traditional values of that civilisation by giving them a new institutional content corresponding to changed social conditions. Thus the basic Western idea of the rights of the human person has been reinterpreted in course of time from referring to "the rights of each according to his station" to meaning "equal political rights for all," and more recently to imply the rights of each to equal opportunity and social security. But this, it seems to me, no longer applies to many of either the politically active or the passive and non-political young rebels of our time.

For while it is true that they generally accept the familiar values of love and individual freedom, of truth and social justice, merely seeking to turn these values into an indictment of the older generation, it is also true that they have increasingly come to reject the values of material and in part even of intellectual achievement and of the effort and discipline needed to accomplish it, including the discipline of reason—values which are equally essential parts of the cultural heritage of the West. The same is apparent in their rejection of any time perspective in the name of a cult of immediacy; for the sense of measured time and the gearing of action to foresight have been basic for all Western civilisation from the age when Western church-towers were first endowed with clocks to the latest achievements of science and industry. In other words, we are witnessing a major failure to transmit an important part of our basic values to a significant part of the young generation.

Indeed it seems to me that the rebellion of the young which is taking place in all advanced Western countries, and which is assuming both politically revolutionary forms and the form of a passive non-political refusal to grow into roles within the industrial society and submit to its pressures, is not primarily a political phenomenon. It is, above all, a sign of a crisis in our civilisation.

Secular Saints & Noble Savages

FOR THERE ARE, I believe, two basic tests for the vitality of a civilisation. One is the ability to transmit to the young generation its essential values even while adapting their concrete, practical meaning to changing conditions. The other is its capacity to attract and assimilate outsiders, "barbarians," who come within range of its material influence—and not only subject them and disrupt their traditional forms of life.

As recently as the last generation, this vitality

of Western civilisation was subjected to extremely serious strain, for the destructive outbreak of Nazism constituted a radical, nihilistic revolt against that civilisation from within. Yet following its military defeat, the reassimilation of Germany by the West has been extremely successful, and even the Soviet Union, for all the rigidity of its political structure and all the seriousness of its continuing conflicts with the Western powers, shows unmistakable signs of a progressive cultural "convergence" with the West. Now for the first time, the West is faced simultaneously with growing evidence of a crisis both in its capacity to assimilate its "external proletariat" (in the sense given to this term in Toynbee's *Study of History*), the poor, underdeveloped, non-Western peoples, and in its ability to transmit its heritage to its own youth.

This diagnosis is confirmed by the fact that the quasi-religious character of some of the new movements is manifested not only in their commitment to chiliastic goals, but in their cult of saviour-leaders and in their search for a new code of conduct. Thus the asceticism and heroic self-sacrifice of Che Guevara have permitted the growth of a legend around him that combines Christ-like features with those of a militant secular leader. The official cult of Mao Tse-tung no longer describes him as a mere creative continuator of the Marxist-Leninist revolutionary tradition, not even merely as the unique architect of the political rebirth of the Chinese nation and state: he is presented as the author of a totally new system of thought and action—a system that will enable all those to work miracles who believe in Mao and live by his new rules. Many of the "Quotations from Chairman Mao" in the little *Red Book*, from which hundreds of millions of Chinese are taught to recite several times a day, stand in competition not with any Western or Soviet political document, but with the *Analects* of Confucius and the Bible.

YET WHILE THE NEW MOVEMENTS are largely united in their rejection of the Western way of life (or, at any rate, of major aspects of it), they diverge widely in seeking to define their alternatives. Castro and Mao reject Western materialism, and at least Mao also Western individualism. But both believe in the need for collective effort and discipline which are rejected by large parts of the Western "New Left" as well as by the non-political Western hippies, drop-outs, and drug-takers. Conversely, many of the would-be revolutionaries of the "New Left" retain an anarchist type of individualism; but "petty bourgeois anarchism" remains a term of abuse in Cuba and China as much as in Russia, while the prophets of a non-

political drug-culture clearly believe that community can only be established by escaping from individuality.

There is, thus, no unity of values among the new movements except in their common target of attack—their negation of the modern industrial society. Beyond that the "New Left's" admiration for Castro and Mao is based on a romantic misunderstanding that sees those hard-driving, hard-driving taskmasters of their peoples as the Noble Savages of our time.

A Crisis of Civilisation

THIS, THEN, IS THE TENTATIVE conclusion at which we have arrived. The new type of revolutionary movements, both on the outer fringes of our Western-centred world and in the advanced Western countries, as well as some phenomena within the latter that are not "revolutionary" in the conventional, political sense of the term, can best be understood as symptoms of a crisis of Western civilisation. It is this which explains their increasing turning-away from the Marxist type of analysis and strategy: for Marxism, in its origin, its values and its commitment to rationality, is indissolubly linked to its Western heritage.

I am conscious that while that conclusion may help us to grasp the historical significance, intellectual background and spiritual character of the new movements, it does not answer the further questions about their concrete social roots, the reasons for their appearance at this time, and their prospects of political success. Nor can I even attempt to deal seriously with those questions in the framework of the present essay. All that is possible here is to sketch out some of the directions in which the answers may be looked for.

The main point I should like to make here is that the crisis in our civilisation has followed an unprecedented acceleration both of the external expansion of its influence and of the pace of its internal change.

Externally, Western expansion over the last two centuries has effectively disrupted the traditional societies created by other civilisations all over the globe. The political reflux of that expansion, the extrusion of Western dominance from the former colonial areas in the last few decades, has not reversed its disruptive effects and has left the new nations with problems of "modernisation" which in most cases are proving far more difficult than anticipated.

As I have already suggested, the goal of modernisation was at first generally conceived as implying at least a partial imitation of the West, even if often by different institutional means—for instance, industrialisation not by

free enterprise but by state planning, or political mobilisation by single-party rule rather than by multi-party competition. But it now looks as if in countries where "development" in this sense proves particularly difficult—owing to the pressure of population, or to the extreme shortage of cadres with modern training, or simply to the strength of traditionalist cultural resistance, or to any combination of those factors—important aspects of the goal itself are coming to be doubted. Total rejection of the Western model is proclaimed in the accents of revolt in order to avoid the confession of failure and the disappointment of the expectations aroused. As the West can always be blamed for having started the whole agonising process by its intrusion, and for either having refused to help the development of the latecomers or at any rate having failed to give enough aid to be effective, the rejection of the unattainable model is accompanied by a deepening of resentment against its possessors.

INTERNALLY, THE ACCELERATION of change in technology, and with it in social structures and habits of living, has in the last few decades created intense moral uncertainty in many Western countries. That moral uncertainty of a generation of parents who on many issues are no longer sure what is right or wrong is probably at the root of their failure to transmit their values effectively, and of the consequent revolt among the young. What appears today as a widespread rebellion of youth against authority is, I suspect, largely born of frustration caused by the absence of authority—in the sense of a lack not of severity, but of convinced and therefore convincing models of conduct. For a growing civilisation to survive in a climate of unending social change, as is the fate of ours, the central problem is to combine a belief in the absolute validity of its fundamental values with flexibility in the practical rules derived from them. As the pace of change accelerates, the difficulty of solving this problem increases, and the tendency towards a polarisation of attitudes between a combination of firm belief with impractical rigidity on one side and of pragmatic flexibility with fundamental relativism on the other becomes stronger.

In the Western industrial societies of today, this basic problem of preserving a continuity of values in the flux of changing conditions and rules appears in a variety of concrete shapes. Probably the most important of those is the loss of a sense of common purpose in the midst of enormous, accelerating material progress. While that progress has not abolished scarcity and made effort and discipline superfluous (as the new utopians believe), it has indeed created an unprecedented degree of relative affluence,

solved the crucial problem of steadiness of employment, and permitted improvements in the standards of living, leisure and social security on so broad a front as to deprive traditional class conflicts of their revolutionary potential.

Yet this tremendous progress has been achieved at the price of a concentration on individual material advantage and been accompanied by the loss of a sense of common purpose, as first the traditional certainties of religious faith and then the substitutes offered by national loyalties were undermined. The moral sensitivity of the young is shocked by the contrast between the intense effort devoted by their elders to the pursuit of minor individual advantages or to expenditure for national military power on one side, and their lack of concern for the suffering of the marginal poor inside and the under-nourished majority of mankind outside the industrial world on the other. The young are all the more assured of the righteousness of their criticism because they have experienced the moral uncertainty of their elders from an early age. As a result, many of them perceive an acute moral conflict between the ideals they have been taught and the competitive conformism into which they are expected to grow—a conflict all the more insoluble because the society which they reject as "empty" is technically well-functioning and is apparently accepted without question by the large majority of adults. Now where intolerable moral conflict is not confined to individuals but expresses a crisis of civilisation, the response has always been an upsurge of utopian beliefs—a collective escape into the dream of a perfect society where every conflict would be solved in advance. The difference this time is that we are dealing with a utopianism inspired not by hope, but by despair. That is the ultimate reason for its lack of a time perspective, its irrationality and its violence.

AS FOR THE SOCIAL LOCUS of the revolt, just as a turn towards total rejection of the Western model is most likely to occur among those non-Western nations which experience the most discouraging difficulties in their effort at modernisation, so a radical denial of the need for material effort and discipline appears to prove most attractive to those strata of Western youth that have remained longest and furthest removed from the productive process—be it as students from upper- and middle-class families or as under-educated members of minority groups who find themselves virtually unemployable through no fault of their own.

Indulgence in pipe-dreams about the effortless abundance possible in the "post-industrial society" is most natural for those who have either been preserved from any contact with the productive sources of our relative affluence

by the economic security of their parents, or have been barred from both those sources and their benefits by the underprivileged position of theirs. Karl Marx once pointed out that while the (non-productive) proletariat of ancient Rome lived on society, modern capitalist society lived on its (industrial) proletariat. But the "internal proletariat" that is coming to be as disaffected from Western civilisation as some parts of its "external proletariat" does not consist of the industrial workers for whom Marx reserved the term. It is a "proletariat" in the ancient Roman sense, divorced from production but convinced that society owes it a living, and willing only to supplement the publicly supplied bread by providing its own circuses. For today as in Rome, the only forms of separate collective action open to a group that cannot withdraw its productive contribution, because it makes none, are highly emotional and violent. The neo-Bakuninism of the "New Left" appears to be the ideological expression of this transfer of the revolutionary mission from the industrial working class to the neo-Roman proletariat of our time. As its purely destructive forms of action repel all productive sectors of society but attract its marginal and semi-criminal elements, the danger of its degeneration into a movement of the *Lumpenproletariat* becomes manifest.

The Real Threat

THERE REMAINS THE QUESTION of the political prospects of these new movements. In terms of "power politics," I do not rate their chances of success very high; that is indeed implied in what I have described as their lack of rationality. Because of Maoist irrationality, China seems to have made very little progress in the last decade, except on the narrowest sector of nuclear weapons; and it will not become an effective model of development so long as it remains Maoist in this sense. Nor has the model of Castroism, and the strategy of small guerrilla bands starting operations regardless of social and political conditions, gained much influence in Latin America or shown much promise of doing so in the foreseeable future—unless widespread failures of development give them a chance. Finally, today's campus rebels are not, like the student movements of Tsarist Russia or Weimar Germany or British India, the forerunners of a political revolution. They do not operate in stagnant or politically oppressed societies and are not the articulate expression of the inarticulate mood

of large masses of people. Moreover, for all the traits of kinship we have mentioned, the "New Left" students are not fascist—and Bakuninists have never and nowhere taken power: indeed they would not know what to do with it.

Nevertheless, the danger to Western society from these new movements is serious. It is not the danger of a "Third World bloc" abroad or "revolution" at home; it is the prospect of destruction, decay, and barbarisation. The real threat is not that Mao will be able to overrun Asia or that Castro will revolutionise Latin America. It is that overpopulation and hunger, indigenous governmental incompetence and Western self-satisfied indifference will cause the festering sores of despair, political instability, and violence to spread. Again, the real menace within the West is not that young extremists will "take over"; they cannot even take over the universities. But they can paralyse and, in some cases, destroy them by first destroying the climate of tolerance and rational discourse which is the breath of academic life. They can deprive our societies of an important part of the well-trained and loyal élites needed for the steady renewal of administration and economic management, of research and education. And they can create a backlash of police brutality and Right-wing extremism which will in effect help them to obstruct the working of democracy and the constructive solution of urgent problems.

I do not, of course, know any simple answer to these problems, any magic prescription for coping with them. All I should like to state in conclusion is that, in dealing with the danger constituted by the new type of revolutionary movements, it is wrong—even more wrong than it was with the old type of Communist movements—to be obsessed with "the enemy" as if he was a devil suddenly appearing out of nowhere, a *diabolus ex machina*. The forces of destruction have, of course, to be resisted; civilisation cannot be defended by surrendering to violence. But this is only the minor part of the task. Above all, civilisation must be defended by upholding and renewing its standards in action, by combining a faith in its values with the determination to apply them constructively in a changing world—and therefore to make sacrifices for them—inside and outside the West. Only if we can restore hope by doing that will the West survive. Otherwise it will succumb to barbarisation—and that means (as the whole of history is there to teach us) succumbing not to some particular barbarian ideology, movement, or tribe, but to its own failure.

Max Beloff

Rootless Cosmopolitans?

A Word about the Jews

WHY, ONE BEGINS by asking, should there be an "Association of Jewish Graduates" in London? It suggests a desire to emphasise or promote the quality of Jewishness in its members alongside the more tangible fact of possessing a University degree. Unlike most societies that Jews may belong to—philanthropic organisations of various kinds—the Association seems to have no purpose other than the common pursuit of heterogeneous activities of a cultural or recreational kind. Why, then, as Jews?

Such Jewish self-consciousness and the questions to which it gives rise has clearly been a consequence of the emancipation of European Jewry and did not exist before it. Before the emancipation, Jews throughout the world were members of a religious group whose close-knit communal existence was the product at once of the commandments of their religion and of the pressures of the external world. It was a position the easier to maintain and understand because most of the societies in which they lived were societies of a similar kind. The antithesis of Jew was not Englishman, Frenchman, Turk or Arab, but Christian or Moslem.

It was thus easy for Jew and non-Jew to have a quite concrete picture of Jews and Jewishness. When Shylock says: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you," he is defining Jewishness in a perfectly understandable way in which the key word is "pray" as Shakespeare well understood when he made Shylock explain his grudge against Antonio by saying "he hates our sacred nation."

After emancipation it was more difficult to explain a community of this kind or indeed to maintain it in face of the increasing secularisation of the host society, and out of this in turn came the modern search for a Jewish identity. For someone like myself, brought up as a Jew but in an atmosphere wholly penetrated by the values of the Enlightenment, not being (in Zangwill's phrase) "a child of the ghetto" nor even strictly speaking a grandchild, but perhaps rather a great-grandchild, the question must always be a difficult one. For those of my age-group the Hitler holocaust cut across and perhaps deflected what would otherwise have been a further mental evolution. If six million die because they are Jews, one cannot say that Jewishness is not a serious matter. The final destruction of the ghetto must have a special significance for the great-grandchildren too.

But to be sensitised to a subject does not necessarily enable one to speak of it from the inside; it is easier to begin from the outside and with the obvious fact that one thing all Jews have in common and in abundance is enemies. Let me begin with a phrase that encapsulates the charges made against Jews in modern secular societies: *rootless cosmopolitans*. This is not of course the only way of defining the hostility felt towards Jews; anti-Semitism is almost as complicated a concept as Jewishness itself. There are its religious roots, and on the other hand, the secular antithesis of religious anti-Semitism—the hostile reaction of those who having urged Jewish emancipation in the name of an anti-clerical secularism objected to the fact that the Jews refused then and there to merge with the rest of the community.¹ We thus get a secular (or "Left") anti-Semitism which has its progeny in Marx and the Marxists who regard the Jewish fact and the anti-Jewish fact as deriving from economic and social con-

¹ See the pioneer study by Arthur Hertzberg, *The French Enlightenment and the Jews* (New York, 1968).

ditions, destined to disappear as these conditions are transformed by the proletarian revolution.

MARXIST ANTI-SEMITISM is only partially the result of an intellectual position; it is linked up with popular anti-Semitism, with the undoubted fact that in peasant societies Jews could be regarded as part of the exploiting class and the easiest target among exploiters. Popular anti-Semitism should present no great intellectual problem today, since we see the similar antipathy manifested by newly enfranchised Africans against the Asians in their midst. But this illuminating parallel is often glossed over, for while the Western liberal intelligentsia was not expected to sympathise with the Ukrainian or Polish perpetrators of pogroms, Africans have to be handled more gently. Finally, of course, and cutting across all these intellectual constructions there is the deep psychological tendency among human beings to reject and fear the unfamiliar and alien and make it the focus of its buried mistrusts and violent antipathies.²

In this context the recent Soviet synonym for Jews, "Rootless Cosmopolitans," becomes something worth following up, and this for practical reasons as well. Very large numbers of Jews are directly affected by Soviet anti-Semitism; the Jews of the Soviet Union itself, the survivors of the holocaust in Soviet-controlled Eastern Europe—as recent events in Poland remind us all too clearly—and also if one believes that Soviet hostility towards Israel is an aspect of Soviet anti-Semitism as well as of Soviet *realpolitik*—the Jews of Israel itself.

THE PHRASE can also, however, serve as a clue to our proper search, that for a Jewish identity. In one of his essays Isaac Deutscher records his emotions when Ben Gurion gave vent to his feelings about non-Zionist Jews: "They have no roots, they are *rootless cosmopolitans*—there can be nothing worse than that."³ Despite Ben Gurion's rather lame effort to unsay the phrase, there is clearly within Jewish thought an echo of the most pervasive form of modern anti-Semitism.

² The work soon to be published of Professor Norman Cohn and his colleagues at the University of Sussex should throw much light on this.

³ Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and other Essays* (Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 92.

Deutscher's own perception of this fact is both very moving and very revealing. For he himself represented one way of trying to escape from the dilemma of Jewish self-consciousness, acceptance of the Marxist analysis and devotion to the fulfilment of the Marxist vision. Not for nothing was the Jew, Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, the subject of his *magnum opus*.

His commitment to Marxism made it necessary to interpret the events of his own life-time in order to fit a rigid doctrine from which they appeared to be escaping. The ingenuity he showed in doing so may perhaps without fancy be ascribed to his early training in Talmudical studies. But it is an ingenuity which is in the end unconvincing. In one essay, for instance, Deutscher maintains that the Nazi phenomenon in no way invalidated classical Marxism:

Nazism [Deutscher writes] was nothing but the defence of the old order against Communism. The Nazis themselves felt that their role consisted in this; the whole of German society saw them in this role; and European Jewry has paid the price for the survival of capitalism, for the success of capitalism in defending itself against a socialist revolution.

No serious student of Nazism not blinkered by ideology could possibly accept this view. Nazism did not regard itself as defending capitalism; its ideological roots went back to a time before there was any question of a Communist revolution; nor was Germany threatened by one in 1933. If Deutscher had to ignore facts in order to retain his Marxism where Germany is concerned, it was even harder in the case of Russia itself. How did anti-Semitism survive when the Communist revolution had taken place; why was anti-Semitism used and usable as a weapon by the Soviet régime as by its Tsarist predecessor? To explain this once more by "survivals of capitalism" is to strain dogma to breaking-point.

But when Deutscher was not involved in these ideological gymnastics, his genuinely cosmopolitan culture overlaid upon his basic Jewish experience enabled him to see—as his essay on Marc Chagall bears witness—how much the contribution of Jews to contemporary civilisation has been the result of their cosmopolitanism itself—the result of their having lived and worked on the margin of two societies from one of which they had not fully escaped and the other of which they could not fully enter: Spinoza, Heine, Marx, Rosa Luxemburg,

Trotsky, Freud. But could not exactly the same generalisation be made about those whose energies were directed back towards their own people—Herzl, Weizmann, Jabotinsky?

Deutscher does not consider this possibility because he regards the achievement of the latter group as something alien to him. While he found some aspects of Israel exhilarating, others repelled him. His Marxist categories obtrude themselves again. Just as in feudal and post-feudal Europe, Jews were objectively exploiters whatever their own vision, so an Israel dependent upon the capitalist West is objectively “neo-colonialist,” and rightly suspect to the Arab masses. The renewal of the Jewish presence in Israel could only be justified if Jews and Arabs worked hand in hand to create “a socialist Middle East.” What happened after 1945 to the hopeful Jewish Communists of Eastern Europe is not alluded to.

DEUTSCHER’S TALENTS were remarkable, but his dilemma was that of other Jewish Marxists. It was possible to solve it only by postulating a society in which rootlessness would not matter and cosmopolitanism be a matter of course: not the bourgeois society that first attracted men like Herzl and then was found wanting by them, but the socialist society of the future. Communism and Zionism have their origins in the same experience. After their initial divergence they come together in the latest victims of anti-Semitism where Jews in Poland who have for two decades collaborated in “building a socialist society,” and who have repudiated any Jewish allegiance or even interest, are branded as “Zionists” and agents of an international conspiracy. “Rootless cosmopolitans” and “Zionists” come to stand for the same thing.

IT IS TOO SOON fully to understand this tragic paradox. What we do know is that in the Revolution in Russia, its humanitarian side was overborne by its doctrinaire and totalitarian side largely because the latter could exploit the

enormous and primitive strength of Russian nationalism. The bureaucratic élite which rules Russia has always been alert to elements which were unassimilated or even unassimilable. Any element in the Soviet world which has any external point of reference is automatically suspect. Jews cannot be totally indifferent to the existence of Israel, however tenuous their Jewish links, and this is sufficient. In Poland, a national State rather than a multi-national Empire, we may be witnessing the final extrusion of the last non-national element; though Soviet pressure may have counted for something. In the Czech case, the sympathies for Israel expressed in part no doubt an anti-Soviet reaction; and the consequences for the few remaining Jews in that country were fully predictable.

But the way things have gone in the Soviet Union and its satellites does not mean that the more humane aspects of the Russian Revolution could not have a practical outcome in more favourable circumstances; and the place where they have been put into practice is Israel. In the Israeli *kibbutz* we have the implementation of ideas which spring wholly from the Russian revolutionary movement and which are not at all “Jewish” in their essence, since Jewish experience in the diaspora had perforce been individualist rather than collectivist. It is true that some have sought to minimise the ideology behind the *kibbutz* movement and to treat it as a practical response to frontier conditions of settlement; but a recent brilliant description of *kibbutz* life shows that this is not the case, and that the movement remains very bound up with the ideological debate out of which it grew and which is still continuing.⁴ Israelis, or at least some Israelis, might be seen as cosmopolitans who have found roots. Are we then to say that from the socialist point of view at any rate, there is no escaping the need for a defined territorial base if a people is to flourish and give the best of which it is capable? Was Ben Gurion, after all, right to align himself intellectually with Khrushchev?

NOT ONLY JEWS are concerned with the answer to this question. All diasporas are today in danger. In Europe the Nazi destruction of the Jewish diaspora was followed by the enforced repatriation of the German diaspora; in Africa, and perhaps one day in the Caribbean, the Indians; over much of South East Asia, the Chinese; and white men wherever coloured men are in control—all these seem threatened

⁴I follow the argument set forth by Professor Dorothea Crook of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem in her “Rationalism Triumphant: an essay on the Kibbutzim of Israel” in *Politics and Experience: Essays presented to Michael Oakeshott* (ed. P. King and B. C. Parekh, Cambridge University Press, 1968).

and vulnerable. Capitalism and Imperialism were great mixers up of peoples: slaves, indentured workers, migrants, technicians, managers, *entrepreneurs*. Modern collectivism is reversing this trend.⁵

It is a curious as well as an awesome thought. Just when man's links with the soil have become less urgent, when peasant agriculture is becoming a declining element in the world economy, a philosophy based upon closeness to the ancestral soil has become increasingly dominant. To Israel's enemies, she represents the last belated wave of the migration that accompanied imperial expansion, an unnatural European infiltration on to Asian soil, with no more right to international recognition than Mr. Ian Smith's White Rhodesians. To her friends Israel is the natural place for Jews to put down their roots since it was from this soil that they were first torn.

FOR ISRAELIS the question does not arise. They are clearly not "rootless cosmopolitans" but citizens of a defined country with no more need to justify themselves than the English in England. Any Jew—and here Ben Gurion is right—can solve the dilemma of emancipation by opting for Israel. But this does not mean that Israel has no problems of a conceptual kind. For if the logic of modern territorial nationalism is accepted, the Arabs must either be assimilated or they must leave. And what was difficult within the pre-1967 frontiers is more difficult now.

It is generally admitted that the Zionist solution as adumbrated by its pioneers did not adequately take account of the difficulties posed by the fact that Palestine was not an empty land. Why this should have been so is easy enough to see. In the world of late Imperialism in which both Zionism and its Marxist antithesis flourished, people thought of relations between more and less advanced peoples in quite a different way from what is now normal. It would have taken rare perceptiveness to see that the explosively vital Jewish communities of Europe could ever come to be equated with the oppressed Arab subjects of the Turks. The Arab

national movement in as far as it existed at that time was hardly present in the consciousness of those involved in the ideological ferment of Eastern and Central Europe. Now that the problem has arisen, there is one familiar way of cutting the Gordian knot. It is to deny that Jewish history can or should be subjected to this kind of analysis at all. The denial can take two forms—traditional (or religious) and modern (or secular)—though if the traditional one had not existed it is hard to believe that the modern version would have come into being.

The traditional view would be that the return to Zion is a fulfilment of prophecy and a manifestation of the will of God. (That some traditionalists argue that the time for the return was not ripe, that the Messiah is yet to come, or that the State of Israel is not the proper embodiment of his kingdom is interesting but irrelevant.) If you accept the religious view, little more need be said. Faith requires no support from argument.

But Israel is a secular State and what we commonly get is a more subtle version of the argument, again emphasising the uniqueness of the Jewish experience but seeing it as manifest in that experience and not as deducible from scripture.

OF THIS VIEW, the most eloquent exponent has been the Israeli historian, Jacob Talmon. "No historian," he writes,

can be a complete rationalist. He must be something of a poet, he must have a little of the philosopher, and he must be touched a bit by some kind of mysticism. . . . The Jewish historian becomes a kind of martyr in his permanent and anguished intimacy with the mystery of Jewish martyrdom and survival. Whether he be Orthodox in belief or has discarded all religious practice, he cannot help but be sustained by a faith which can be neither proved nor disproved.

What we have here is an affirmation of the belief that the survival of Jewry is an essential part of human history as a whole, that its embodiment in the State of Israel is not just adding one more to the list of modern nation-states but has a meaning that extends beyond its frontiers:

I believe that notwithstanding all the vexations and entanglements caused by emergency and inescapable necessity—all so reminiscent incidentally of the times of Ezra and Nehemiah—Israel will one day be spiritually significant and in conjunction with the Jewish diaspora, spiritually

⁵ This dimension of the problem is not taken account of in Mr. E. J. B. Rose's report on British Race Relations: *Colour and Citizenship* (London, O.U.P., 1969).

effective in the world. History would somehow make no sense otherwise.⁶

To say that History makes no sense unless this or that happens is to make a claim which transcends the study of history itself; and that is why I regard this approach as the "modern" equivalent of the earlier religious one. Nevertheless, Professor Talmon would as his own writings show, fully admit that the role of Jewry in the last two centuries is only understandable in the light of the general social evolution of the West, and it is not difficult to show which forms of society and of the State have allowed the Jew in the diaspora to pursue with the minimum of friction his own individual and communal life.

AS JEWS SAW IT, the problem was what minimum of separation from the host society was sufficient to ensure the survival of the community if pressure were removed through emancipation; for the non-Jew, what derogations from total identification with the host-nation were implied in Jewishness. When Zionism came into the debate it was widely assumed that its success would itself improve the conditions of Jews in the diaspora because it would show that Jews were as capable of full nationhood as any other people, and relieve them of the charge of being merely parasitic upon other communities owing to the forced maldistribution of their economic energies.

For these reasons the idea of Jewish nationhood had an attraction for some Jews even if they had no particular interest in the possible content of Jewish existence in a Jewish State. Professor Talmon rightly says of the late Sir Lewis Namier that his "essays of wrath and

pride on the Jewish question are among the most moving of all Jewish writings." He adds, however, the fact that "for all its intensity, Namier's Zionism had little concern with Judaism. He knew no Hebrew Literature, he hated the Jewish religion, especially the religious parties in Zionism.... Namier's Zionism was political, untouched by any cultural Ahad-Haamism." And in this he was not unique.

But although it is true that Israel and its achievements, particularly, the world being what it is, its military achievements, have raised Jewish prestige in the abstract, the concrete problems indicated by the phrase "rootless cosmopolitans" are if anything harder to solve. For there is now the new possibility that the interests of Israel as a State may at any time clash with those of the State of which a Jew is a citizen. How does he resolve this clash?

Where Britain was concerned, the circumstances at the time of the Balfour declaration appeared to preclude such a dilemma; on the contrary many people regarded the National Home as an element in the future security of the British Empire. A British Jew could easily and without self-consciousness espouse the Zionist cause, as did the first Lord Nathan, and yet feel quite free to play an active role in Britain's own political life. But Nathan was to live long enough to serve in a government which under the guidance of an anti-Semitic foreign secretary—Bevin's anti-Zionism certainly ended up as anti-Semitism—came to the very brink of war with the fledgling Israeli State.⁷

Or, one may ask what were the sentiments of M. Michel Debré, grandson of a Chief Rabbi of France, when General de Gaulle imperilled Israel's very existence by an arms embargo. It is at these moments that the degree of assimilation of a particular Jew cannot always be relied upon. Sometimes it can be—and one thinks of some Jewish Labour M.P.s both in the Bevin era and in 1956—but sometimes it cannot. And one remembers the way in which M. Raymond Aron turned upon General de Gaulle after the latter uttered his famous phrase about the Jewish people "*sûr de lui-même et dominateur*" and the explanation he gave of how an attack of this kind moved him to recognise the unity of the Jewish theme in history, though not to identify himself with a purely territorialist solution.⁸

When Edwin Montagu and other leading members of Anglo-Jewry opposed the Balfour declaration on the ground that it could not but

⁶ J. L. Talmon, *The Unique and the Universal* (Secker & Warburg, 1965), pp. 89–90. Nor need one be an Israeli or even a Jew to see the extraordinary story of the rebirth of the Jewish State in this light. As Soustelle writes: "L'Etat national d'Israël, limité à une fraction de la terre qui le vit naître, est aussi le témoin d'une réalité qui le dépasse, le porteur d'un message de portée universelle, tel que l'ont voulu ses sages et ses prophètes." Jacques Soustelle, *La Longue Marche d'Israël* (Fayard, 1968), p. 326.

⁷ See Richard Meinertzhagen, *Middle East Diary* (1959) and H. Montgomery Hyde, *Strong for Service: the Life of Lord Nathan of Churt* (1968).

⁸ See Raymond Aron, *De Gaulle, Israël et les Juifs* (Paris, 1968), and his article in *ENCOUNTER*, "The General & the Jews" (June 1968).

prejudice the situation of their community because to the religious and cultural differentiation which a Liberal State could tolerate, it would add a political dimension which it would find harder to swallow, they were right for the wrong reasons. It was not the existence of an alternative home for Jews nor even of a political expression for the Jewish people that would matter but this possibility of a concrete conflict between that expression and the land of which an individual Jew might be citizen, between Israel and Britain as it turned out.

THE PROBLEM CANNOT be dismissed by saying that it is not unique, that there are for instance Irishmen or Poles in the United States or Ukrainians in Canada the cause of whose homeland may run across the policies of the land of their adoption. For in these cases there is no obstacle to ultimate assimilation including biological assimilation. In the Jewish case it is indeed possible, and the absence of a clearly marked religious element in the life of a particular Jewish community makes it more likely. If the Soviet government had been able to surmount its fears and treat Judaism with the same mixture of pressure and contemptuous toleration as it has the adherents of the Orthodox Church for most of the time, Jewish consciousness might well be on the way to extinction. But the existence of Israel has made up to some extent for the declining force of the religious factor. Israel has done the opposite of what Ben Gurion expected. It has not ended the problem of "rootless cosmopolitans"—this would only happen if all Jews went to Israel and stayed there. It has given the enemies of Jewry a new weapon, and the opponents of assimilation a new means of defence. Israel needs the diaspora—and work for Israel (even simple fund-raising) is a new and important aspect of Jewishness.

It is certainly much more important than Jewish secular culture. What we really mean when we talk of the cultural achievements of the Jews of the diaspora is rather what Deutscher meant when he wrote about the contributions of those thinkers and artists who stood on the margins of two worlds and were therefore untrammelled by either. It is the juxtaposition of the Jewish element with some major cultural tradition of another people that produces most of the names that adorn the honours lists of Jewish encyclopaedias. Even so, the phenomenon is likely to decline in importance as natural science becomes the most prominent

element in contemporary culture. Seeing that natural science is in essence universalist and non-national, it makes little sense to claim as a Jewish achievement the work of a physicist or chemist or biologist who happens to be a Jew. He gets no advantage from being a "rootless cosmopolitan" while the artist may.

THE JEWISH CONDITION will thus continue except in the event of another holocaust. Little can usefully be said about the future except that the condition is bound to be an uncomfortable one. The examples of distress within such tolerant, liberal, and humane societies as those of Britain and France are evidence enough. Things will be better or worse according to the temper of the host societies from time to time. What people will tolerate in conditions of security they will not accept in conditions of insecurity, rapid change, or violent upheaval. For this reason, I get a sense of anguish when I see so many Jewish names among the lists of student rioters in this country or America. The risks for a non-Jew of destroying the foundation of bourgeois liberal societies are perhaps measurable; for the Jew, they are not. The turning of the American Negro against his American liberal patrons, many of them Jewish, is something that should be taken to heart. Revolutionary activity by Jews is playing with fire—the anti-Israel and hence anti-Semitic direction taken by the German *SDS* should bring the point home. The Jews who play along with such movements do not know what they do, and their elders and betters have given them all too little guidance.

Jews are stuck with being Jews. However wholehearted their identification with the countries of which they are citizens, the element of distinctiveness remains so long as a Jewish ancestry can be traced. It is a mutation from an originally religious distinctiveness which nowadays takes on new and secular forms. It has been given a powerful new drive by the living miracle of Israel. The most that Jews can do for themselves is to work to build up—or to preserve where it exists—the kind of society in which this distinctiveness does not count too harshly against those who bear its mark. Why this particular burden should have befallen the Jews is something which individuals can attribute to the will of God or the legacy of history, as their own particular faith (or lack of it) dictates.

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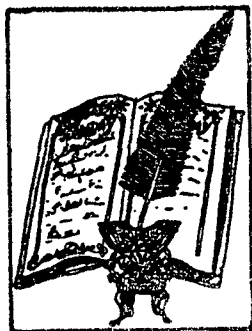
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Column

AS I WRITE, it is not yet known who will form the next German government but whoever this proves to be the election campaign itself has shown that Ger-

man politics have lost that massive immobility which has hitherto been one of its characteristic features. Yet before the opening of the campaign there were few who foresaw that this might be so; it remained a fair assumption, shared equally by the political parties, the German public, and most political observers, that nothing would happen to remove the Conservative and Catholic forces—the Christian Democratic Union and its Bavarian branch, the Christian Social Union—from the dominant position they have held since the birth of the Republic; in Germany Christ, improbably revealing himself in the persons of Dr. Kiesinger and Franz Josef Strauss, would still be King and continue to work his economic miracles.

But in the course of the campaign it became clear that something was happening to challenge that assumption. It is a part of the elaborate and almost exaggerated respect paid to the forms of democracy in the German Federal Republic that the result of public opinion polls may not be published during an election campaign, on the ground that they may influence the final decision of the electorate; if you're a German you're not supposed to know how you're going to vote until you've voted. But pollsters and psephologists are a hardy race and not easily discouraged (look at David Butler and Robert Mackenzie!); during the campaign the results of various surveys leaked out to the press and to the public and were confirmed by a survey conducted and published by the *Times*. They indicated that not the *CDU/CSU*, but its junior partner in the Grand Coalition government might be the victor, possibly commanding well over 40% of the electoral vote.

Such a possibility was in itself sufficient to transform and to bring new life into the campaign; and its disturbing effect was reinforced by the series of strikes which broke out in Germany, as in France and Italy, during its last weeks. Tempers noticeably deteriorated, especially among the *CDU/CSU*, and cracks began to show in the smooth façade which Dr. Kiesinger presents to the public. He was reported to have quarrelled with the party's

campaign manager and complained that he was being made to suffer for the mistakes of his colleagues. Franz Josef Strauss renewed his warnings to the electorate that they might lose everything they had gained under *CDU* leadership, reinforced by the truly awful threat that under a Social Democratic government they might be reduced to the pitiful condition of Britain under Harold Wilson. Political debate became increasingly bitter, acrimonious, and personally vindictive. One might have thought one was in the middle of an American rather than a German election.

The increasing ferocity of the campaign reflected the fact, or the possibility, that in the election Germans were being offered a genuine choice and not a foregone conclusion. Politicians, in public at least, are usually the blandest of good fellows. It is when real and important interests are at stake that the fur begins to fly.

SOME, PERHAPS A CONSIDERABLE, INFLUENCE on the intensity of the campaign may be attributed to the remarkable activities of a single individual, Günter Grass. Herr Grass isn't a politician but a novelist, a poet, and a dramatist: perhaps the greatest, certainly the best known, of living German writers. He is not even a member of a political party but simply, as he himself has said, "a citizen with special talents." And as a citizen moreover of Berlin he did not even have a vote in the Federal elections. He is as good an example as one could find of the artist and intellectual whose great gifts have earned him freedom and independence from the sordid manoeuvres and considerations of party politics.

Yet in the Federal elections he personally and individually conducted a campaign in support of the Social Democratic party which carried him throughout the length and breadth of West Germany, making over a hundred speeches, not only in its great industrial centres but in isolated rural communities which the professional politician does not think worth visiting, writing and publishing a magazine which circulated in tens of thousands of copies, and founding a political association designed to stimulate the German people into active and direct participation in the election to whose results he attached so much importance.

No great German writer has ever intervened so directly and personally in democratic party politics; most have preferred to confine themselves to the purer realm of ideas. But what gave Grass' initiative its individual character is that it was designed, even more perhaps than to win support for the Social Democratic Party and its leader, Willy Brandt, to breathe life into the desiccated forms of parliamentary government in Germany, to associate the Ger-

man people actively and intimately with the democratic processes by which their lives are governed, to bring the *pays légal* into closer correspondence with the *pays réel*.

The response which Grass provoked was equally remarkable, not only among socialist sympathisers, but among those to whom both his views and himself personally would normally be anathema. That Bavarian peasants, the obedient disciples of the Church and Franz Josef Strauss, not very receptive to ideas of any kind, and not much interested in anything except their land, their cows, and their beer, should give a hearing to a socialist is in itself remarkable enough; that they should do so to a writer and an intellectual, unorthodox in his views even by socialist standards, worst of all, one whose books the Church and the *CDU/CSU* do not hesitate to condemn as pornography, might well persuade one that Germany is changing in ways more permanent and significant than any election result could reveal. It is perhaps equally significant, almost tragically so for democracy not only in Germany but elsewhere, that those who showed the greatest hostility to Grass were to be found, not on the Right, but among the young pseudo-revolutionaries of the Extra-parliamentary Opposition, for whom Grass, as a deeply committed supporter of one of the legally constituted parliamentary parties, stood self-confessed as a representative of the bourgeois democratic state, all the more odious because of his intellectual and artistic distinction.

One cannot even say with certainty that Grass' intervention, despite all the enormous energy, passion, eloquence which he devoted to it, was necessarily of benefit to the socialist cause, or to his friend and hero, Willy Brandt. Any writer of Grass' stature is a difficult customer for a party machine to deal with, a kind of rogue elephant who may do as much harm as good; and there were as many conventional and respectable citizens in the ranks of the *SPD* as of the *CDU* who were liable to be offended and alarmed by the label of "pornography" indiscriminately attached to Grass' novels. And Grass himself may have suffered by his expense of spirit in the service of party politics. Since *The Tin Drum*, *Cat and Mouse*, and *Dog Years* there has been a decline in the quality of his writing which some critics have attributed to the demands made upon him by his political commitment; the reception of his latest novel, published during the election, has been unenthusiastic. Even so, I for one would find it hard to regret Grass' intervention into politics. He seems to me to provide an example which other intellectuals, in other countries as well as Germany, might happily emulate. The

best comment on it, I think, is that of Professor Jäckel, a collaborator of Grass, in promoting the *Social Democratic Voters' Initiative* which provided an organisational basis for his campaign: "It may not have been good for the *SPD*," he said, "but it was certainly good for the Republic."

★

I WISH I COULD FEEL the same way about the political performances of some writers and intellectuals in another great democratic Republic across the Atlantic. I am not thinking of Norman Mailer's candidature for election as Mayor of New York, which, like everything which Mailer does, had its admirable as well as its exhibitionist side. I am not even thinking of the behaviour of those American radicals and liberals who, in my belief, helped to ensure the defeat of the Democratic candidate in last year's Presidential election, with all which that entails. What I am thinking of is the strange controversy, debate, feud or vendetta, whichever one likes to call it, between those two bright luminaries of the American literary firmament, William Buckley, Jr., and Gore Vidal.

I don't know how familiar these names are to English readers. As writers, of course, they are not fit to be mentioned in the same breath as Grass, though Vidal is a very successful novelist and dramatist. As politicians, they have none of Grass' self-sacrificing commitment, though both, in a moment of aberration, have run for public office, Buckley for Mayor of New York, Vidal for Congress. Buckley is editor of the *National Review*, and a Republican whose political position is something between that of Barry Goldwater and Louis XVI. Vidal is a kind of rogue Democrat, whose radical and liberal instincts are apt to become blurred and confused by a kind of trauma he suffers about the Kennedy family, to which he is distantly related.

Not much to go by, one might think, as representatives of the American intellectual in politics. But it was precisely as intellectuals that Buckley and Vidal were chosen to meet in political debate on a television programme which engaged the rapt attention of 150,000,000 viewers and, we are assured by Buckley, "rocked television," if not the American nation itself.

The occasion was last year's Republican and Democratic conventions in Miami and Chicago, in the course of which Buckley and Vidal confronted each other for twenty minutes every night to discuss the televised film of the day's proceedings which had preceded their discussion. The level of the debate may be guessed from its climax, in which Vidal called Buckley

a "crypto Nazi," and Buckley replied: "Now listen, you queer. Stop calling me a crypto Nazi or I'll sock you in your goddamn face!..."

The odd thing is that both participants seem to be proud of their part in this affair, though slightly worried about which of them came best out of it; and both seem to share in the satisfaction expressed in Vidal's remark to Buckley after the programme was over: "Well, we gave them their money's worth tonight!..."

In Britain we have not had the privilege of watching this intellectual battle of giants. But we can re-fight it all for ourselves by reading two long articles by Buckley and Vidal published in the August and September issues of *Esquire*. I suppose that once again the public has been given its money's worth. Both writers recount, in inordinate detail and with such a wealth of allusion and innuendo that at times one has difficulty in knowing what they are talking about, their part in their historic contest, and also its antecedents, for the two appear to have hated each other's guts ever since the Presidential election of 1964, when they had previously met on television. That time, Buckley tells us proudly, he drafted a telegram which began: PLEASE INFORM GORE VIDAL THAT NEITHER I NOR MY FAMILY IS DISPOSED TO RECEIVE LESSONS IN MORALITY FROM A PINK QUEER.

The two articles have a certain fascination because rarely have two writers, in castigating each other's vices, so effectively exposed their own. Buckley accuses Vidal of, among other things, homosexuality, radicalism, illiteracy, lying and dishonesty; Vidal accuses Buckley of fascism, racialism, cruelty, illiteracy, lying and dishonesty, but both somehow manage to convey the feeling that if only they could speak freely there would be worse to come; indeed, some of their charges against each other are so obscure, and are so wrapped in dark references to each other's family histories, that one isn't quite sure what particular vice or peccadillo they are accusing each other of. But at least they do, and it is somehow satisfactory to know that Buckley is now suing Vidal for \$500,000, Vidal is suing Buckley for \$4,500,000, and Buckley is suing *Esquire* for \$1,000,000. I am not sure about the processes of American law but I hope I am not in contempt of court if I say that in these suits all the plaintiffs and all the defendants ought to succeed.

It would be easy, perhaps, to dismiss such an affair as yet another example of the entertainment industry (to which both network television and *Esquire* belong) persuading two talented men to make fools and worse of themselves for the amusement of the public. Yet it has a deeper and a wider interest. In the first

place, the pretext for the Buckley/Vidal act was a political event of some considerable importance, the election of a President of the United States. Vidal says he took it seriously enough to prepare himself for the programme by two or three weeks' research, knowing that Buckley wouldn't (an example of the kind of infantile one-upmanship to which both Buckley and Vidal are addicted). But in neither of these articles is there any suggestion that it could be of any importance compared with their mutual and public excoriation of each other's character and private life. Indeed, both seem to have behaved as if they were engaged in a contest for some mysterious nomination of their own, using all those weapons of abuse, invective, innuendo, and misrepresentation which are indeed common enough in democratic politics but yet have behind them a purpose more serious than mere personal exhibitionism and vindictiveness.

And in the second place, it may throw some light on the whole sorry affair that it was not even the real stuff of politics which they took as the occasion for their act, but the highly selective and edited version of it which appeared on the television programme to which their cat-and-dog discussion was a contribution. The shadow-play of passion and invective played out by Buckley/Vidal (one tends to think of them as one person because in some strange way, for all their mutual detestation, they present mirror images of each other) was itself only the shadow of a shadow, and in this doubly filtered process the possibility of any genuine political discussion had been drained away, leaving behind only a caricature of itself.

In this as in many other ways there could be no greater contrast between the way in which Grass presented himself, in person and without adventitious aids, to the German electorate and that in which Buckley/Vidal reduced the democratic processes of a Presidential election to an opportunity for the exhibition of personal bile and spleen, without wit, without charm, and without dignity. "Feline" and "catty" are two of the words most commonly applied to the Buckley/Vidal exchanges by the press, but to use them thus is really an insult to the animal world; my dog, much less my cat, would be ashamed of the heavy-handedness of their methods. It is common, both in Britain and the United States, to speak somewhat patronisingly and complacently about the Germans' capacity either for democracy or for culture, but, comparing Grass with Buckley/Vidal one begins to doubt whether this assumption of superiority is justified. One is tempted to parody Professor Jäckel's remark: "It may have been good for Buckley/Vidal—but it certainly wasn't good for the Republic..."

R

FILM

The Outsider Rides Again

By John Weightman

ONE OF MY FAVOURITE bedside books is Lance Robson's *Varieties of the Picaresque*, in which that rather eccentric critic demonstrates, to his own satisfaction at least, that the outsider, far from being a specifically modern phenomenon, has always been the commonest type of hero, both in real life and in art. The Existentialist *étranger*, of whom "the angry young men," the hippies and the drop-outs are Anglo-American versions, was preceded (says Robson) by a long series of alienated types. To name only a few: the late 19th-century aesthete, the *poète maudit*, the Romantic hero, the 18th-century picaresque adventurer, the Renaissance individualist or Don Juan figure, the medieval knight-errant, bastard or rogue, and the clever slave or recalcitrant plebeian of classical antiquity. He even carries the theme back into mythology. What are Prometheus, Oedipus, Orestes and Ulysses but variations on the outsider? Jesus of Nazareth was a sacred bastard, just as T. E. Lawrence was a puritanical one and Jean Genet is a profane one. And he adds that he places them all under the heading of the "picaresque" (a term that was not invented until the late 15th century), because it combines the idea of the uncertain or hostile attitude of an individual to existing society with the concept of movement. The outsider tends to be peripatetic, because he is *fleeing from, looking for, or passing through*. However—and this is perhaps where Robson strains his thesis into paradox—he invents the category of the "stationary picaresque." This includes both those people who never move from one spot yet act out their alienation imaginatively or rhetorically (cf. Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger*) or the hordes of motorists in all countries who move to and fro simply for the sake of moving and whose encapsulated oscillation is at once equivalent to immobility and a strange collective expression of their dim awareness of contingency.

But the most interesting part of Robson's thesis is the assertion that "society" is, and always has been, much more of an illusion than people usually think. The surprising thing, he

argues, is not that there should be so many outsiders, but that disparate individuals can ever agree with each other sufficiently to create an "inside." By what miracle, he asks, do men establish an Establishment? He finds it astonishing that trains should run on time, hospitals function more or less adequately, and people be willing to respect each other's property or pay income tax. It is clear that Robson is basically a Hobbesian and has little confidence in the natural benevolence or collective efficiency of man. He seems to think that everybody is ultimately an outsider trying, more or less effectively according to his talents, to impose his own view of what society should be on his fellows, and the ideal more often than not is an extension of his own ego. Robson makes some stimulating, if debatable remarks, about "the adventurer from the periphery"—Napoleon, Stalin, Hitler, *et al.*—the picaresque significance of the Jewish diaspora and the complexities of the "upstart-downstart" relationship. (He sees Churchill, for instance, as a downstart conditioned by his non-inheriting position in the aristocracy and the traumatic effect of a doomed, syphilitic father, whereas de Gaulle is an upstart inhabiting a magnificent, synthetic persona.)

I MENTION ALL THIS because the Robsonian analysis, exaggerated though it may be, kept coming into my head again and again as I watched two recent and enjoyable American films about the alienated individual: *Easy Rider*, the much publicised hippie work associated with the name of the producer, Peter Fonda, but actually directed by Dennis Hopper, and *Good-bye Columbus*, directed by Larry Peerce and based on a short story by Philip Roth.

Good-bye Columbus is the simpler of the two, and is immediately comprehensible as an instance of what Robson would call the stationary, Jewish picaresque. The story was published as long ago as 1957 and since then, as we all know, Roth has gone on to write *Portnoy's Complaint*, which is an aggressive, and much more highly developed, version of the same theme. The back-

ground in both is not so much society in general as the New York Jewish community. It is a commonplace that Jewish family and social life is still closely-knit even today, because the Jews have had to compensate for their historical alienation as a group. Much of the humour of *Good-bye Columbus* comes from the fact that the film centres around a Jewish family that has made good and is therefore super-American in a conventional way. The old furniture "from when we were poor" is kept in an attic, but the new house bristles with gilt and gadgets. Poppa showers benefits upon his children; the son is a baseball champion at Columbus (Ohio), and so neurotically intent on integration that his favourite record is the college anthem (hence the title); the elder daughter is the beauty of the country club, and the younger one an impossibly spoiled American child. When the son marries, the wedding—the major sequence of the film—is a riot of American materialism and Jewish community feeling, covering the essential isolation of the individuals concerned.

All this is seen with quizzical detachment by the hero, Neil, a Jewish opter-out, who is having an affair with Brenda, the elder daughter. Neil has several reasons to be alienated; he is a metaphorical orphan/bastard, his parents having left him at an early stage in the care of an oppressively affectionate aunt. He has also been affected by military service, and has given up various lucrative jobs because he found them soul-destroying. He is now earning a bare living as an assistant in the public library, and has no ambition: "I am not a doer, I am a liver." In short, he is exactly like the original modern outsider, Meursault in Camus' *L'Etranger*, except that he is more humorous. Richard Benjamin acts the part beautifully, equalling the subtlety of Dustin Hoffman's performance in the similar role in *The Graduate*.

The limitation of the film is that the psychology remains undeveloped and the tragedy is not completely focused. Neil is a quietist, who does not want to get married, does not want children, does not want to get on, etc. The anti-ambitious outsider is, of course, just a reversal of the ambitious *pícaro*, and the crunch usually comes when sexual attachment or love obliges him to take responsibility for someone else and so come to terms with society. However, Neil just gives up Brenda without a struggle, as if he were egotistically unfeeling, and the film peters out, with his character or temperament sadly diminished. This is not the fault of the director, who does wonders with the details of the scenario, but a weakness of the short story form which can accept a trick ending.

The superiority of *Portnoy's Complaint*—if I may digress for a moment—lies in the greater

intensity of the central character. Portnoy is a Jew with a mythic concept of Gentile society, which he wishes to enter by going to bed with blonde Gentile girls; hence his picaresque adventures. The repeated joke is that everything which makes him a recalcitrant insider in Jewish society makes him an outsider in Gentile society, until he gets to Israel, where his non-Israeli Jewishness makes him an outsider in the Promised Land. But a more profound and universal perception in the book is that the sexual impulse, even without a specific object, can create alienation within the male. Portnoy is whisked along helter-skelter by his penis, as if it were a runaway horse, or a spirit that had got possession of him, and he is trying to deflect it significantly on to Gentile girls, away from auto-eroticism which is a sterile polarity or division within the self. Perhaps, if the permissive wave continues, some film director will find a way of expressing this on the screen. He might, incidentally, get some useful ideas from *Varieties of the Picaresque*, which has an amusing chapter on "The Phallus as Picaresque Familiar," running the whole gamut from Pan, Mercury, and Harlequin to Don Juan/Leporello, Scapin, and Figaro.

EASY RIDER is, technically, not so accomplished a film as *Good-bye Columbus*, because it is self-indulgent and rather empty in places, but it is absolutely up-to-date in mood and theoretically more complex. It is the first full-scale commercial hippie film I have seen, and the first open presentation of marijuana-smoking as a way of life, or anaesthetised prelude to death. There have been many underground films with a similar flavour, but they are for the most part disjointed, often repulsive, and totally uncommercial. With *Easy Rider*, the hippie exercises charm, exudes pathos, and breaks into the big money; that is, the outsider mentality, at least in a weak form, has become so general that it is now an immense market ready to be tapped. The phenomenon is the same as the recent gathering in the Isle of Wight, at which (according to the newspapers) Bob Dylan earned £35,000 by an hour's singing. He later complained—whether cynically, wryly or naïvely, it is impossible to say—that singers like himself are taken too seriously by the press; but the press, being a function of the consumer-society, naturally pays most attention to those people who make the biggest killing.

In a long and revealing interview published in *The Rolling Stone*, Peter Fonda says it has taken him some time to convince Hollywood that an absolutely sincere movie could be a success. I think I see what he means; this film is presumably meant to be a genuine expression

of the outsider-philosophy of its makers, Fonda and Hopper, neither of whom is very young any more (29 and 35?), and who at times must both have lived marginally and precariously. There are also signs that Fonda has a famous-father complex, which is often a contributory cause of alienation. But I suspect that sincerity has many false bottoms. One can be sincere in one's *mauvaise foi*, especially if it is rather different from what one takes to be the prevailing *mauvaise foi* around one. In other words, alienation can be genuine, without leading to total honesty of thought. Fascinating as I found *Easy Rider*, I think it represents just such a case.

The press hand-out says: "... 'freedom' is ... the subject of the picture—the freedom longed for by so many people all over the world today." The two heroes, one tall, lean and rather spiritual (Fonda), the other round, clumsy and fleshy (Hopper)—*i.e.*, a variation on the typically picaresque pair, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza—set out on a pilgrimage across America from Los Angeles to New Orleans in search of freedom. They finance their expedition by smuggling some unspecified hard drug across the Mexican border, thus collecting a fat wad of notes all in one go. Technically, this is a criminal act, if one believes in the official law, but presumably hippies do not. Morally, it is reprehensible, if one thinks that drugs are harmful and drug-profiters disgusting. The film is undecided on this point; the heroes accept marijuana as a necessary concomitant of life, but stall on the vital question of the relationship between marijuana and the hard drugs. Intellectually, it is a contradiction; money, which is by definition a medium of exchange, can only retain its value if society is a going concern and the majority accept the unwritten social contract. Individuals who steal money or get it by immoral means are counting on other people remaining more moral than they are. They can only be consistent with themselves if they are cynical anarchists, who despise humanity in the mass. But in the very first episode of the film, which is an encounter with an honest rancher who feeds the travellers according to the old traditions of hospitality and says grace before meat, Peter Fonda looks around, nods his head sagely and opines with apparent seriousness: "You ought to be proud..." Well, if the rancher ought to be proud, the hero played by Fonda ought to be deeply ashamed of himself, but there is no indication that he is. His implied morality is not at all in line with his initial misdemeanour. Possibly we are meant to suppose that, society being imperfect, the freedom-loving individual is entitled to use egotistical means to win his freedom. Common sense surely tells us that this has always been the philosophy of the crook and the speculator.

HOWEVER, LET US ACCEPT the fact that two characters have "made their pile" immorally, like any early capitalist adventurers. This is a first picaresque act. They then use the money to go on a spiritual quest or odyssey, in search of "freedom," that is, of pure experience outside the normal obligations of society. This is a second, and quite common, form of the picaresque: the hero, instead of being ambitious to win his way to the inside of the existing Establishment—supposing there is one—is looking for satisfaction elsewhere. He wants to find the Holy Grail, or Shangri La, or El Dorado, or the Land of Eternal Innocence. In this case, the heroes do not set their sights very high; they aim at the Mardi Gras festival in New Orleans, which must be pretty commercialised by now. But I suppose New Orleans is still exotically French, and Mardi Gras, however debased, still has an echo of the Roman Saturnalia, which was a ritual reversal of the social norms. As it happens, the heroes ultimately aim for a brothel in New Orleans; this is a very old-fashioned twist, positively Baudelairean in fact, because one would expect only a muddled, recalcitrant, 19th-century bourgeois to imagine that a brothel is outside established society. Perhaps Fonda and Hopper sense this, because they refrain from actually copulating in the brothel, which would be to accept it for what it is, a flesh-shop on the same level as a fish-and-chip shop. They take the girls out into the festival and then have what is objectively a very unpleasant *LSD* trip with them among the urns and crypts of a cemetery. In the barbaric 18th century, the Marquis de Sade was prosecuted for giving Spanish fly to a prostitute. I don't know what the appropriate penalty would be in the 20th century for someone who gives *LSD* to a prostitute, thus causing her to sob dementedly as she rubs her naked breasts and pubis against a marble tombstone. I would say that there ought to be a penalty for degrading the already degraded; but then I cannot see *LSD* as it is presented in this and other films, as being an agent of liberation. The cemetery sequence must be intended as a highlight, since it is the most elaborate in the film; but to me, and no doubt to most people of my generation, it is just a sickening nightmare. Then the scene changes suddenly, the prostitutes have disappeared without trace, and our two heroes are on their way again, rushing lyrically through the morning landscape on their motor-cycles, as if the nightmare had never occurred.

I am not sure that I can make sense of this. The *LSD* had been given to them by a Christ-like hippie, to be shared with two other people in some exceptional moment of communion. The religious parody seems obvious: the drug is like the bread and wine to be shared ritually

"whenever two or three are gathered together"; but in fact the drug separates the four people into slobbering imbeciles. Perhaps we have to understand the "trip" as an individual mental blow-out, orgasm, or temporary suicide, which relieves nervous tension like the detumescence consequent on the sexual act. If so, the term "trip" is fully significant. Just as the heroes travel literally on their motor-cycles, because physical movement gives a potent illusion of freedom, so, on the drug, they travel metaphorically "anywhere out of the world" (to use Baudelaire's phrase). To be accurate, they combine the two kinds of travel in a weaker form all the way through, since they smoke marijuana every day before starting off. Their bodies are travelling on one level and their heads on another. Surprisingly enough, they can still steer; I wonder if this is an honest detail.

I HAVE NOT YET summarised the story in sequence, and I should perhaps now do so to make my final comments intelligible. The heroes have the following encounters: 1. with the honest rancher already referred to (pastoral simplicity); 2. with a Hippie Commune, who are trying to scratch a living on dry, hilly ground and who pray collectively for rain to an unnamed God (they too represent pastoral simplicity, and Fonda declares sententiously that their efforts will be rewarded, even though there seems to be no hope of such a possibility); 3. with two of the hippie girls, with whom they bathe in a mountain pool (the pastoral innocence of nudity); 4. a small-town parade that they make fun of, with the result that they are put into jail (the parade represents average conformity, which they see as comic); 5. a drunken young lawyer, the son of the local big-wig, who gets them out of jail, joins them on their pilgrimage and is murdered by local roughs, presumably because of this (the character, marvellously played by Jack Nicholson, is a traditional alcoholic drop-out, whom the heroes convert to marijuana); 6. a bunch of conformist provincials who prevent them being served in a café; 7. the prostitutes (traditional social outcasts); 8. two truck-drivers, who shoot at long-haired Hopper to give him a fright but accidentally kill him, and so have to murder Fonda as well to cover up their tracks. The film ends with a vision of the second motor-cycle bouncing off the road and bursting into flames. Death of the outsider, killed by the philistine incomprehension of the mass of insiders, who murder him not for the colour, but for the length, of his hair.

IF WE STICK to the Robsonian analysis, I think we have to say that the two picaresque heroes

of *Easy Rider* are doomed from the outset. Their journey is very similar to the drive from Marseilles to Paris in Godard's *A bout de souffle*, which is another example of the Outsider, a frankly criminal one, riding to his death. The crime which finances their journey is, in a sense, justified, or at least explicable, by the fact that the freedom they are looking for is unobtainable in this life. Their thirst for it is a concealed death-wish, and indeed their round-the-clock reliance on marijuana, a drug which may be harmless but has the effect of making the initiates giggle happily at everything and anything—i.e., provides permanent anaesthetisation—is more ominous than the usual philistine reliance on a cup of cawfee or a nice cuppa tea. They are not really looking for freedom in modern America, which is an advanced industrial civilisation. They move along the margin from drop-out to drop-out, and although they are emotionally in favour of a return to pastoralism and pay lip-service to it, they do not believe in it enough to accept it for themselves. The reason is that even a pastoral society at once raises the problems of community living and imposes the constraints of integration. They are lone riders, appreciating the beauty of mountain and desert scenery, which indeed steals a good part of the picture, but there is no ideal society for them.

However, they can be photographed in their predicament among the lonely hills, and people will flock to see the film when it is shown in the large urban centres. The industrialised philistines will enjoy the pastoral poetry of alienation, and the ex-Outsider can cushion his death-wish with dollar bills as well as marijuana.

THERE REMAINS ONE incidental point, about which I am sure Lance Robson will have something to say, if he ever produces the promised sequel to *Varieties of the Picaresque*. Why has the motor-cycle been so often associated with the outsider in recent years? In the existing volume, he waxes eloquent about the relationship between the knight-errant or the highwayman and his horse, from the Middle Ages to the 18th century, and he has a fascinating appendix on the importance of the single- or double-seater aeroplane between 1910 and the Battle of Britain, and the Outsider/Insider philosophy that certain writers (notably St. Exupéry), based upon it. Possibly, the motor-cycle seems more personal than a four-seater motor-car. (In *Bonnie and Clyde*, as I remember, the initial car was an open two-seater with a dicky, i.e., more of a folk-object than the limousine type.) The rider is *outside* the motor-cycle, not enclosed within it. He is exposed to the air and the

weather, and so nearer to nature. He grips the body between his legs and thus simulates the sexual relationship between the rider and his horse, often with precise physical results, as the sociologists investigating the leather-boys have explained.

Nevertheless, the motor-cycle and the petrol which drives it are indissolubly wedded to the industrial society, and it is remarkable that the Hippie mind can overlook this fact. At the beginning of *Easy Rider*, the heroes throw away their watches in a symbolic gesture and roar off superbly down a metalled road. But without the society that the watches suppose, they could not roar and there would be no road.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY, which I have just seen, fits so neatly into the Robsonian pattern and is so obviously the same kind of film as the other two, that I cannot forbear adding a few sentences about it. Technically, it is possibly the best of the three, because of the intelligence of John Schlesinger's direction and two absolutely stunning performances by Jon Voigt and Dustin Hoffman. Of course, like the other films, it is tinged with modishness. Pop songs replace the angel choruses of earlier days; the colour photography has a lush beauty of its own, which gives even would-be drab scenes a sort of tinned-soup vividness; and there is the now obligatory party episode or fiesta, with psychedelic lights and drugged wooziness. Some of these things, I am afraid, will date as quickly and disastrously as the dance sequences and plumed costumes in Hollywood films of the '30s.

The original novel by James Leo Herlihy might well be, but probably isn't, an imitation of the first part of a famous 18th-century, French picturesque tale by Marivaux, *Le Paysan parvenu*, about a handsome peasant boy who comes up to Paris to make his fortune by seducing rich middle-aged women. Joe Buck (Jon Voigt) is a beautiful, blond Texan dish-washer, who dresses up in cowboy kit, jumps on to a bus and goes up to New York where he hopes to get rich quick as a bisexual prostitute. He, too, is a sort of orphan/bastard, and his alienation is increased by his consciously accepted low *I.Q.*, which forces him to trust his only talent ("I'm one helluva stud").

The term "midnight cowboy" would seem to refer to the young men so dressed who hang around certain parts of New York at night looking for trade (*cf.* the similar cowboy in the play, *The Boys in the Band*). Robson touches on the ordinary myth of the cowboy and argues that it is often, as in *Shane* or many T.V. serials, a modernisation of the knight-errant theme. The cowboy *passes through*, because he is a good or bad man on the run, or because he is an incarna-

tion of supernatural values, which are applied locally through his visitation, but have no permanent residence in this world. He has a horse and a gun, whereas the knight had a horse and a sword or lance. Both heroes symbolise movement plus potency, a two-fold ideal which corresponds perhaps to a deeper male aspiration than the desire to construct in one place (a creative urge involving a female element). The "midnight cowboy" is a strange simulacrum of the normal ideal. He is more or less stationary on the streets at night, instead of galloping across the plains in sunshine; he is waiting to be selected by the cows, in the hope that he may be able to drive them singly; he has no horse, and his only gun is inherent in his person. He is reduced, in fact, to his body and his costume, and the latter is a highly significant symbol both for himself and his clients. This gives great tragi-comic weight to the most sordid scene in the film, a fellatio episode in a cinema lavatory, when the cowboy, still dressed in his hat, jerkin and boots, argues with his pathetic, vomiting client about the price to be paid. The sad little man turns out to be as impoverished as he is, and this shows up the cowboy costume as a tawdry double illusion.

The miracle of the performance is that Jon Voigt conveys the amoral, delinquent zest of the *pícaro*, combined with naïve and fundamental goodness. He has a perfect foil in Dustin Hoffman, as Ratso Rizzo, the crippled, tubercular orphan of an Italian-Jewish shoe-shine man. Ratso is the city urchin with brains, or at least shrewdness, who tries to help the cowboy to make the most of his sexual advantages, for their common benefit. Their relationship is a parody of the Don Juan/Leporello or Don Juan/Figaro collaboration, in the sense that they always fail but in the process unconsciously become friends, although they bicker comically at every point. Whereas the cowboy dreamed of city lights and his long initial bus ride is an imaginary journey towards easy money, Ratso hopes to set out on the reverse quest; he wants to escape from New York to Florida, where the sun will restore his health and he will recover the dignity of his true name, Henrico Rizzo. By braining and robbing an old queer, the Cowboy gets enough money for the trip and they take the bus ride to Florida, where he proposes to give up being a *pícaro* and to look for a job. But, on arrival, Ratso is dead in his seat.

This film is, apparently, just as great a commercial success as *Easy Rider*. It is hilariously funny in parts, especially about sex, but this can hardly explain its popularity because it is also very sad. Robson, I suppose, would say that the Outsider riding to his death, and who makes a Friend on the way, is a universal image.

SCIENCE

“Nothing But—”

On Reductionism & Nihilism — By VIKTOR E. FRANKL

WE ARE challenged by the question how to maintain or to restore a concept of man that does justice to the humanness of man and more specifically to the oneness of the human person—in the face of the scattered data, facts and findings as they are furnished by a thoroughly compartmentalised science. The pictures we obtain today from the various individual sciences are very disparate, and differ from each other so much that it is becoming more and more difficult to arrive at a unified world-view. But such differences, *per se*, need by no means constitute a loss in knowledge; on the contrary, such differences may well make for a gain, as in stereoscopic vision. There is a difference between the right and the left pictures offered to you. But it is precisely this difference that mediates the acquisition of a new wholeness, of an additional dimension, the third dimension of space. To be sure, the precondition is that we achieve a fusion between the picture on the right and on the left. And what holds for vision is also true of cognition: unless we obtain a fusion, confusion may be the result.

Now the pluralism of science is reflected in the individual scientist's increasing trend towards specialisation. The wheel of history cannot be turned back, and society today cannot do

without specialists; too much research is based on teamwork, and in teamwork the specialist is simply indispensable. However I, for one, think that the present danger does not really lie in the loss of universality on the part of the scientist, but rather in his pretence and claim of totality. When a scientist who is an expert in the field of biology attempts to understand the phenomena of human existence in exclusively biological terms, he has fallen prey to biologism. And at the moment biology becomes biologism, science is turned into an ideology. What we have to deplore, therefore, is not so much the fact that *scientists are specialising*, but rather the fact that *specialists are generalising*. That is to say indulging in over-generalised statements. We have for long been familiar with the *terrible simplificateur*; but now we meet more and more frequently another type, the *terrible généralisateur*. He tends to turn biology into biologism, sociology into sociologism, and psychology into psychologism.

But let me confine myself to this last phenomenon. Psychologism is frequently combined with something I once called pathologism. That is the tendency to go all out to detect neurotic flaws, and to discover sexual symbols, and so forth. Let me offer two Freudian quotations taken from the book by Fabry, *Logotherapy Applied to Life*. On page 160 he quotes Freud to the effect that parental love is narcissism born again; and friendship is a sublimation of homosexual attitudes. Now Freud himself had been wise and cautious enough to remark once that sometimes a cigar may be a cigar, and nothing but a cigar. However, his epigones are less cautious and feel less inhibited. One of them, a famous Freudian analyst, has recently published a book on Goethe. Let me quote from the review of the book in the *American Journal of Existential Psychiatry*:

In the 1,538 pages the author portrays to us a genius with the earmarks of a manic-depressive, paranoid and epileptoid disorder, of homo-

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sexuality, incest, voyeurism, exhibitionism, fetishism, impotence, narcissism, obsessive compulsive neurosis, hysteria, megalomania, and so forth. The author seems to focus almost exclusively upon the instinctual dynamic forces that underlie the artistic products. We are led to believe that Goethe's work is but the result of pre-genital fixations. Goethe's struggle does not really aim for an ideal, for beauty, for values, but for the overcoming of an embarrassing problem of premature ejaculation. These volumes show us again that the basic position of psycho-analysis has not really changed....

Small wonder if this state of affairs takes its toll. Only recently Laurin John Hatterer, a Manhattan psycho-analyst, pointed out in a paper that "many an artist has left a psychiatrist's office enraged by interpretations which suggest that he writes because he is an "injustice collector," or a sadomasochist; acts because he is an exhibitionist; dances because he wants to seduce the audience sexually, or paints to overcome a strict bowel training by free smearing...." I could offer you a collection of such examples. I would suggest that the unmasking of motives is justified, perfectly justified, but it must stop where the man who does the unmasking is finally confronted with what is genuine and authentic within a man's psyche. If he does not stop there, what this man is really unmasking is his own cynical attitude, his own nihilistic tendency to devaluate and depreciate that which is human in man.

IT IS AN INHERENT TENDENCY in man to reach out for meanings to fulfil, and for values to actualise. But, alas, we are offered by two outstanding American scholars in the field of value psychology the following definitions: "Values and meanings are nothing but defence mechanisms and reaction formations." Well, as for myself, I am not willing to live for the sake of my reaction formations, even less to die for the sake of my own defence mechanisms; and I would argue that reductionism today is a mask for nihilism. Contemporary nihilism no longer brandishes the word nothingness; today nihilism is camouflaged as *nothing-but-ness*. Human phenomena are thus turned into mere epiphenomena. If you allow me a brief digression, I would say that, contrary to a widely-held opinion, existentialism is not to be identified as contemporary nihilism; the true nihilism of today is reductionism. Although Jean-Paul Sartre has put the word *néant* into the title of his main philosophical work, the true message of existentialism is not *nothingness*, but the *no-thingness* of man—that is to say *a human being is no thing*, a person is not one thing among other things.

What is the impact that reductionism might

have, particularly on the young generation? I well remember when I was a pupil, how our science teacher used to walk up and down the class explaining to us that life in its final analysis is nothing but combustion, an oxidation process. In this case reductionism took actually the form of oxidationism. On one occasion I jumped to my feet and asked him: "Dr. Fritz, if this is true, what meaning, then, does life have?" At that time I was twelve. But now imagine what it means that thousands and thousands of young students are exposed to indoctrination along such lines, taught a reductionist concept of man and a reductionist view of life. This situation accentuates a world-wide phenomenon that I consider a major challenge to psychiatry—I have called it the existential vacuum. More and more patients are crowding our clinics and consulting rooms complaining of an inner emptiness, a sense of total and ultimate meaninglessness of their lives. One should not assume that this state of affair is confined to our Western civilisation; some evidence of this has come out in recent publications from behind the Iron Curtain. Thus, for instance, Stanislav Kratochvil, a Czech psychiatrist, has published several papers on the existential vacuum. His contention is that this experience is by no means restricted to the "capitalist countries," but is more and more noticeable today in Eastern Europe as well. I was invited to lecture at the Karl Marx University in Leipzig, and in Czechoslovakia and in Poland. During the question-and-answer period it transpired again and again that really the same problems are confronting our psychiatric colleagues in Communist countries.

To attempt a short explanation of the causes of this phenomenon, I would contend that, in contrast to animals, man is not told by drives and instincts what he *must* do. Nor, in contrast to man in former times, is he any longer told by traditions and values what he *should* do. Sometimes he does not even know what he basically *wants* to do, but instead he just wants to do what other people are doing—which is conformism. Or else he just does what other people want him to do—which is totalitarianism. But in addition to conformism and totalitarianism we can observe a third side-effect of the existential vacuum, and that is neuroticism. I am referring to a new type of neurosis that I have termed "noogenic neurosis," in heuristic contrast to the conventional type of psychogenic neurosis. And this new type of neurosis—this noogenic neurosis—mainly results from the existential vacuum, from existential frustration.

The director of the psychology laboratory at a U.S. Veterans Administration Hospital, James C. Crumbaugh, has taken some pains in developing a special test, which he calls the PIL-

test, or purpose-in-life test. He has tried it to date on 1,152 subjects. The data have been computerised, and the conclusion that seems to have emerged was that noogenic neurosis is indeed a new type of neurosis that can be differentiated by tests from the conventional types of neurotic illness. There is also agreement between various authors in various countries that about 20% of neuroses today are noogenic by nature and origin.

WE MAY DEFINE the existential vacuum as the frustration of what we may consider to be the most basic motivational force of man, and what we may call, by a deliberate oversimplification, the *will to meaning*—in contrast to the Adlerians' will to power and to the Freudians' will to pleasure. A few days ago Dr. Hyman, a brain surgeon from California, delivered a paper to the Austrian Society of Medical Psychotherapy, of which I am chairman. He said that he was again and again confronted with patients whom he had completely relieved from intractable pain by stereotactic brain surgery, and who then said to him: "Doctor, I am free from pain—but now more than ever I ask myself what the meaning of my life is, because I know that life is transitory, particularly in my situation"—and so on. So people do not (as most current motivational theories seem to assume) care so much for pleasure and avoidance of pain; they do care for meaning.

Let me just add that if you attack my theoretical position by saying that psycho-analysis also recognises something called the reality principle, this doesn't alter the scenery because, according to Freud's own statements, the reality principle is in the indirect service of the pleasure principle. But we could go even a step further by saying that the pleasure principle itself serves a more general principle and this is the homeostasis principle—the principle of tension-reduction on which most of the current motivational theories are still based. Now we have learned long ago from Ludwig von Bertalanffy that the homeostasis principle is no longer tenable as an over-all law within biology; and even more is this the case of psychology.¹

¹We are in this respect indebted to Kurt Goldstein's brain pathology, because Goldstein arrived at the conclusion that the homeostasis principle is actually an indication of disease, but not of a normal state. And within psychology we are in this respect indebted mainly to Gordon W. Allport, Charlotte Bühler, and Abraham Maslow.

²In therapeutic practice we counteract this hyper-reflection and hyper-intention by the technique of de-reflection, particularly in cases of sexual neuroses.

Now actually the motivational theories that still stick to the homeostasis principle are, by what they imply, true monadologies—they only know a closed system. Man is depicted as a being primarily and basically concerned with his inner equilibrium or something within himself, be it pleasure or anything else. But I dare say that being human is always pointing beyond itself, is always directed at something, or someone, other than itself: be it a meaning to fulfil or another human being to encounter. And actually man is not primarily concerned with pleasure or with the so-called pursuit of happiness. Actually—due to his will to meaning—man is reaching out for a meaning to fulfil or another human being to encounter; and it is this that constitutes a reason to be happy. Whereas, if this normal reaching out for meaning and beings is discarded and replaced by the will to pleasure or the "pursuit of happiness," happiness falters and collapses; in other words, happiness must ensue as a side-effect of meaningfulness. And that is why it cannot be "pursued," because the more we pay attention to happiness, the more we make pleasure the target of our intentions by way of what I call hyper-intention, to the same extent we become victims of hyper-reflection. That is to say, the more attention we pay to happiness or pleasure, the more we block its attainment, and lose sight of the primary reason of our endeavours; happiness vanishes, because we are intending it, and pursuing it. This makes it impossible for fulfilment to ensue; we can observe this phenomenon in about 95% of sexual neuroses. Whenever a male patient is trying deliberately to manifest his potency, or a female patient to demonstrate her ability to experience orgasm, the very attempt is doomed to fail.²

NOW WHAT HOLDS FOR pleasure and happiness also holds for self-actualisation. Self-actualisation is a good thing; however, we can actualise ourselves only to the extent to which we have fulfilled a meaning, or encountered another human being. But we have no longer any basis for self-actualisation at the moment we are striving directly for it. I would like to epitomise this state of affairs by quoting first Pindar and then Karl Jaspers. Pindar said you should "become what you are." And Jaspers remarked, "What a man is he becomes only through that cause which he has made his own." In other words we may obtain self-actualisation by living out the self-transcendent quality of human existence.

I SHOULD LIKE TO POINT to one aspect of this self-transcendent quality that permeates human existence: the capacity of seeing is de-

pendent on the incapacity of the eye to see itself. The more the eye is incapable of seeing itself or anything within itself, the better is its capacity of sight. To return to reductionism: reductionism is more than just saying time and again that something is *nothing but* something else. It is an approach and procedure that deprives the human phenomena of their very humanness by reducing a human phenomenon in dynamic terms to some sub-human phenomenon, or deducing human phenomena, in genetic terms, from sub-human phenomena. In other words we may well be justified in defining reductionism as, as it were, sub-humanism. Consider the two most definitely human phenomena: love and conscience. They are among the most important and significant human phenomena in so far as love can be defined as the capacity to grasp another human being in its very uniqueness, while conscience is the capacity to seize the unique meaning of a situation; and each situation implies unique meaning. Love, to the reductionist, is derived from sex; it is conceived as a sublimation of sexual instincts or, as Freud once put it, "aim-inhibited" sexuality. Conscience is reduced to the mere super-ego. Both views are erroneous. For if sublimation is to take place, it presupposes the capacity for loving—because ultimately only for the sake of a person whom I love am I capable of integrating my own sexuality into my personality as a whole. If the ego is to integrate its own *id*, it must in the first place be lovingly directed to a Thou. So what is the pre-condition of sublimation cannot be the result of sublimation. As to conscience: if one attempts to reduce conscience to the super-ego, one disregards the fact that conscience often opposes the super-ego, and that conscience often opposes, if need be, the conventions and standards, traditions and values, which are transmitted and channelled by the super-ego. So, if conscience contradicts and opposes the super-ego, if need be, it cannot be identical with the super-ego.

Some years ago, Konrad Lorenz, in a lecture he gave to the Austrian Society of Medical Psychotherapy, spoke about *Moralanaloges Verhalten bei Tieren*, animal behaviour that is analogous to moral behaviour. But what he was stressing were the limitations of the analogy. If one says that a dog that has wetted the floor and slinks under the couch with its tail between its legs is obviously manifesting a bad conscience, this is a naïve error. I would say the dog is manifesting anticipatory anxiety, the fearful expectation of punishment. True conscience has nothing to do with the mere fear of punishment or longing for reward. Those behaviourist psychologists (or whatever they now call themselves) who insist that what is observable in a

man must also be observable in animals, and who wish to derive from this attitude a justification for reductionism or sub-humanism, remind me very much of the rabbi in a Viennese joke. There were two neighbours; one of them contended that the other's cat had stolen and eaten five pounds of his butter; there was a bitter argument and finally they agreed to seek the advice of the rabbi. They went to the rabbi and the owner of the cat said: "It cannot be, my cat doesn't care for butter at all!" But the other insisted that it was indeed his cat, and so the rabbi decided: "Bring me the cat." They brought him the cat and the rabbi said: "Bring me the scales." And they brought the scales and he asked: "How many pounds of butter?" "Five pounds." And believe it or not, the weight of the cat was five pounds. So the rabbi said: "Now I have the butter, but where is the cat?"

This is what these people remind me of who say in fact: there is some type of conscience in the animal as well; so whatever we find in humans may be found in animals as well. And now they ask: we have this behaviour in man—we have these "innate releasing mechanisms" and so forth—but where is man? The humanness of the human phenomena has necessarily disappeared. I have recently come across a book in which man is defined as "nothing but a complex biochemical mechanism powered by a combustion system which energises computers with prodigious storage facilities for retaining encoded information."

I HOPE I won't be misunderstood. As a professor of neurology I agree that it is perfectly legitimate to use the computer as a model for certain activities of the central nervous system. The mistake is exclusively in the phrase "*nothing but*." In a sense, in a way, man *is* a computer; but at the same time he is infinitely more or, let me say, dimensionally more than a computer. If you imagine a cube that is constructed on the basis of a square, you are justified in saying that in a way the cube is also a square. The square is contained and included in the cube. It serves as its foundation and basis. However, if we say the cube is nothing but a square we have then been reducing, removing, shutting out a whole dimension: the third dimension.

In other words, reductionism is a kind of projectionism. It projects human phenomena into a lower dimension. It must be counteracted by what one might call dimensionalism (I have termed it dimensional anthropology) in order to preserve the one-ness and humanness of man in the face of the pluralism of the sciences. Pluralism after all is the nourishing soil on which reductionism flourishes. Dimensional anthropology uses the geometrical concept of dimen-

sions as a model, as an analogy. In other words dimensional anthropology is an *imago hominis*—to allude to Spinoza's ethics, "*ordine geometrico demonstrata*." Dimensional anthropology rests on two laws. The first law as I conceive it, reads as follows:

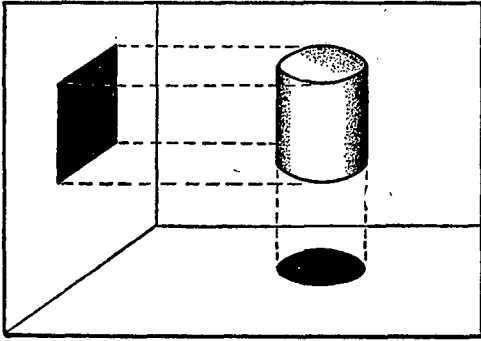


FIG. 1

A phenomenon, say, a cylinder, projected out of its own dimension—i.e., three-dimensional space—down into different dimensions lower than its own, for example into horizontal and vertical planes, yields pictures that are *contradictory* to one another. Here we get a circle and here a rectangle. And this is an evident contradiction. What is more, if you imagine this cylinder to represent a tumbler, an open vessel, the openness of this vessel completely disappears in the projections into the lower dimensions. The circle as well as the rectangle are closed figures rather than open vessels.

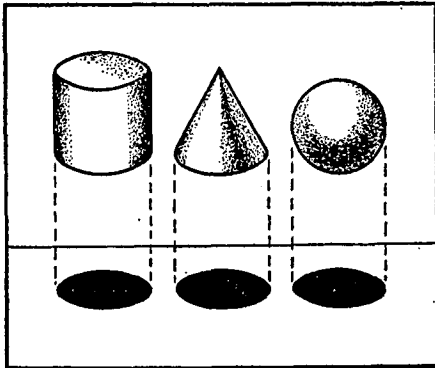


FIG. 2

Second law of dimensional anthropology: different phenomena, e.g., a cylinder, a cone and a sphere, projected out of their own dimension into a dimension lower than their own, result in pictures that are *ambiguous*. The shadows of these different spatial figures are equal, interchangeable, and you can never infer what it is that has cast the shadow.

HOW MAY we benefit from these analogies, from these two laws of dimensional anthropology—in the science of man? If you project a human being into a purely biological frame of reference and/or into the frame of psychology, then in the first case you obtain somatic data, while in the second you obtain psychic data. There is again a contradiction. What seems to be even more important: there was an open vessel and this is depicted as a closed system. Human existence also is characterised by its intrinsic openness: this has been demonstrated by Max Scheler in his anthropology, by Arnold Gehlen, the sociologist, by Adolf Portmann, the zoologist. I referred to this intrinsic openness of human existence by the term "self-transcendent quality": it points beyond itself rather than to being a closed system. We know (thanks to the teachings of von Bertalanffy) that man, even in purely biological terms, is not a closed system either; but in biology, as in psychology, he is of necessity represented as if he were a closed system of physiological reflexes or psychological responses to various stimuli. The openness of human existence, once we have projected man out of his own dimension into a dimension lower than his own, necessarily disappears.

Of course, we are still far from solving the body-mind problem; we are far from bridging this gap between somatic and psychic data. But at least, in the light of dimensional anthropology, these apparent contradictions no longer contradict the oneness of man. The apparent contradiction between the Circle and the Rectangle does not invalidate the fact that they are projections from the same Cylinder. We cannot solve the body-mind problem, but we can at least explain why it is unsolvable. Art has been defined as unity and diversity, and I would suggest that man could be defined as unity in spite of diversity. But the *coincidentia oppositorum* (according to Nicolas of Cues) is lost when we project man out of his own dimension. His unity cannot be found within the lower dimensions; it must be sought in the human dimension. And the same holds for the openness of human existence.

I would like to point out that whenever I speak of "higher" and "lower" dimensions, this does not imply any value judgment. The higher dimension includes the lower dimensions. By the same token the sound and sober findings in any lower dimension are not invalidated by the dimensional concept of man. Freudian psycho-analysis, Watsonian or Skinnerian behaviourism, Pavlovian reflexology, Adlerian individual psychology—though they may neglect the human dimension as such, need not contradict it. Seen in the light of dimensional anthropology, however, they have to be

re-interpreted, re-evaluated. In other words, these findings have to be re-humanised.

It is NOT ONLY the privilege of the scientist, it is also his duty to embark on such projective measures and procedures. It is his responsibility to deal with reality as if reality were uni-dimensional; to neglect the multi-dimensionality inherent in reality. However, the scientist should also remain aware of the pitfalls of his method; he should be aware of the second law of dimensional anthropology. Let me offer you an example out of my own field of research. Replace the three shadows by neuroses. I have briefly referred to the evidence that there are not only conventional psychogenic neuroses, but also somatogenic neuroses. There are agoraphobias that are due to hyperthyroidism (*i.e.*, a hyperfunction of the thyroid gland), and there are cases of claustrophobia that can be traced back to tetanoid disturbances of metabolism. There are depersonalisation states that could be understood and therapeutically dealt with as hypofunctions of the adrenocortical glands. But there are not only somatogenic and psychogenic neuroses; there are also those noogenic neuroses I mentioned before: neuroses which cannot be traced to oedipal situations, or maladjustments and so forth, but which derive from spiritual problems, from moral conflicts, from conflicts between one's true conscience and the mere super-ego; and lastly, from existential frustration, from the despair of man over the apparent meaninglessness of his life. The etiology of a neurosis is multi-dimensional. A neurosis might be somatogenic, psychogenic, or noogenic. And to the extent to which the causation of a neurosis is multi-dimensional, to the same extent its pathology is ambiguous—much the same way as the shadow, of which you could not tell whether it was cast by a cylinder or a cone or a sphere. Similarly, as long as you confine yourself to the plane of pure psychiatry you are unable to distinguish diagnostically between what is ultimately either hyperthyroidism, or castration fear, or else the existential despair of an individual over the seeming meaninglessness of his life. Pathology is ambiguous in that the *logos* of *pathos*, the meaning of suffering, may hide in a dimension different from the dimension in which symptomatology dwells. If the meaning of suffering is to be understood, we have to transcend the level of mere symptoms, the plane of pure psychiatry.

³ Cf. Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning: An Introduction to Logotherapy* (Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1964), and Frankl, *The Doctor and the Soul: From Psychotherapy to Logotherapy* (Souvenir Press, London, 1969).

What holds for theory also holds for therapy. A few years ago, at a Montreal meeting on psychopharmacology, several speakers expressed their apprehension that by introducing drug treatment in addition to shock treatment, psychiatry might become dehumanised and the patient himself depersonalised. In my department at the Vienna Polyclinic, we use drugs, and use electro-convulsive treatment. I have signed authorisations for lobotomies without having cause to regret it. In a few cases, I have even carried out transorbital lobotomy. However, I promise you that the human dignity of our patients is not violated in this way. On the other hand I do know psychotherapists who would abhor giving a prescription for a drug, or giving shots or shocks, and yet by their depersonalising approach to the patient, based on a reductionist picture of man, violate the human dignity of their patients.

What matters is not a technique or therapeutic approach as such, be it drug treatment or shock treatment, but the spirit in which it is being carried out. Professor Petrilowitsch (at present head of the Psychiatric University Clinic in Mainz) has recently pointed out that logotherapy,³ in contrast to all other schools of psychotherapy, transcends the dimension of neurosis itself. In psycho-analytic therapy, there is a pathogenic kind of psychodynamics which the therapist tries to counteract, by means of (say) a transference relationship. And if you think of so-called behaviour therapy—or reflexological therapy (think of Eysenck, Wolpe and others), there the neurosis is considered to be the outcome of pathogenic conditioning processes and, accordingly, is dealt with by introducing re-conditioning processes: progressive desensitisation and the like. But all these therapies remain in the plane of the neurosis itself. Logotherapy, on the other hand, transcends this plane; it follows man into the specific dimension of his humanness, and taps resources available in that dimension such as intrinsically human potentials of self-transcendence and self-detachment.

I HAVE MENTIONED BEFORE that suffering is ambiguous in so far as its meaning may be localised in a dimension higher than the suffering itself. This leads to the question whether the human dimension is the ultimate, the final dimension. Instead of theorising on this problem, let me just report what happened in my hospital when I once stepped into the room where one of my assistants was conducting a group therapeutic session. He had to deal with, among other people, a woman who had tried to commit suicide and was under therapeutic treatment. She had lost a son of 11 years of age, and

she was in clear rebellion against her fate. I decided to participate in the group session and asked a question directed at the whole group: "Imagine an ape that is punctured, again and again, in order to manufacture an antipolio-myelitis serum. Is it possible that this ape could ever understand the purpose of its pain? ..." The group of simple women responded by saying that this was sheer impossibility—because the purpose of inflicting this pain was located in a higher dimension, in the world of man, and an ape is not capable of reaching out into this dimension. Then I asked: "What about the human world? Are you absolutely sure that it is the last dimension, a terminal in the cosmos as it were, that there is no dimension beyond the human world, a dimension in which the ultimate meaning of our human sufferings would be understandable? But then we too have no access to this higher dimension. ..." There was general agreement.

This question of course cannot be answered by either doctor or scientist. It must be left open. As a psychiatrist I must leave it to the patient to answer the ultimate question as to the ultimate meaning of suffering. The same holds for us here: I raise a question, but I must leave it open. This is all the more indicated as the answer to the question about the ultimate meaning of human existence can never be given intellectually, but only existentially; not in words, but by our life, by our whole existence.

Discussion

K E T Y:¹ Well, I would certainly heartily agree with Dr. Frankl regarding his comment on reductionism. In a paper that I wrote in 1961 called "A Biologist Examines the Mind and Behaviour" I took issue with reductionism of mind to matter and reductionism of behaviour to biological events, without paying regard to the informational storage of the human being. Reductionism is an unsound hypothesis. The techniques upon which reductionism is based are not necessarily unsound—only the extrapolation from them which certain people indulge in. And I thought that Dr. Frankl came dangerously close to a denial of appropriate scientific techniques in his comments on reductionism. I was glad that in his

discussion of the projection of the cylinder he finally came round to stating that the projections in different planes were not contradictory—they were only contradictory to the most naïve kind of examination. They were complementary, if one took into account the plane of projection, the manner in which it was obtained, and so on; but I think Dr. Frankl came to the same conclusion himself at the very end. Certainly science has analytical techniques which are reliable, provided we take into account that these give us only one segment of the picture. We must put these together; we must try to fill in the gaps which the analytical technique necessarily introduces—indirect techniques—and of course we must never draw inappropriate conclusions from the analytical techniques to the extent or to the conclusion that the cylinder is a circle or is a rectangle.

FRANKL: What you have said sums up what I have tried to convey when I said that the pictures are contradictory to the naïve mind, since it is the naïve mind that is in need of the re-evaluating, the re-interpreting. I explicitly said that it is not only the privilege, but even the responsibility of the scientist to embark on reductions, *i.e.*, projections; but he must remain aware of what he is doing. For some years I have given three lectures a day, 4 p.m. to 7 p.m., the first on neurology, the second on psychiatry, the third on psychotherapy. In the first lecture I sometimes discussed a patient in a reductionist manner: if it was a case of brain tumour, I had to check and examine the reflexes, I treated him as if he were a closed system of reactions and responses. In the second lecture I discussed psychogenic neuroses; and in the third lecture the first patient was discussed again, but as a human being—a person whose human dimension I had to shut out while examining him neurologically.

INHEDER:² I know that in many countries psychiatrists are alarmed about the feeling of existential emptiness, mostly in the younger generation. I wonder, however, if you have found out whether this same feeling is shared by science students and research workers in the exact sciences, such as mathematicians, physicians, biologists and experimental psychologists; in other words by all those who are seeking a small part of the truth concerning the laws which govern the universe of our human conduct. If students today experience this feeling of emptiness, is it not because we who teach them do not sufficiently convey our enthusiasm and our faith in scientific research? Is this, in your opinion, a widespread sociological phenomenon or is it more common in specific sections of society?

¹ Seymour S. Kety, Professor of Psychiatry, Harvard University.

² Bärbel Inhelder, Professor of Developmental Psychology, University of Geneva.

FRANKL: I would go even further and contend that the existential vacuum is in a way a contagious disease, because the existential vacuum in the youngsters is reinforced by the existential vacuum they sense in their teachers. But you must distinguish between two generations of professors. The older professors often still have their idealism and enthusiasm, although it is some old-fashioned type; but to the youngsters this is preferable to the emptiness of the younger professors, those between 30 and 40. This is a remarkable fact. I have recently been lecturing at ten different universities within the United States alone, and also at universities in Australia, South America, Africa, Japan and Israel. I can only speak of my impressions.

But once I did some statistical research among my students. Forty per cent of the Swiss, West German, and Austrian students confessed that they knew from their own experiences of an existential vacuum, this inner void and emptiness. Among my American students, however, the percentage was not 40, but 81%. At least partially, I think, this might be traced to reductionism, which is more prevalent, I find, on the campuses of American universities than in central European universities.

HAYEK:³ Would you agree, then, that the students revolt because the professors are too young? [Laughter.]

FRANKL: No, the student rebellions are evidently connected with the fact that they are offered no meanings; and this is again partially due to the subjectivism that permeates most of the theories on meaning and values. I believe that meanings are objective, but this is not merely a personal philosophical conviction on my part, it is the result of psychological experimentation. May I remind you that Max Wertheimer, one of the founders of *Gestalt* psychology, once said that each situation implies a certain quality of "requiredness," and this, he explicitly said, is an objective quality. I would say that, in contrast to those values and traditions that today are evidently on the wane, we should not forget the meanings—life can still be meaningful, in spite of the crumbling and vanishing of traditions, due to the simple fact that this crumbling only affects the values, but spares the meanings. The values are universals, I would say, while the meanings are always unique, pertaining to unique life situations, and to the unique person who is engaged and entangled therein.

³ Friedrich A. Hayek, Professor of Economics, University of Freiburg.

⁴ C. H. Waddington, Professor and Chairman, Department of Genetics, University of Edinburgh.

What we call the phenomenological approach seems to me to be a methodological attempt to analyse the immediate data of experience of the man in the street, and to translate these experiences into scientific terms. Then we find that there are three principal ways of finding meaning in life, even in the most adverse conditions. The man in the street will teach you, if you analyse him adequately, that life can be meaningful by a deed we are doing, or by experiencing what is good or beautiful or true in the world; but, if need be, also by the way in which a man shoulders his unavoidable, unchangeable fate in a heroic way, thereby transmuting and turning tragedy into triumph. The man in the street is fully aware, although on a non-verbal level, that this is possible, and if time would allow, I could offer you evidence—drawn not from philosophers, but from utterances of prisoners in California's ill-famed San Quentin Prison—who were confronted with the gas chamber. I have visited them, and talked to them. Well, these people may teach us what's going on in a man who is setting out on a valuing process. Man does not originally interpret himself, say, as a battleground of civil war among id, ego, and super-ego. But the man in the street has a basic self-understanding and interprets his own existence as being involved in situations that constitute a challenge, situations that "mean" something to him; anyhow he feels that he has to try hard to do his best, to seek out, to smell out, to sort out the meanings. And if you systematise this knowledge drawn from the man in the street, you arrive at a phenomenological analysis of the "valuing experience" in the sense of "finding meaning."

WADDINGTON:⁴ I want to make two remarks which are both footnotes to what has been said already by Dr. Frankl and Dr. Kety.

Firstly, the reductionism, by which you lose dimensionality when you project into a lower dimension, operates throughout the whole of science, not only when you go from the human to the sub-human world but when you go from any level of organisation to any lower one. It operates most drastically when you go from the existent world to any sort of conceptualisation. The existent world is obviously of infinite dimensions. You can never exhaust its content by concepts, otherwise you would only have to think of those concepts to re-create it. There is therefore a very extensive loss of dimensionality at that point when you pass from existence to concept; but whenever you go from one level of discourse to a more abstract one you lose dimensionality.

For instance, until a short time ago, chemists operating within the world of chemistry—which you might say is a fairly reductionist one—used a concept of valency. Now this concept could not be included in the still more reductionist world of discourse of physics until Heitler and London much later worked out some appropriate quantum-mechanical equations which make it possible to give a satisfactory physical explanation of valency. Before that, however, chemists were employing a concept which was absolutely essential to deal with relations within their field of discourse, but which became lost when one made a further step into the still more reductionist field of physics. This is an example which shows that the loss of content on reducing to a lower level is general throughout the world of science, and not only characteristic of biology.

I should like to develop this theme a little more, into two further points about possible recipes we might follow in dealing with the situation. Consider first the situation when you remain with your concrete multi-dimensional world, say within your human world, without descending to any lower level. Now it does not at all follow that you necessarily realise what the human world is. You have to develop capacities to discover the full richness that exists within that world. Consider the example of the cup which was projected on to a surface and appeared as a rectangle. What I am saying is that it is a problem to discover that it is a cup. This calls for a very definite effort to explore the full complexities and subtleties of the non-reduced world. Certainly that is one of the major tasks of any science—the task which one could describe in general terms as “the attempt to discover what are the interesting questions.” Discovering the questions depends on becoming aware of the things that you can ask questions about.

Complementary to this is the attempt to improve your methods of projection into a lower dimensionality. Take again the analogy of the projection of the cup. When projected by light it showed a rectangular shadow or a circular shadow. If, however, you had projected it by X-rays it would have shown a rectangular shadow with a darkened edge, or a circular shadow with a darkened edge. You would have got much nearer to expressing its cup-ness by improving the methods of projection. When the chemists’ valencies were adequately translated into physics, this could be regarded as an improvement in the method of projecting from the chemists’ dimensions into the physicist’s dimensions.

The other point I wanted to make was quite a different one, dealing, from the point of view

of a genetic biologist, with this feeling—what did you call it?—this “will to meaning.” One of the most important defining characteristics of man is that he is involved in the cultural transmission of information, that is to say that he can pass on things from generation to generation, not only through the *DNA* in his chromosomes, but also by symbolic communication. I think that to the genetic biologist the major thing that distinguishes mankind from other animals is that man has developed symbolic communication so much further than even the cleverest bird. If this is so, then we may say that the very definition of man involves the idea of meaningful symbols. I don’t think you could apply the concept of meaning to any sub-human species. It seems to me therefore that a real drive for meaning is something you would have to expect as a fundamental aspect of human nature. Of course the sort of meaning Frankl is talking about—the meaning of life in general—is a very highly developed form of meaning compared to the meaning of symbols. You can have people who can communicate symbolically through speech or writing, without necessarily having any idea of the meaning of life in general. However, I wanted to make the point that it seems to me that the idea of meaning is an almost necessary part of the definition of the human species.

FRANKL: I think we agree that we may call a man a reductionist only if he makes projections, in a scientific way, but is not aware of what he is doing. This is what I explicitly said. But if you asked me for a remedy, I would again say that we should take the lesson of stereoscopic vision, *i.e.*, we should not mind apparent contradictions, but embark on a stereoscopic style of research. I mean multi-dimensional approaches, as they are carried out in interdisciplinary research. But in addition I would say that we should also learn from Edmund Husserl and Max Scheler: from the message offered by phenomenology. Phenomenology interprets itself as the *Verzicht*, the renunciation of any preconceived patterns of interpretation of given phenomena. For instance, a preconceived pattern of interpretation is established the moment you lie down on the couch of a Freudian analyst and he sets out to interpret in “psychodynamic” terms, whatever you are saying. Even if you are inhibited or silent this is the expression of certain “psychodynamics.” But this is precisely the same *a priori*ism as the preconceived conviction on the part of the rabbi: “If there are five pounds it must be butter—so where is the cat?”... As Aaron Ungersma, a professor at San Anselmo, California, said in his book on Logotherapy: “Freud’s motivational theory is

valid for the child that is out to get pleasure. Adler's will to power concept is valid for the adolescent who strives for power, while Frankl's will to meaning concept is valid for the adult, the mature individual..." However, the will to meaning might still be the basic human motivation, although in the first decade of life it does not as a rule manifest itself.

SMYTHIES:⁵ I would like to reply to Dr. Frankl's point of view as a clinical psychiatrist, and I certainly confirm his clinical statement about people coming to the clinic suffering from the vacuum of meaning. But I think we should think about the other causes of neurosis which one sees today and the curious way in which they are changing. Now you can read all the famous psychiatrists—Freud, Jung, Adler, *et al.*, and you get the impression that they are describing natural laws, *i.e.*, that neuroses are due to certain causes, and these causes operate at all times and at all places for all men. But clearly the causes of neuroses which bring the patients to our clinics are in a very real sense culturally dependent. If you apply Freud's basic law of repression: what is repressed causes neurosis afterwards—I think no one would dispute that. But what is repressed is what the culture disapproves of. Now different cultures disapprove of different things, so in different cultures you get different things repressed. In Freud's Vienna of 1890, for example, sexual matters were taboo, therefore sexual matters were repressed and so Freudian psychology came to be based on a whole gamut of repressed sexual conflicts, which are presented as the cause of neurosis. As for Arthur Koestler's "paranoid streak"—I don't mean *Arthur's* paranoid streak [Laughter]—he speaks of a universal paranoia: now somebody might suggest that in all cases and all types and all lands in every possible world, paranoia is caused by repressed homosexuality. But nowadays, seventy years after Freud, the whole cultural climate in sexual matters has changed; sex is no longer taboo; and this came about largely as a result of Freud's own teachings. Thus one could imagine a society in which homosexuality was not in any way something bad, and therefore did not have to be repressed. In ancient Greece, homosexuality was perfectly accepted, and some of the leading people in the Theban army were homosexuals, and this was regarded as perfectly normal. Therefore if it did not have to be repressed, it could not be the cause of paranoia.

⁵ J. R. Smythies, Reader in Psychiatry, University of Edinburgh.

⁶ Paul A. Weiss, Professor, Rockefeller University, New York.

But unfortunately, human psychology being what it is, once one taboo is overthrown, another one grows up in its place. And we have other taboos at the moment.

Sex has been taken away as a taboo, but now one of the main ones which has taken its place and which fulfils the same neurosis-generating function is the concept of Death. Every culture has a particular complex cultural machinery for dealing with death and dying. I am not so much talking about the concern of one's own death, but about the effect of death on the person who has been left behind. The forms that bereavement take vary from the Irish wake, where death is regarded as being a transition to a happier world, to our taboos on death. In the wake the party is a great event, a two-day-long party, with plenty of singing and dancing—a very effective way of dealing with grief and bereavement.

It is extraordinary that the first serious scientific paper on the subject did not appear until 1941 when Eric Lindemann at Harvard wrote his famous paper on the analysis of Grief Reaction. He studied the victims of the Coconut Grove fire in Boston. Two hundred people were burnt to death in a nightclub fire—and he went round to interview the relatives of the people who had been killed, and wrote the first scientific account in Western science of what the grief reaction is and what aberrations it could form. Now as our Judaeo-Christian basis for ideology progressively decays, the support it was able to give to the people left behind in bereavement likewise vanishes. If the dead person is thought to have gone to a happier world, then this is a support to the patient. But nowadays this belief has very largely decayed and one commonly sees more and more of the patients coming to the clinic suffering from Lindemann's grief reaction. We have no culturally valid method for dealing with the death of loved ones, and this leads them to their state of loss of meaning. The meaning of their life has been lost, the meaning that was invested in somebody else, and no other course of the meaning has arisen. These abnormal grief reactions can last for months or years and are very crippling—the person is often psychologically completely crippled. This is an example of another cause of neurosis which supports in general terms your particular view; it expresses your idea of "loss of meaning" looked at from another aspect, a very personal one.

WEISS:⁶ I want to say something about the university unrests. I have seen some of these incidents in Milan; we had them in Columbia; I know something about Frankfurt. We've made some investigations that are not yet completed,

but it was quite characteristic that the shock troops among the student activists came almost exclusively from the departments of the humanities and sociology. There were hardly any scientists among them.

HAYEK: What Paul Weiss just said rather confirms the half-joking suggestion I made before. But it is not the humanities in general—for instance the classics—which provide the revolutionaries. It's a few subjects like sociology and political science where the professors *are* very young. [Laughter.]

WADDINGTON: I want to bring together a statement by Dr. Frankl and another by Dr. Smythies, and in this connection raise the point whether we are not perhaps treating this subject on a too professional level. Dr. Frankl said that he comes across neuroses based on the frustrated search for meaning and the inability to find meaning. Smythies says that you cannot have a neurosis unless a culture actively represses some natural tendency and prevents you from getting satisfaction for a particular drive or motivation. Do not these two statements taken together mean that our present society is actively repressing the search for meaning? It is not merely that there are naïve reductionists who are not clever enough to see that theirs is a too simple reductionism, but there are actually some forms of social activity which are, as it were, positively frustrating the search for meaning—making meaning into a dirty word.

Personally I am quite ready to be persuaded that the present social intellectual system of the West does repress the search for meaning and tends to regard meaning as a dirty word. Certainly in the last couple of decades people have hardly dared to use the word “progress,” which implies positive values. You can hardly talk in intellectual company of the meaning of progress, it has become a dirtier word than sex. Now why should this be so? And if it is so—and I think that the existence of neurosis on this basis is ample evidence that it is—then it seems to me that this is something much more difficult and important to deal with than the possibility that there are some silly reductionists about who don't understand.

KOESTLER: I am very glad that Frankl's was the last presentation on our programme, be-

cause the real, the underlying subject of the conference was the rejection of this crude type of reductionism, and the selection of the participants was guided by this consideration. Now Frankl has stated what was implied throughout our proceedings, even in the most technical papers, and stated it in a very explicit and forceful manner. It was very useful, I think, to cut closer to the bone of what naïve or gross reductionism means, and how far on the other hand reductionism is legitimate as an analytical technique in the solution of limited technical problems. But as you have pointed out, when we speak of “naïve” reductionism, then we have to include among the naïves even men like Sigmund Freud; and quite a number of heavyweights in the various sciences still adhere to this type of reductionism.

When you ask, however, for an alternative view, for instance in the field of psychology, then I have the feeling that one is caught between Scylla and Charybdis: one rejects the Behaviourists and the Freudians, but where is the alternative? Of course you have the same situation in biology. If you reject the gross mechanism derived from nineteenth century classical physics, classical vitalism is certainly no alternative.

It is difficult to talk of intangibles. I am glad that you felt that in these few days a few bridges of understanding have been built, and a certain integration has taken place. The symposium was intended as a meeting of people in the mainstream of research,⁷ specialists in their fields and in their experimental laboratories, who nevertheless feel—to quote John Donne—a “holy discontent” with the *Zeitgeist* and its reductionist “nothing but” attitude. That was to be the common denominator, admittedly a negative one, but it seems to have worked out quite well. Everybody has of course his own formulation for his holy discontent. To give my own tentative formulation—the rejection of what I call “the four pillars of unwisdom”—in a simplified form, the four pillars to me are the doctrines:

1. that biological evolution is the result of nothing but random mutations preserved by natural selection;
2. that mental evolution is the result of nothing but random tries preserved by reinforcements;
3. that all organisms, including man, are nothing but passive automata controlled by the environment, whose sole purpose in life is the reduction of tensions by adaptive responses;
4. that the only scientific method worth that name is quantitative measurement; and, consequently, that complex phenomena must be reduced to simple elements accessible to such treatment, without undue worry whether the specific characteristic of a complex phenomenon, for instance man, may be lost in the process.

⁷ Other participants in the Alpbach Symposium who did not take part in this discussion were Jerome and Blanche Bruner (Harvard), Holger Hydén (Göteborg), Paul MacLean (Bethesda), David McNeill (Harvard), Ludwig von Bertalanffy (New York State University), W. H. Thorpe (Cambridge).

NOTES & TOPICS

The Unnatural History of Human Aggression

On Learning from the Birds & the Bees — By KATHLEEN NOTT

EVEN IF WE are not silly about them in a British way, animals are fabulous. Most people, from infancy, like hearing stories about them or reading about them or, now, stalking them in their habitats and haunts, with the maximum of security and comfort, vicariously behind someone's telephoto lens. These days we find ourselves repeating (but with the reassuring corroboration of science and technology) our willing acceptance, first acquired through Aesop and La Fontaine, that animals are nicer, generally wiser and cleverer and, on their own levels of adaptation, more successful than we are. Fables, of course, are very unnatural history—they simply moralise about us and for us.

Ethology, the study of animal behaviour, is one of the newer sciences, and one of the most fascinating to the general reader or student. Humanly and socially, it may be one of the more valuable, if for no other reason, because of the conditions of its field-work. As a

"humane" exercise, without interference or exploitation, it can be morally reassuring at least about science and scientists. In psychological effect it therefore compares favourably with the other sciences of life, busier with cracking codes and reading entrails and other parts of organisms. Not only with the modern popular naturalists—the Gavin Maxwells, the Gerald Durrells—but even the more strictly professional Konrad Lorenz, it is often difficult to decide which is the owner and which is the pet. To stalk the fawnlike and apparently wild and solitary Jane Goodall on her gentle excursions—provided that we can forget the photographer by whom she in her turn is being stalked—is to begin to realise our oneness with all species and the occasional superiorities of the animal primates.

But it may be that the study of animals is too fabulous. Ethology has been more urgently and rapidly popularised than most new sciences just because the animals are being made to tell us more than they can about ourselves.

¹ *The Territorial Imperative*. By Robert Ardrey. Collins, 36s. *The Parable of the Beast*. By John Bleibtreu. Gollancz, 45s. *The Ghost in the Machine*. By Arthur Koestler. Hutchinson, 42s. *On Aggression*. By Konrad Lorenz. Methuen, 30s. *Human Aggression*. By Anthony Storr. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, 25s.

² N. Tinbergen is regarded by many (notably by Ardrey) as, with Lorenz, a Founding Father of ethology. He can compare with Lorenz in observational empathy (see *The Herring Gull's World*, 1953) and as a scientist he is certainly not less rigid. Tinbergen also draws human conclusions from the study of animals. But the application has not been pressed to the extent we find in these very recent authors for whom it appears to be their overriding concern. The difference may be because a decade or so ago the science, as Tinbergen himself says, was only in its infancy. But the application which these authors make is potentially present in Tinbergen. (I have read only those works which have been translated into English.) In his English works he appears as psychologically a Behaviourist, who takes a strongly evolutionary line about human beings. (See "The Evolution of Behaviour" in *The Study of Instinct*, 1951).

ALL BUT ONE of the recent books which I want to discuss¹ are written by amateurs in the ethological field; but they all know their subject, and "amateur" is no adverse reflection. It has been justly pointed out by John Bleibtreu that Konrad Lorenz, the only practising ethologist among them, benefits from a certain lack of over-specialised academic education in his field, and has thus preserved his "innocent eye" for himself and us.

All these advantages being granted it still seems possible that anguish about our human species and its not-improbable extermination has given too much haste and drive to new generalisations about ourselves, about our "human nature" and its place in evolutionary creation. Here and there, at least, one or two of these recent contributors seem to jump to dramatic conclusions like a kangaroo with a rocket in its tail—I can think of no more representative and comprehensive symbol than that.

The authors I am comparing are: Robert Ardrey, John Bleibtreu, Arthur Koestler, Konrad Lorenz, and Anthony Storr.²

Storr is the only professional psychologist among them, and he already feels able to draw "human" conclusions applicable from current ethological findings. Koestler is in a special position as an anti-behaviourist who yet retains little hope for a radical contribution of a personal and individual kind towards preserving our species. He appears to accept ethological findings but erects his pessimism about our nature and our prospects rather on a special misfortune or kink in human evolution, the conflict between our old brain and our new.

Nevertheless, whatever their other interests, qualifications, or motives, they share a common acceptance that "aggression" is an instinctual or an inherent characteristic of animal nature, including our own. Moreover, it has clearly served an evolutionary purpose, protecting and preserving species by the selection of stronger and more able strains. Thus, natural, ineradicable, and valuable, it ought not to be repressed or distorted in ourselves. They agree, more or less, that frustration of other positive instincts or drives plays an insignificant part in the genesis of aggression. (This contradicts a whole school of psychological and educational thinking which in our own day has been predominantly influential.) But the frustration of the conative instinct of aggression itself may cause its distortion and exaggeration. They are in accord that aggression is a good and natural thing; a notable proportion of our troubles in human society arise from our failure or refusal to accept this healthy instinct. This is our proper continuity with animal species. They also collectively admit that in human conditions you can have too much of this good thing, or rather that human society has so far distinguished itself from successful animal communities by its failure or weakness in containing aggressiveness and channelling it in fruitful directions.

ONE OR TWO QUOTATIONS from Lorenz can fairly represent this summary of the conclusions which are held in common.

The subject of this book... is the fighting instinct of beast and man which is directed against members of the same species... [and one of its purposes is to dispose]... of certain inner obstacles which prevent many people from seeing themselves as part of the universe and recognising that their own behaviour too obeys the laws of nature.

... All the cases described... in which animals of different species fight against each other, have one thing in common; every one of the fighters gains an obvious advantage by its behaviour or, at least, in the interests of preserving the species, it "ought to" gain one. But intra-specific aggres-

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sion, aggression in the proper and narrower sense of the word, also fulfils a species-preserving function....

Although not the only one, "territorialism" is according to Lorenz the most important need that aggression intra-specific and inter-specific serves and fosters.

As an awful warning of what may happen through "damming...the aggression which under natural conditions would be vented on hostile territorial neighbours" we are offered the aquarium cichlids. A cichlid sexual pair will remain "happily united" as long as there are some young fish in the tank to bully. But if "the humane aquarium keeper...removes the fugitives and leaves the couple in sole possession of the tank...after a few days he sees, to his horror, that the female is floating dead on the surface, torn to ribbons, while there is nothing more to be seen of [their] eggs and their young." Thus Lorenz illustrates that...the aggressive drive is

[not]...merely a reaction to certain external factors, as many sociologists and psychologists maintain.... The completely erroneous view that animal and human behaviour is predominantly reactive and that, even if it contains any innate elements at all, it can be altered to an unlimited extent, comes from a radical misunderstanding of certain democratic principles; it is utterly at variance with these principles to admit that human beings are not born equal and that not all have equal chances of becoming ideal citizens.

To those who take the "reactive" view of aggression, "external factors" include deprivation of love and over-restriction. Lorenz says, with some justification, that the result of an extremely permissive "American method of upbringing...based on these surmises (sparing all disappointments)...were countless rude children who were anything but non-aggressive."

Animal communities, on the other hand, have dealt with intra-specific aggression by pecking order and other hierarchical methods (or "chains of command"). Aggression, one may hazard, is a good thing but it is better for some than for others. It makes for social forms which require recipients or some kind of ordered subjection.

These quotations and references, then, present the common foundation in these authors. So far they take their lead from Lorenz that aggression is an instinct and that it is valuable, on balance, because it helps to preserve species and communities. But because in unfavourable conditions it can become destructive and even inter-

necine, it needs some kind of containment; education or treatment.

BEYOND THAT common ground, there are signs of some divergence. It would be nice to be able to say that every little boy and girl born into the world alive (including our authors) is either a little Darwinian or a little Lamarckian; but it would be a gross over-simplification. Sir Julian Huxley, for instance, is a neo-Darwinian, and has a strong faith in a moral advance of the species depending on our unique capacity for conceptual thought and analysis; he relies not only on our ability to cooperate with one another but on our learning to acquire new forms of cooperation. But the issue does not seem to have received final scientific settlement. How to interpret "struggle for existence" and hereditary conditioning, on the one hand, and, on the other, cooperation and environmental educability? These varying integrations can

Predatory Man

TODAY, books advancing the thesis that man is a predatory aggressor by nature are welcomed and acclaimed by the intellectual community. In spite of the fashionable anthropology of our day, which identifies him as a predatory beast, it seems to me clear that man, in his evolution, has already made noticeable progress in rising above the level of his pre-human ancestors.

This is a view for which abundant evidence could be adduced, but it is not a view that can gain a hearing today because it is so unwelcome to those who represent the intellectual fashions of our day. If I should write a book showing that man, like the great carnivores, is predatory by his unchangeable nature, I could be sure that it would be widely read and acclaimed. But if I wrote a book that took an optimistic and teleological view of man's evolution, regarding it as an ascent from the level of the beasts to something ethically and spiritually higher, it would hardly be well received and few would read it. The burden of living up to a high standard is something men can do without. I do not think that this situation will change in what remains of this century, for we seem to be in one of those long periods when civilisation, in decline, produces the kind of thinking appropriate to such decline. But if the Phoenix ever rises again, its rise will be accompanied by the general optimism that periods of progress always produce.

LOUIS J. HALLE, in *The New Republic*

at least be classified as a particular philosophical outlook, even as an "ideology," and hence partly determined by temperament.

One can go further and see this divergence as part of a tradition of ideological dichotomy which is much wider and older than the limited question: How we are to reconcile two sets of biological observations which often seem conflicting—those which describe "our animal heritage" and others which refer to certain civilised characteristics commonly regarded as unique to the human species.

The traditional and temperamental opposition can also be described in terms which are more proper to theology, but they do have a real psychological meaning—Original Sin *v.* Original Virtue—Predestination *v.* Grace—Augustinian determinism *v.* Pelagian Free Will.

ROBERT ARDREY, originally a playwright, has a fine dramatic and racy rhetoric which disguises, and might have deflected him from, his true vocation. Behind it we can hear a Scottish minister's awful warnings of that retributive Judgment Day which, in spite of his exhortations and threats we can do little to avoid. According to Ardrey, the "territorial imperative," Nature's absolute command to defend our borders at all cost, is our most fundamental instinct.³ Nature has also provided us, in common with the rest of the animal creation, with the aggression and the reserves of aggression which we need to try and fulfil this natural behest. The invader of a home or a homeland is always at an incalculable disadvantage. He does not know (or more usually is unwilling to take into account) the force of the instinct which his intrusion is going to arouse. Hence some deductions about the Battle of Britain,

³ This has led many journalists to simple-minded conclusions. As Mr. C. L. Sulzberger has written in the *New York Times* (14 October 1968), "Modern anthropology teaches that nationalism and imperialism are deeply rooted in our animal pasts, and, perhaps like our own, the foreign policy of the Kremlin may sometimes derive from remote instincts first noted among wolves, horned owls or lions patrolling their preserves for sustenance."

This tendency to regard particular areas possessively is called a "territorial imperative" and was essential to the early proto-men on the high African savannah. Its legacy may be significant in analysing contemporary social systems. . . . But his own conclusion, in analysing the specific case of Russian political aggression in Czechoslovakia, neatly reverses the original thesis, e.g., "it is unlikely that any Kremlin government will be persuaded for years to come that any but openly pro-Soviet régimes shall be permitted to endure in Eastern Europe. Russian doctrine sees control of this territory as imperative. . . ."



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about Pearl Harbour, the Israeli-Arab wars, and Viet Nam, which may be plausible, although we may not all regard them as exactly parallel. (In the case of Battle of Britain, for instance, there is something to be said for the explanation that, as it happened, the British *could* defend the territory, islands being still of some strategic use, and that, on a quite rational basis, there simply wasn't anything else for us to do.)

What matters here is that Ardrey would like to account for everything—not only defence and war but the energy which creates civilisation and culture—in terms of the aggressive territorial instinct. He allows little if anything to humane and positive feeling, to good will or disinterestedness. We need an external enemy, whether natural or man-made, to force us into the minimal cooperation for achieving anything at all. And he has an equation for this: "The amity . . . which an animal expresses for others of its kind will be equal to the sum of the forces of enmity and hazard which are arrayed against it."

Obvious corollaries are the failure of "Geneva," symbolic of a world-wide failure of mind in recognising its instinctive springs; and this means also the total failure of the Rousseauism that Geneva stands for. The prognostic conclusion which he is not afraid to draw prescribes something like Mussolini's "eternal war" as the most likely of the "hazards" which we need in order to insure that humanity will survive in some social groups if not as a whole.

IT MUST BE SAID that when it comes to prognosis, the "Darwinians" are, unfortunately, the more convincing. What they have to say about human nature is certainly true of some of the people all of the time and, no doubt, of all of the people some of the time. They present us with an evil that we know, in contrast to a good that we can only surmise and at best can only faintly trust.

Still there is a non-Darwinian or at least a less Darwinian side. John Bleibtreu, for instance, accepts the Lorenzian view of the valuable function of aggression in the spacing and hierarchic ordering of a community, but certainly attaches greater meaning than any of the others to commensalism and cooperative "sharing." Even more striking, he emphasises the subjective individual who is occupied less with containing and utilising his "aggression" than with heeding the biological music of his existence. We might call it the evolutionary consent of the governed. Lorenz himself allows for co-operation and for bonds of personal love and friendship among members of the same species. But this bond depends ultimately on aggressive exclusions—"loving" if not precisely hating in concert, is being shoulder to shoulder (or wing-

tip to wing-tip) against a common enemy. Lorenz avows himself an optimist: "I think I have something to teach mankind that may help it to change itself for the better." But in his own terms this may strike us as irrationally hopeful and even inconsistent.

ALL THE AUTHORS FEEL called upon to make some therapeutic or meliorative recommendations. This is, perhaps oddly, a lighter task for the heavier Darwinians. Uncommitted to any benevolent hope for mankind, they are not called upon to do more than sign their names to the meliorative proposals sketched by the humanists—who generally admit or imply that these are, of necessity, vague and probably rather feeble.

Arthur Koestler is by himself and in his own terms more consistent in proposing that the best thing we can do with our aggression is to knock it out from time to time by some kind of chemical nostrum which, he believes, will be fairly soon and easily developed. To this, even if it is feasible, many will be strongly resistant. To the other four any such panacea must be regarded as anaesthetic or castrative. But in the present context the notion has one considerable merit. It serves to distinguish the means and capacity for destruction from the origins of destructiveness. In the world of animal creation surely our technology makes us unique Frankensteins? This may seem obvious, indeed trite, and it is not only assented to by all five authors but has strongly motivated most of them in writing their books. Still, they hardly draw obvious or valid conclusions from it.

For granted that we ought all to realise our innate aggressiveness, this asks nothing very new. Under many names and with many rationalisations and excuses, most people who are faintly honest do become aware of their competitive and bloody-minded propensities. But does this really have a direct bearing on the problem of war and specific destructiveness in our special conditions? I fail to detect any very noticeable relevance. The root of the problem is precisely that powerful means have become *detached* from the human ends which ordinary people naturally desire.

Conceivably the authors mean that the kind of realisation they advocate will in time create a more favourable psychological climate wherein their "therapies" can operate. But this implies that a *reasonable* approach (of the sort their books are meant to represent) will itself be of initial benefit in educating an irrational and ineluctable instinct. (Koestler says roundly that "sweet reason" has failed.) This, once again, is to treat ordinary individuals as responsible when they have just been defined as ineffectual.

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THE REMEDIES or prophylactics would need to be sold by rather more powerful arguments. For most of them are so far from being new that we have had time and experience enough to guess they cannot be effective.

Lorenz here is typical. I am not criticising his basic precept (which is "know thyself," hence thine own instinctive aggression) but only the practical tips for healthy self-containment. In so far as these work they will work as they have always done—for the people for whom they work. In that case they represent a kind of self-regulation which is also instinctive or spontaneous, and it seems doubtful that they could be deliberately inculcated. I refer to competitive sport and other social equivalents, e.g., "laughter" or "humour," also recommended by Lorenz. This kind of "therapeutic" approach suggests another problem. How *much* of this "precious poison" (i.e., aggression) is medicinal? Who can say how *much* should be left?

Anthony Storr follows the standard prescription about competitive sport (and digging the garden). But he has elsewhere⁴ made the more interesting suggestion that the Space Race has been a ritualisation of the Cold War, and hence, we assume, a sublimation of otherwise explosive aggression. Ardrey's intuition accepts this as true. Mine boggles. If it were true we should have to assume that in this example the "collective therapy" operates unconsciously. This would surely involve us in further enormous assumptions about another of man's instinctive endowments—this time of a wise and adaptive kind. It looks very unlikely that the opposing collective leaderships that run our political lives actually move in this way, finding their way—like zoo-keepers trying to mate Pandas across frontiers—towards effective ritual performances.

Because he is a practising psychiatrist, Storr's extrapolation from ethology is more important than most and we can legitimately expect more from him in the way of a convincing picture of the real psychological make-up of the actual human individual. We may even hope for some guidance towards answering the question—what bearing, if any, has private individual maladaptation on public adjustments? He admits that the average psychiatrist sees comparatively few patients. Are these groups an average sample or may they not be partly pre-selected by a penchant for psychiatric treatment, or by abnormal repression of aggression, or by anxiety about it? While it may be true that ordinary

people have little effect on public events and it may also be true that this is because they lack "competitive aggression," it is also observable that ordinary people do not go to psychiatrists. Many of them are ordinary because they positively prefer peace and see in it opportunities for enjoyment and creation and sometimes "love" (which, to Ardrey as to Sartre, is just one more form of competition).

THE LEAST THAT CAN BE SAID is that no one makes a clear and unequivocal definition of "aggression." Storr recognises that this would be highly desirable—"Aggression is a portmanteau word bursting at the seams." But throughout his book no such distinction is made, and often there is the appearance of confusion among such different meanings for the word as anger, hostility, curiosity, competitive drive, independence, sadistic dominance, defensiveness, and normal (and enjoyable) self-assertion or self-confidence. To add to the confusion, Storr thinks that "aggression" plays a predominant part in the genesis of the arts and in intellectual discovery and creation. (He finds here, too, the explanation why women have been artistically and intellectually less creative than men.) That has the same weakness as Freud's own explanation of artistic capacity—it confuses possible motivation, with the gift, the labour, and the product.

The "philosophy" that is already being erected on ethological analogies with our animal heredity suffers from another structural assumption which is also Freudian—that origins can safely be equated with causes. This encourages us to ignore qualitative change and the possibility that psychological "mutations" in the persons of outstanding human individuals can have the profoundest reverberations. There is a truly human "uniqueness" manifested in some (all too few) individuals. To be "human" implies the possibility of being reflexive, of being able to reflect on ourselves and on others, and also on the "real": what human reality is, and what are our true psychological conditions. Ethology applied to humanity has so far been begging the question, for it assumes that we can be *reduced* to the abstract and generalised animal category, and that what we think and feel about ourselves has no alternative significance.

It is worth noting that Dr. Storr—admitting that the emancipation of women is probably irreversible (does he regret it?)—thinks they are better occupied with "love," with nest-building and breeding than with artistic and intellectual "competition with men" (mental creation having no other than aggressive motivation, as we have seen). One doesn't have to be "worm-

⁴In a symposium called *The Natural History of Aggression* at the Institute of Biology in London, 1963.

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eaten with liberalism" to think that both he and Ardrey, if no others, fail to recognise in full that if you are to have a human pecking order that works, some people will have to like being pecked or at least to submit to it.

Psychological theories of all kinds have a strong tendency to run ahead of human evidence. Perhaps they are all always in danger of becoming what Karl Popper calls "Oedipal" philosophy—Psycho-analysis and Marxism were his key examples—inducing the effects they predict.

The Burning Perch

A Memoir of Louis MacNeice

I SAW comparatively little of Louis during the early part of 1963; few of his friends at the B.B.C. did, in fact. The year before he had left London to live in Hertfordshire; also he had opted for an in-and-out contract, instead of a full-term engagement. Under the terms of this he was committed to contract for the last six months of the year, leaving him as a free agent for the first half. He had been commissioned for an outright fee to write a full-length history of astrology and so, for the greater part of this time, he worked on research at the British Museum reading room. It was a chore, though a profitable one.

Occasionally, though, he would come around the pubs and clubs of the B.B.C. When he did, I think we all felt that his long affair with the Corporation was coming to an end, and that the next period under contract would be his last. Nor was this the opinion of a close circle: studio managers and editing engineers, those who were perhaps not so near to him, formed the same opinion. He still joined our groups vicariously, as he had always done, talking cricket and telling stories, complaining of the boredom of research at the B.M., but, characteristically, saying very little about his forthcoming book of verse. But behind it all, there was the impression of tired patience, never giving way to exasperation, and certainly not to be reckoned as resignation. Perhaps disillusionment comes nearest the mark. "*At home with no one, sibling or friend,*" as he wrote in *Goodbye to London*, with its wry opening admission:

*Having left the great mean city, I make
Shift to pretend I am finally quit of her
Though that cannot be as long as I work.*

With that disillusionment there could also

have been a certain disenchantment, so far as life in the country went. Louis was not a conforming commuter, for he was not a man of set habits. When he came back under contract, he usually caught a late train to Hertfordshire, if he did not stay in Town with friends. Altogether it was as though he was on the point of reaching a decision with himself, but what course that would take was a question that remained unasked in the mind.

MEANWHILE HE WAS writing *Persons from Porlock*, his dramatised feature with the Coleridgean theme of the artist whose creativity is distracted by commercial work, money troubles, love-life and drink. Louis had made this man a spelacologist, and so, the script finished, he had gone to the Settle caves on the Yorkshire moors with a recording engineer and a local potholer. Having established the sound effects he required in the galleries and chamber, he had gone up on to the moor for a stroll while the recordings were made. It was a wet summer and a heavy storm broke, soaking him to the skin. Typically, he spent the evening in Leeds, then travelled back overnight to London, still in his wet clothes. I say typically because I feel sure that even had he been offered a change of clothing, he would have refused. He was never strong, in the robust sense, but he was tough; he had great staying power, whether working or drinking: a determined endurance that amounted to courageous obstinacy. That much was in evidence when I met him in the George, the day after his production of the programme. He looked feverish and tired, and his cough, always troublesome at the best of times, now obviously caused him pain. But when we advised him to go back to the country, he only exclaimed "Ach!" and cut his hand away in that dismissive way of his. However, we next heard that he was in bed under a doctor's care.

Then, early in the morning of 30 August, a Friday, I had a 'phone call from Mary Wimbush. Louis had been taken to St. Leonard's Hospital, Shoreditch, where his brother-in-law was senior surgeon. Would I tell the others, as he would like to have visitors? The one person who came immediately to mind was Laurence Gilliam, not so much for the fact that he was Head of Features, but because he was probably Louis' oldest friend in the Corporation. I rang him, and that evening we went together.

Louis was in a private ward, propped up with pillows, taking sharp, painful breaths, and holding an oxygen mask. His hair had grown very long, accentuating its greyness, so that he looked suddenly very much older. His eyes were lacklustrous, except when coughing shook him and he lay back; then they had a hunted look. Above all, it was the exhaustion that was most disturb-

ing: the utter and, one felt, the ultimate weariness that the face showed.

Laurence did his best, big and urbanely witty, the Savile clubman, retailing shop and gossip. It was a creditable act. Did he want anything—cigarettes? Louis raised the oxygen mask. Books?—there was a stack on the beside table. Drink?—Louis closed his eyes. We stayed for about twenty minutes, and during that time he barely spoke. Then, just as we were about to leave, he suddenly pointed to the window and asked, "What is there outside?" The prospect could scarcely have been more depressing: the two wings of the hospital, drab Victorian buff and Edwardian red brick, enclosed a sooty lawn with a shabby plane tree as centre piece. Beyond were high barracks of council flats. Laurence described the scene in faithful detail. It had been a day of showers, and the sun was going down in stormy colours. I had been a poor foil for Laurence's flow of talk, but now I said, "And the sky, Louis, is by Blake." The same sky had shown one evening five years before from the balcony of a riverside pub at Rotherhithe, and I had made the same remark, adding, "Blake could be a pretty amateur painter at times," and Louis had replied, "Yes, and sometimes a pretty amateur poet, as well." He may have remembered, for at least he gave a faint smile.

LATER, IN THE TAXI, ON OUR way to dine a speaker, Laurence said, "Well, I didn't think he looked too bad, did you?" I agreed, rather slowly; it was no time for a truthful answer, so I turned the conversation. Neither of us returned to the matter, either then or after the protracted evening that followed, when he took me back to his flat for a final drink. Except for John Sharp, who was allowed in briefly the following day by Louis' sister, we were the last friends to see him. Two others who called on Sunday were not allowed to do so.

There was better news on Monday, for we heard that Louis had rallied slightly. Next day I was in the B.B.C. club during the lunch hour, when Grizelda Hervey and Geoffrey Bridson's wife, Joyce Rowe, took me aside. Grizelda simply said, "Bob—it's Louis. We've just 'phoned the hospital." I went across to the George to look for the others, and met Laurence on the way. He had already heard, and asked me whether I'd thought it would happen. I nodded but didn't ask the question back, for I thought there was no occasion to. The rest of the day was lost, so far as I was concerned, and Wednesday followed much the same pattern.

Laurence called the normal weekly departmental meeting of producers on Thursday morning in his office. We sat in silence, waiting for him to arrive, all wondering, I think, what he

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would say. We need not have worried; he came straight to the point, speaking in a matter-of-fact voice. *The Dark Tower* would be put out on Third the following Sunday week. The L.P.s were scratchy and would require a great deal of close editing. He would draft and speak an introduction to the programme, with a lead in by T. S. Eliot who would be approached to record a tribute on the lines of that which had appeared in that morning's *Times*. He turned to the senior producer, but he was going on leave. "Then, Bob, you will handle it. That's all for today." The meeting broke up, and I arranged a playback of the discs. Laurence hadn't understated their quality.

THAT EVENING I met Louis' wife, Hedli Anderson, by appointment at the house in Kensington where she was staying, having flown over from Ireland the previous day. Her first proposal was that we should go to the undertaker's, but I could not agree to this. The last sight of Louis had been enough. Instead, I suggested going to a nearby wine lodge, and there we had a long retrospective talk.

Meanwhile, higher administration was having difficulty in persuading Eliot to record. At first he declined, saying that he did not like broadcasting. Later he agreed on condition that he only read the *Times* tribute as it stood. Finally he consented to vary the text slightly. His secretary 'phoned me on Friday, saying that Mr. Eliot would see me in his office at five-and-twenty minutes past five that afternoon.

At Faber's I was taken up a small spiral staircase to a door bearing a long chromium plate, on which the initials T.S.E. were engraved in large characters. It was a smallish room, lined with book-shelves, nor was the desk, stacked with other books, a large one. He rose to an impressive height, the more so because his shoulders were bowed, and this, with the set of the head and the keen features, gave him an aquiline presence. Preliminaries over, I plugged in the mike and set it on one of the smaller stacks before him, with the switch of the tape recorder within concealed reach of my hand. He told me that he had altered three sentences of the *Times*' tribute. "And now we will have what I believe is called a 'run through'." I agreed, and unobtrusively switched on. He read in a flat voice, with a very faint Bostonian undertone. Once he stumbled over a word, and immediately went back to the beginning of the sentence, as any professional broadcaster would have done. At the end, he said, "And now we will have what I believe you call a 'take'." I told him that he had already been recorded. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "that was very *wily* of you." As I packed up the gear, I mentioned the programme on Dylan Thomas that I was to produce

at the end of the year, and asked whether he would record for that at some future date. No, he would not, he said, giving a slightly lizard smile. "You see, I hardly knew him." He extended a cool hand. The palaver was finished.

ST. JOHN'S Wood parish church was filled for the funeral service on the Saturday. Late arrivals tiptoed reverently in, though they needn't have worried, for the service started twenty minutes late, by which time the organist must have exhausted his repertoire. Outside, the surrounding roads were blocked with traffic, there was a cacophony of horns and hooters and surprisingly the sound of choruses. One of them was "Sussex by the Sea," and I suddenly realised the reason. This was the final of the Gillette county cricket knock-out competition at Lord's, in which Sussex were playing Worcestershire. It would have made Louis smile, I thought, to have his *cortège* held up by a cricket match at Lord's where he had spent so many afternoons on the terrace in front of the Tavern, austere and donnish in his glasses, but usually engaged in conversation when a six was hit or a wicket fell. A young cleric kinsman, who bore a striking resemblance to the black-haired MacNeice of the 1930s, read the lesson; then we sang Bunyan's hymn. In a way, it had more resemblance to a wedding than a funeral, for the family were on one side of the aisle, and Mary Wimbush with her relations on the other. And so it was afterwards when we went to drink, as Louis would have wished: there were two separate camps. I left with John Sharp, to spend the weekend at his place in Sussex, returning on the Monday to start editing *The Dark Tower*. This entailed copying the discs on to tape, making minute cuts to eliminate scratch and clicks, when these were not behind Britten's trumpet music, and finally recopying on to programme tape, with adjustments of level. In all, this required twelve hours of concentrated work, given the help of a channel engineer and a studio manager, both of them highly professional. I also produced Laurence's introductory piece, cutting its content from nine to three minutes, and modifying some of the more ebullient statements: suggestions which he accepted without question, as he would.

That having been done, a clear fortnight remained before my next programme, and I decided to spend the last ten days in Paris, travelling by sea and rail for reasons of sheer economy. At Calais the train was crowded, and I had to sit on my suitcase in the corridor. I began reading Louis' last book of poems, *The Burning Perch*, which I had bought on my way to Victoria, but the passage of human traffic to and from the adjacent lavatory made concentration impossible, and so, having read the first dozen or so poems, I turned to a paperback instead. On arrival, I

drove to the Hôtel d'Alsace in the Rue des Beaux Arts, where I had stayed a year earlier. I hadn't booked, but there was a vacancy, although on the top floor, to be reached by climbing ninety spiral stairs. I took it, promising myself that in future these should be climbed only once a day. The window looked across to the conical cap of St. Germain-des-Prés; below was a flagged courtyard with a fig tree against one wall, as Wilde might have seen it from the room on the first floor, where he eventually died.

On my first morning I went to the Delacroix exhibition at the Louvre, and there, above the doorway at the entrance to the *salon*, was the picture of Virgil and Dante in the underworld, and Louis' line came to mind "... *There was the ferryman just as Virgil and Dante had seen him.*" Only the catalogue showed that it was Phlegyas, not Charon, who ferried the poets around the infernal city of Dis. Next afternoon I visited Père Lachaise for the first time, and spent a sombre afternoon there. For the rest, I walked a good deal, ate comparatively little and drank steadily, always finishing up at the *Deux Magots* or the *Flore*. My French is limited, and I was not looking for company.

THE DREAM CAME ON Monday night, or rather in the early hours of Tuesday morning. I was stand-

ing in the chamber of a high vaulted cave, the walls of which were smooth, not rough-faced, and a shade of rich red mahogany. In the centre of the chamber stood a large birdcage. Inside was a monstrous owl, with a head fully the size of a man's. The feathers and markings were those of a budgerigar: black and white, with blue, grey and yellow in bars and speckles. It sat facing me along the length of, and not across, its perch. The eyes were not myopic, like those of a night bird, although it was light in the cave, nor were they predatory. They were almond-shaped, and slightly slanted, and could have been the eyes of a man. Their expression was calm, with a certain sadness in the stare. I felt that the bird was not unfriendly towards me, and so I opened the door and went inside. I laid my hand on the head and stroked it, and immediately the whole body fell apart on either side of the perch. There were the brains, the gradation of organs and the neatly coiled intestines, with no blood showing, perfectly mummified in their state of desiccation. At that point the dream ended, and I awoke in early daylight. The associations of the images were obvious, and I reached for *The Burning Perch*, expecting to find a title poem, but there was none. Instead, reading through, I found the hidden line in the poem "*Budgie*," and with it another significance: "*He stands at his post on the burning perch...*"

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I walked a good deal that day and drank steadily, asking myself questions to which I could find no answers. I could only be sure of one point, namely that I had not read the poem *Budgie* before that morning. Neither had Louis ever mentioned it on the rare occasions when he had discussed his verse. The nearest he had come to doing so was when we had asked him the source of the book's title, and he had said in a throw-away voice, "It comes from Bunyan." Nor had I known that the key poem would be dedicated to Robert MacBryde, the Scottish painter, whose inseparable friend, Robert Colquhoun, had died suddenly beside him as they were hanging pictures for Colquhoun's show at the Museum Gallery a year before. (Louis had attended the private view with his daughter and had named his own generous price for a line drawing which she had chosen.) Lacking the expertise, I could not interpret the dream in terms of Freudian analysis, and I made no attempt to do so. Instead, I remembered that in mythology the owl is the bird of death. I remembered too how Louis had once told me of sitting up late with his sister at their stepmother's house in Northern Ireland and of how, on the night before her death, both had heard the banshee. My face must have shown the scepticism I felt, for he gave an angry exclamation. (Three years later, I recalled this to his sister,

after recording her for the radio portrait of Louis, and she told me that it had been so: there had been a strange cry in the night silence of the countryside.) Equally, I thought of T. S. Eliot's passage on superstitions in *The Dry Salvages*, but that was not a corrective. I read and re-read the ironical lines of "*Budgie*," going from one estaminet to another, until eventually a sense of loss took over, as it had not done until that time. It did not extend back so many years, the friendship to which I had been admitted; a friendship, moreover, that had been prefaced by a period of uncertainty, if not distrust on either side. Perhaps it had begun with another poet, for when I had been telephoned that bad November evening with the news that Dylan had died in New York an hour before, Louis was the only person who I thought should know. After that, a better understanding had grown up between us. There was much to be remembered over the next ten years, enough certainly to last through until the waiters stacked the tables at the *Flore* at four o'clock the morning after. I walked the banks of the Seine until first light, for he'd always liked to watch the dawn, then went back to the hotel, climbed the stairs to my small room and, in the deep morning sleep that followed, had no other visitation.

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BOOKS & WRITERS

To Criticize the Critic

On "Men of Letters" — By JOHN WAIN

MR. GROSS' SUBJECT is the literary culture of England, that literary culture which became widely diffused in the mid-18th century, climbed to its height in the 19th, and declined in the 20th.¹ He is concerned, that is, not so much with literature as with the literary *milieu*; less with art than with the context of art. A poet or novelist, at the rare moments when he is in full creative flow, exists in a *respublica* of poets or novelists; but on the average day in the average week he is likely to be spending his time on book-reviewing, or editing, or giving a lecture. In this part of his life he exists in a *respublica* of "men of letters," which includes practitioners, of every rank, and also non-practising critics and middlemen. In T. S. Eliot's "The Classics and the Man of Letters" (originally a lecture delivered in 1941), he took care to define "man of letters" so as to leave plenty of room for the ordinary journeyman: "It is," he assured his Cambridge audience,

because I do not want to concentrate your attention upon men of genius that I have used the term "man of letters." This includes men of the second or third, or lower ranks as well as the greatest; and these secondary writers provide collectively, and individually in varying degrees, an important part of the environment of the great writer, as well as his first audience, his first appreciators, his first critical correctors—and perhaps his first detractors.

That "perhaps" is charitable. But the definition is satisfying because it gathers in the large as well as the small. Even the greatest writer of any epoch will move to some extent in "literary circles," will be acquainted with other writers and share their social conditions and problems; most important of all, his audience will be their audience, and, since any public is to some extent shaped by what it feeds on, the major writer will find that the habits and expectations

of his readers will have been formed by what his contemporaries, *en bloc*, are offering in the market-place. The implications here are serious and far-reaching. In fact, if the public disputes of authors have any dignity at all, if they ever succeed in rising above mere personal squabbles, their dignity derives from a recognition that they are all in it together; a writer who, by sensationalism and mountebanking, debases the literary currency, is not only failing to live up to what is best in his own talent: he is making a good level of work to that degree more difficult for everybody, because he is lowering the public's expectation of it.

At all events, the "man of letters" is the characteristic inhabitant of the literary vivarium. The literary artist, major or minor, is a man (or woman) "of letters" at the ordinary level of his life, rather than at the extraordinary moments of creation. Seen in this perspective, literary people form a social mass, and it is this mass that Mr. Gross has chosen to describe historically: how it began to form, how it grew larger and more solid, and how, and under what pressures, it broke up into the fragments we know today.

As the subject of a social-cultural-historical work, this is legitimate and of undoubted importance. But it has two drawbacks. First, it is immense and vague in area, with ramifications in all directions. To treat it successfully, a writer would need not only an exceptionally wide range but also a very firm discipline, the ability to decide, in case after case, what was relevant and what was merely a tempting sideline. If Mr. Gross does not always have this discipline, it would be useless to blame him personally. We are all, to some extent, the product of our *milieu*, and it has been Mr. Gross' lot to live and work in that London "literary world" that would hardly tend, in its present state of deliquescence, to instil discipline in anybody. One need only glance at the excited overpraise heaped on his book by senior members of the fraternity, the ecstasy aroused by its undoubted brightness and suppleness and the uncompre-

¹ *The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters: Aspects of English Literary Life since 1800.* By JOHN GROSS. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 63s.

hending silence before its omissions and confusions, to see that this is an enervating climate for a young man of letters to grow up in. The wonder is that Mr. Gross has kept so alert.

THE SECOND DISADVANTAGE of the subject is that it necessarily takes us a good deal into the company of second-raters and even of mediocrities. The effect of this, through chapter after chapter, is bound to be slightly depressing. It is like writing a history of the theatre and never allowing oneself to mention anything more important than amateur dramatics and pierhead entertainments. The period covered by Mr. Gross' book saw the writing of masterpiece after masterpiece; it is the period of *Great Expectations*, of *Middlemarch*, of *The Wreck of the Deutschland* and *In Memoriam* and *Men and Women*, of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *The Ambassadors*, of *The Waste Land*, *Sons and Lovers*, *Ulysses*. The European literary intelligence in general, and the branch of it which operates in the English language in particular, gave dazzling proof after proof of vitality, of power to uplift and sustain the human race, to take pity on its struggles and agonies, to celebrate its triumphs. If we take any civilised nation and read its major literature since 1800, we are likely to come out of the experience with an enhanced sense of what literature can do for us; our perceptions of life will have been deepened and strengthened; we shall have kept company with giants.

The same cannot be said, in the very nature of things, for men of letters, however much we may bless their hearts and their honest hard-working heads. The man of letters works away at digging irrigation ditches; he keeps the public in touch with new developments and also maintains the vital channel to the past; he edits anthologies which present the important works of the national tradition to each new generation; he popularises, he expounds, he preaches, he admonishes—but one great poem, bursting crystal-cold from the solid rock of the human imagination, is a stronger affirmation of the values of literature than a thousand years of such honest plodding. Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie* is the work of a "man of letters," but Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*. And of course Mr. Gross knows this! But all that reading of second-rate worthies, all that blanking-off of the most glorious and life-giving things in literature, have left him a little disheartened, so that at the end of the book he is not quite sure, after all, whether there is much percentage in all this reading and writing:

It is critics and reviewers whom I have in mind, not creative writers, but if one asks why

their role should have been reduced, one must first ask whether literature itself doesn't seem less important than it once did. After the horrors of the last war, with the continuing horror of lesser wars ever since, and above all with the thought of the Bomb always there at the back of our minds, perhaps the whole thing no longer matters all that much.

If we come to this sort of statement after a long spell of leafing through the yellowed pages of superannuated literary magazines and following the forgotten controversies of men who were learned and enthusiastic, but whose learning and enthusiasm have not kept their memory alive, we shall perhaps be inclined to agree with it. But if we come to it from the life-giving experience of great writing, we shall be more likely to ask what, since "all that lives must die," the Bomb has to do with it anyway. The best way to make death worth dying is to make life worth living, and an affirmation of our humanity, through the triumphant exercise of the imagination, is one of the best ways to do that, and to hell with the Bomb.

BUT TO our *moutons*. I spoke of the book's "flaws of organisation." The chief of these, and perhaps the only serious one, is the plotting of the graph. A book that sets out to show, in historical terms, the "rise and fall" of anything must have a valid diagram. And this one starts nearly half-a-century too late. It ought to begin in 1755, the year in which Samuel Johnson, with his superb rebuke to Chesterfield, signalled the end of the long ages in which an author had to depend on private patronage. The same year, neatly enough, saw the publication of *Johnson's Dictionary* and the award to him of an honorary *M.A.* at Oxford, that first public recognition which paved the way for the granting of his pension seven years later.

For what happened to Johnson was happening to English men of letters in general. Literature, in the form in which we know it, cannot get started without good roads and an effective transport system. The 18th century was the first epoch in which the ordinary citizen of the country, no matter where he lived, could deploy his purchasing power to the benefit of publishers and authors. The appeal to the public, which enables the writer to by-pass court and *chapelle*, is not possible unless the public can be got at. Johnson's refusal of the favours of a patron, which Chesterfield was perfectly willing to bestow on him, may have been triggered off in the immediate sense by a feeling of injured merit—after all, Chesterfield had done nothing to help him when he was really in difficulties, and "encumbered him with help" only when he

had managed to batter down these difficulties by himself. But it is entirely consistent with Johnson's general position—his approval of the spread of trade and manufacture, his interest in anything that raised the standard of comfort and convenience for ordinary people and made them less dependent on their masters.

Literature in our modern sense begins, and the life of the "man of letters" becomes possible, with the turnpike road and the stage-coach; muddy weather and the highwayman are more serious enemies than hostile critics and jealous fellow-writers. This fact is dramatised, in a way, by Mr. Gross' choice of a starting-point—1802, the year of the founding of the *Edinburgh Review*. Well before the railway, Edinburgh could set up as a rival literary metropolis, and attract important English writers to its pages, because the distance between it and London had so effectively shrivelled and because it could hope to reach subscribers in all parts of the kingdom. This founding of the first great review did, indeed, usher in the Age of the Reviewer; but Johnson's letter to Chesterfield was the splendid fanfare that began the age of independent authorship, just as his *Lives of the Poets* has remained, as Eliot so wisely said,

...the only monumental collection of critical studies of English poets in the language, with a coherence, as well as an amplitude, which no other English criticism can claim.

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and Waller, were no further from him than, say, Tennyson is from us. As a result, the *Lives* as a whole form a coherent history of that whole epoch, offering a view of its literary and social development. If the strength and solidity of Johnson's analysis come from reading and meditation, the immediacy, the personal engagement, comes from the fact that he participated in the age he is describing. The period he was dealing with was not, in fact, his favourite period of English poetry; he admired Chaucer and Shakespeare more than he admired any of the poets whose lives he wrote; but his account of these poets is generous because he knows at first hand the difficulties of living, and of writing poetry, in that age.

NOTHING THAT Mr. Gross deals with is as magnificent as Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*; so that his book, from my point of view, is misshapen from the beginning; the first large pylon on which its cables ought to be strung is not there. What are the others? In a field so cluttered with interesting minor figures, it is all the more important to sort out one's main points of reference. My own choice would be Macaulay (the first really effective intermediary between a very cultured inner circle and a receptive wider public); Bagehot (the man of the world as man

of letters); Matthew Arnold (the poet who goes down into the arena to break a lance on behalf of Sweetness and Light); Saintsbury (literary journalist into scholar, Mark I); Arnold Bennett (faith in art combined with faith in everyday life); and Eliot (the authoritarian who yet knows how to give and sympathise as well as control).

Taking this general view, and applying it to Mr. Gross' book, one finds that all these figures are treated fully and convincingly, except for Eliot, who comes at the end of the book when perhaps Mr. Gross was getting tired. On most of them, the book offers lively and penetrating remarks, stimulating the reader to counter-comment, so that the ideal review would be another book of the same length. Short of affording myself this luxury, I will merely say that I found Mr. Gross interesting on nearly all my key figures, and I shall try to amplify his findings only in two cases: Arnold Bennett, whose very individual position in English social history doesn't quite emerge here, and Eliot, of whom Mr. Gross' treatment is simply thin and nerveless.

ARNOLD BENNETT, considered not only as a novelist but as a "man of letters," is important because he represents the meeting-point of two large forces. On the one hand, Bennett was totally serious about art—serious in the way that the later 19th century in France was serious, and for the same reasons: a sceptic and a materialist, he felt that, since religion was a dead letter, the higher values of the race could be fully realised in art. On the other hand, he refused to allow himself the arcane manner of a high priest. Living in an age of cheap books, excellent reprints of the classics, and a widespread appetite for self-improvement, he cherished all his life the ideal of a mass public for really good writing. Perhaps this point of view is possible only for a novelist, and one writing within the heyday of the novel, since the novel is a democratic form of literature that has not lacked its admirers within every kind of aristocracy. Perhaps, again, it is possible only to a man who has himself climbed by the ladder of self-improvement. Bennett's father was a struggling self-made man, with nine children, who finally managed to qualify as a solicitor; the family atmosphere was typically Victorian, one of sturdy respectability and self-improvement. When Bennett wrote criticism, he clearly had in mind people like the Hanley youth he had once been: determined, impatient with their drab surroundings, eager to get the best out of life, whatever "the best" might turn out to be. He wanted to help such people by guiding them towards excellence, wooing their taste

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away from the second-rate; he believed that if you put good writing in front of them they would instinctively prefer it to muck. To some extent, facts bore him out. In his own case, he made no more than a living out of the pot-boilers of the early years; only when increasing maturity, and the firm grasp of an experienced hand, enabled him to turn out classics of the realistic novel like *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger* did the public shower wealth on him.

Cheek by jowl with his discussion of Bennett as a critic, Mr. Gross has an interesting section on the growth of "Everyman's Library." The juxtaposition is a happy one. Bennett's attitude was formed during the optimistic years when the auguries for a mass culture were good. A large middle class wanted cheap books, the publishing industry had low costs and easy distribution, the classics were out of copyright, and there was no radio, cinema, or TV. At his best, Bennett is a critic for the Age of Everyman's Library. He does not assume erudition in his audience, but he does assume liveliness, reluctance to be fobbed off with *Ersatz*, and a willingness to pay attention. The latter, degenerate inheritors of that popular style of criticism (James Agate, for instance) always give the impression of writing for tired business men or anaemic housewives, whose attention cannot be held for more than five minutes at a stretch. Bennett never did. As a boy, he had flogged himself through classic French novels with grammar and dictionary: if it took hard work to get the message, he would work hard. One is reminded of James Joyce at a similar age learning Norwegian in order to study Ibsen. (The parallel between the two writers does not end there; both are artists of memory, who left their native settings physically but continued to inhabit them imaginatively.)

Mr. Gross gives an excellent account of Bennett's early criticism. The articles he wrote in the *New Age* in 1908-11, under the name of "Jacob Tonson" "could still," says Mr. Gross, "serve as a model for what a good literary column ought to be." Again, "It is remarkable how often the *New Age* articles hit the nail on the head, how decisively Bennett grasped the significance of writers who were still unknown or underrated in England at the time." Remarkable, yes. But not by any means inexplicable, when one remembers the intense seriousness with which Bennett took literature and the arts in general, and the trouble he took to inform himself about them. Is there anywhere, today, a critic—and I mean a professional, who makes criticism his sole occupation—who has put himself through anything like the discipline that Bennett underwent in his hours of relaxation



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from an exhausting creative output? As soon as he was free to live where and how he liked, Bennett moved to France, where he mainly lived from 1903 to 1911. Paris, at that time the undisputed world capital of the arts, the Paris we read about in Roger Shattuck's *The Banquet Years*, was his university, and no one ever put the university to better use. As well as life, he studied literature, music, art. His circle included men like Ravel, Gide, Marcel Schwob. He took in, and comprehended, Impressionist painting, the ballet of Diaghilev, the music of Stravinsky, before these artists were known in London. When the great writers of the Russian 19th century made their impact on the world at large, they did so through French translations which preceded the English versions by anything up to a decade. Bennett knew these translations. He savoured the work of Chekhov, for instance, and showed a fine use of Chekhovian techniques in his best story, "The Death of Simon Fuge," before the name of Chekhov was heard in London drawing-rooms. As a critic, he studied continually to improve his range and to keep abreast of new work; so that he, if anyone, was in a position to fulfil the Arnoldian ideal of criticism, to make known "the best that was thought and said in the world," and to a wide audience.

All this Mr. Gross knows, and conveys: at least, so far as the early Bennett is concerned, the Bennett of the "Jacob Tonson" period. What he misses is the fact that the later Bennett, reviewing batch after batch of new books in Beaverbrook newspapers, shows the same qualities. Mr. Gross is sniffy about this later work ("the difference," he says loftily, is "simply one of quality."). Yet if book-reviewing for a mass-circulation paper must be done at all, Bennett's is the way to do it. He had the courage to risk a continual stream of judgments on new books; he knew he had enemies who would pounce with malicious glee on any quotable lapse; and he went right ahead, reading and commenting, and unerringly picking out the important writers of the generation that was to succeed his own. He picked out Lawrence and Joyce, Faulkner and Hemingway; he praised Edward Dahlberg, Italo Svevo, Graham Greene's first novel, the poems of Robert Graves; of T. S. Eliot he was writing, as early as 1918, "I was so struck by his work that I made his acquaintance..."

WHY, GIVEN ALL THIS, was Bennett so bitterly resented by the literary establishment? Why the stream of caricatures? Why was he pilloried as "Mr. Nixon" in Ezra Pound's *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, travestied in the polemical writings of Virginia Woolf? But even to formulate the

question is to see that that answer is a very simple one. A social and intellectual *chappelle* doesn't forgive the self-educated outsider who shows up its deficiencies. It was not only the Five Towns brand of provinciality that Bennett castigated. Bloomsbury, though some of its members made notable voyages of discovery, had its provincialities too. As for Pound, it must be said bluntly that while *Mauberley* is a fine poem, its strength doesn't derive from any kind of accuracy in the gallery of satiric portraits. He sees English society too much from the outside; he can see that Fleet Street is vulgar and that the First World War oughtn't to have happened, but when he comes to individuals and tries to use them as nodes for social comment, he goes wrong; the portrait of Max Beerbohm, for instance, which seems to turn on the mistaken notion that Beerbohm was a Jew. Similarly, in the "Mr. Nixon" portrait, Pound has Bennett saying—

*Butter reviewers. From fifty to three hundred
I rose in eighteen months.
The hardest nut I had to crack
Was Dr. Dundas.*

*I never mentioned a man but with the view
Of selling my own works.
The tip's a good one, as for literature
It gives a man a sinecure.*

To anyone who knows Bennett's criticism,² with its disinterested and generous enthusiasms, the cynical tone rings very false. "Dr. Dundas," by the way, is W. Robertson Nicoll, about whom Mr. Gross has a page or two of illuminating information; where is the evidence that Bennett regarded him, or any other reviewer, as a nut to be cracked? Yet this nonsense is tacitly assented to by the Pound industry in general; look up any critic's comment on *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* and try to find one word of acknowledgment that the portrait of Bennett is a slander.

TO TURN TO ELIOT, his importance lies, of course, mainly in the fact that he exemplifies the authority of the major poet who is also a first-rate critic. But not only there. He is also crucial in a survey of this kind because he bridges two gaps which were very wide at the beginning of his career and had narrowed

² There is no longer any excuse for not knowing it, since the appearance of a judicious selection: *The Author's Craft and other Critical Writings of Arnold Bennett*, edited by Samuel Hynes (University of Nebraska Press, \$2.25).

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appreciably by the end of it—as a result, quite possibly, of his personal influence and example as much as anything else. One was the gap between English and American literature, the other the gap between the university and the man of letters.

When Eliot first started writing, there was not much transatlantic traffic. He and Ezra Pound (they were inevitably, at the beginning, bracketed together) arrived in Europe a few years before the mass migration of the "lost generation." They were, in fact, intermediaries between that generation and the earlier generation of Whistler, Henry James, and Logan Pearsall Smith. But, of course, the parallel with Pound was superficial. Where Pound was a country boy from the tall rhubarbs, travelling to Europe to get the message at first hand because he was labouring under a sense of having been "born/In a half savage country/Out of date," Eliot came from a New England Brahminical background that was decidedly better instructed than anything he found on crossing the ocean. Furthermore, as a scion of a family with clearly defined roots in 17th-century England, he could, if he chose, regard the 250 years in America as a long week-end, and his migration as a home-coming.

This side of Eliot's personal heritage was later to be made much of, when the literary (and heavily Anglican) establishment decided, in the 1940s, on a policy of whole-hearted acceptance. But in the '20s, when Eliot was busily engaged in stirring things up, the respectable ancestry and the 17th-century connections were largely ignored, and Eliot was resented as an interfering foreigner. I don't mean that he was resented by everyone; his importance was understood by many people right from the start, and Mr. Gross is also very clear about this. Still, some resentment of Eliot there certainly was, and I can testify, from many conversations, in the 1940s, with survivors of that epoch, that he was specifically resented as *an American*. (I can remember H. W. Garrod, who had been Professor of Poetry at Oxford, saying to me dismissively that Eliot's poetry was "just poetry Americanised.")

Eliot's life and work at least contributed to the healing of *that* breach. English literary life is no longer insular. Mr. Gross is well aware of this, but he seems to see it mostly as a problem: one more difficulty which confronts the already gasping English man of letters. In his Epilogue, he writes:

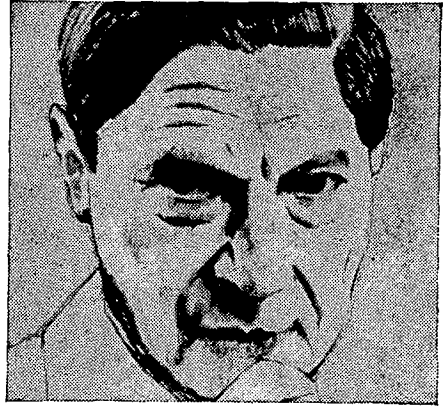
Science, sociology, the cinema—the kind of forces which have been mentioned so far are at work throughout the entire more-or-less civilised world. But there is one further development which affects English critics specifically. Since the

war it has inevitably been brought home to them far more forcibly than ever before that there are many other authors writing in English besides Englishmen. In practice that means, overwhelmingly, Americans. But in addition writers from Commonwealth or ex-Commonwealth countries—figures as different as A. D. Hope and Chinua Achebe—are at last beginning to count for English readers in their own right, not as curiosities or poor relations, and this is going to be more and more the case as time goes on. The English literary scene itself, too, would be noticeably poorer if it were not for some of the Commonwealth writers who have settled here in recent years. At first sight it may not seem as though all this has any particular bearing on the role of the critic. Nor does it, perhaps, in immediate practical terms. But I think it is true to say that in the past most English critics have been fortified by the idea, whether explicitly formulated or not, that by right of birth they are the guardians and interpreters of one of the world's great literary traditions. Put that bluntly, it may make them sound as though they were the custodians of the Crown Jewels, and no doubt a good deal of inferior criticism has often been a form of patriotic advertising. But the question goes much deeper than that. One need only consider the part played by the idea of English tradition in the thought of Leavis, or, more recently, Raymond Williams. Or take F. W. Bateson. . . .

"One need only consider" these things, but I wish Mr. Gross had taken a page or two to consider them with us, rather than merely indicating an involved knot of problems involving issues, and writers, of very varying importance. I find it difficult to regard Raymond Williams or F. W. Bateson as such important critics as Mr. Gross does; with Leavis there is, certainly, a problem, for Leavis' notion of an English tradition can be a very two-edged instrument. There is a real topic here, and I think the case against Leavis' view was made very clearly in Stephen Spender's *The Struggle of the Modern* (1963) and is still awaiting an answer. But my point at the moment is this: the internationalisation of English writing, the fact that each national idiom exists both in its own right and as part of the complex of a give-and-take within the whole English-speaking world, is surely not just another irritating problem like the vogue for television or the high cost of printing, but an interesting new field for the English critic, a broadening of horizons, a whole new range of opportunities. And if this is so, then surely the place to discuss the general issues is not in a few lines of a rather discouraged Epilogue, but with reference to the work of a major poet?

Eliot, whose tradition and temperament were an interesting blend of the English and the American, expressed his whole self in his poetry; and any discussion of these frontier problems

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ought to take place in proximity to *that* achievement, *that* stimulus, *that* great example. Such a discussion would inevitably have gone on to consider the case of Auden, who, as things are, gets no sustained discussion at all, though he is certainly important as "a man of letters" as well as a poet.

THE OTHER GAP bridged by Eliot, that between university literary studies and "the world of letters" generally, has of course been closed almost completely by purely social developments. As the habit of book-reading has shrunk, organised literary studies have bloated. As literature has progressively ceased to divert the leisure hours of middle-aged men, it has more and more been ladled down the throats of adolescents. The critic now finds his audience within the educational system. Mr. Gross is aware of this development, naturally, but he deals with it only in that same rather depressed Epilogue, and it seems to present itself to him mainly in terms of the difficulty of finding anything new to say about a body of primary material that cannot, by definition, grow any larger.

The truth is that unless you are either a critic of the first rank, or lucky enough to be caught

up in a major revolution in taste, there are unlikely to be more than a limited number of original things which you have to say about any author who has been widely discussed already. But dissertations have to be submitted, and (where promotion is at stake) books have to be published. There are various possibilities open. You can spread your insights thin (many a long-drawn-out thesis could be compressed into a tolerably interesting article). You can choose an unexplored subject—and as time goes on, those that remain are bound to be more and more trivial. Or you can strain after false originality. One way or another, the books which result, and which multiply at an increasing rate, are likely to mean as little to posterity as most nineteenth-century collections of sermons do to a modern reader.

There are two comments that must be made on this. To begin with, Mr. Gross is overlooking the almost universal tendency to make *contemporary* literature the subject of university study. In America, the point has already been reached at which Joe Bloggs can publish a novel on Monday, and on Tuesday morning that novel is being dissected by the Joe Bloggs specialist who combines with five other specialists in English 259B, "THE LITERATURE OF REVOLT: *Mailer, Burroughs, LeRoi Jones, Cleaver, and Bloggs.*" To most Europeans of

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my generation, brought up on the idea that the function of the university is to foster the study of the classics and by so doing to equip the student to read the literature of his own time for himself, the idea is slightly strange and even comical. But only to my generation. Already, in Europe as well as America, the young accept that books, whether ancient or modern, are things they meet in school and college. And these institutions, accepting their changed social role, make valiant efforts to introduce the young to the unfolding literary scene. So that there need be no problem about over-cropping the primary material, not even after Joe Bloggs finally takes a job at the university and teaches the Bloggs course himself. His colleagues can always tape-record his commentary and give a commentary on it in Course 260A, "BLOGGS ON BLOGGS."³

A second point about Mr. Gross' view of the problems of the academic literary scholar is that Eliot himself undercut that particular argument as early as "Tradition and the Individual Talent" in 1919. Since the backward look modifies the object, it is not a question of combing

³No one will accuse me of exaggeration who has looked into the teaching of literature at modern universities.

the field of literary history to find some neglected topic that "hasn't been done." Things simply don't stay "done." And the more important an author is, the more essential it is to restate our critical assessment of him, freshly, every few years, and to do it without kow-towing either to the past or to our estimate of the probable future. The uninstructed person who glances round a library, and, on seeing the hundreds of books about, say, Shakespeare, concludes satirically that there must be a disastrous over-plus of effort, is missing the point. On a writer like Shakespeare, only a very few books—ten or a dozen at most—are genuinely relevant to any specific moment in time: genuinely thrown up by it, genuinely answering its needs. The rest belong to history. They are part of the record of how the work of Shakespeare has affected succeeding generations of men.

One realises, once again, that Mr. Gross is well aware of this. His sentence about being "lucky enough to be caught up in a major revolution in taste" shows that he hasn't read Eliot for nothing. But taste doesn't stand still for years at a time and then suddenly jerk round in a "major revolution." Obviously there are some periods of rapid change—of cataclysm, even. But no period is without its slow and unobtrusive altering of the landscape. We live

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in time, and time is a conveyor-belt. No study of a phenomenon in the past—a writer, a political event, a *milieu*, anything—keeps its freshness for more than about ten years. After that, if it is good enough to live, it lives with another kind of vitality.

It was Eliot's awareness of historicity, his concern that "the study of the past" should "make us more conscious of what we are, and of our own limitations, and give us more understanding of the world in which we now live," that made him an important catalyst in the fusion of the academic and non-academic literary spheres. No doubt this fusion would have taken place anyway, as an irresistible social change; but social changes, if they can't be resisted, can often be leavened and humanised, influenced in the direction of intelligence. The academic world would in any case have swallowed a large part of the literary world, but Eliot's presence, it could be argued, did a great deal to stop this process from being merely crass and cannibalistic. He made frequent appearances at universities; he was well-read enough to meet the academics on their own ground, but his point of view remained firmly that of the practitioner and of the modern man, the writer and reader *now*. If we may say of Arnold Bennett that he cherished an optimism about the literary discrimination of the man in the street, we may say of Eliot that he cherished the same optimism about the man in the academic street. And this is important in an age like ours, when what we have to deal with is not so much the common reader as the common student: the common reader, that is, no longer left to his own devices but corralled, herded and directed, so that he becomes less spontaneous and more self-conscious without becoming any less common.

ONE OF THE MARKS of greatness in a man is the ability to make unity out of diversity; to reconcile, in his own person, facts and forces that would otherwise seem irreconcilable. Eliot had this power. One sees it in the way he fused together the diverse influences that formed his poetry; his chief early influences were late 19th-century French poetry and early 17th-century English poetry, which do not really have much in common, but which Eliot was able to blend into one idiom by the sheer warmth and responsiveness of the interest he took in them. Similarly, he could use his scholarly knowledge of the past to introduce serious standards into the criticism of contemporary writing; one never feels, in him, that abrupt change of gear that usually happens when a learned literary historian begins to discuss the contemporary scene. This, no doubt, was because the past was as

real to him as the present. The "tradition" he so constantly invoked was life-giving as well as limiting; if it was responsible for most of Eliot's prejudices, it was also the fuel for that wonderful intensity of interest, that luminous concentration, that makes him (when all is said and done) so much the best critic of our century.

It is a pity, then, that Mr. Gross' section on Eliot should be rather thin and perfunctory; altogether it is very much the weakest part of his book. No discussion of Eliot's concept of tradition; no attempt to illuminate his essential scheme of values—why he preferred Dante to Shakespeare, why the loving absorption in the Anglican culture of the 1630s should have led him to feel personally threatened by Milton (as the supreme voice of Puritanism) while leaving intact his geniality towards Dryden. It has become usual to say that Eliot's vitality as a critic lasted only as long as his vitality as a poet—that is, till the *Four Quartets* were written; Mr. Gross, in a curiously grudging mood, suggests that it doesn't last even that long; the major poet in Eliot, he says, "survived a good deal longer" than the major critic. I prefer the more generally held view, that they went pretty much hand in hand. One of Eliot's best critical essays is "The Music of Poetry," which he wrote in 1942, just after finishing the *Quartets*; besides saying very nearly everything that can usefully be said on this difficult topic, the essay contains, by implication, an illuminating description of those principles of musical-cum-poetic form on which the *Quartets* are based. And the essay on "Johnson as Critic and Poet" (1944) is as good as anything he ever wrote in criticism, though admittedly it does not start so many electric hares as the earlier essays with their quotable catch-phrases.

THE LAST MAJOR FIGURE discussed by Mr. Gross is F. R. Leavis. If Eliot presided over the nuptials of Grub Street and the English Department, the position of Leavis, one of the first academic critics to concern himself directly with contemporary judgments, was hardly that of best man. For Dr. Leavis has sternly rejected the standards of the average "man of letters" without moving any closer to the standards of the average don. One often gets the impression that, for Leavis, the term "literary journalist"

will do as it stands for a term of abuse; when he has said that a man is a literary journalist he has placed him, for ever, in outer darkness. On the other hand, the academic who never risks a judgment on new literature is also a clay-pigeon for his rifle. So that Leavis, who has worked within the university and spread his convictions largely by teaching, and has also edited his own magazine and gone in extensively for book-reviewing and topical comment, manages to make both these activities look suspect when practised by anyone else. Without pausing to discuss how far, in taking these attitudes, Leavis is right or wrong (and clearly, he has often had a good deal of right on his side), we may note merely that this pugnacity, this disapproval directed at both camps, must have had a great deal of influence in a period like ours, when younger critics have been increasingly orientated towards the university. Perhaps it has been bad (leading to name-calling and the imputation of unworthy motives on both sides); perhaps it has been good (reminding both dons and literary journalists that they have faults, and that they do not necessarily get rid of these faults by changing hats).

There remains, whatever happens in the foreseeable future, the Book. Literacy may decline, the oral/aural culture may be already on us, but mankind has too much sense to go back on the codex or hinged book. It is one of his best ideas: a simple, cheap, easy way of taking someone else's mind and going to sit with it in an arm-chair or in a punt on the river. Nothing can replace the book; which means that the people who talk about books, who sort them out and gossip about them and judge them as well as write them, will also be with us for as long as we can foresee. And however much he may give way to depression, I find it cheering that Mr. Gross will be one of these sorters and talkers; I find, on looking over what I have written, that I have not done justice to my sense of the interest and vivacity of his book. Most of the best things in it are asides, and indeed there is a sense in which the whole book is an aside, a gigantic footnote on essential history. But the writing of it must have helped Mr. Gross to get his own ideas into sharper focus; he must have put on a lot of muscle during the time in which he was wrestling with it; and one's expectations from him are now, definitely high.

Misunderstanding Psycho-analysis

By Anthony Storr

SIR PETER MEDAWAR'S Romanes Lecture ["Science & Literature," ENCOUNTER, January] must, inevitably, compel attention, in part because of the author's position, and in part because few people are better able to bridge the gap between the two cultures. While admiring and agreeing with much of the first part of the lecture, I find myself in disagreement with some of the latter part. I realise, only too well, that it is a risky business to cross swords with a person whose mind not only works with the precision of a computer, but who is also responsive to and well-informed about both music and literature. Nevertheless, I must take the risk of being made to look a fool, for I think that Sir Peter's dismissal of psycho-analysis and what he calls "existential psychiatry" betrays both prejudice and a fundamental failure to understand what these disciplines are about.

No one will dispute Medawar's thesis, that "scientific and poetic or imaginative accounts of the world are not distinguishable in their origins." Nor will anyone oppose his contention that the scientific account differs from the purely imaginative at a later stage of their respective developments by virtue of its validation by the ordinary criteria of scientific proof. I notice, however, that he avoids enumerating what these criteria are. He merely states that the scientific account must correspond to "real life." Both a myth and a scientific theory may bring sense and order to what T. H. Huxley described as the "maze of phenomena"; but the latter, if it is to survive, must be shown to correspond with "the facts." Now, I am not sufficiently philosophically qualified to be able to argue about how far it is possible to determine

what "the facts" or "real life" are. But surely this criterion is not only insufficient, but also misleading. Is mathematics not to be classed as a scientific subject?

"A mathematician, like a painter or a poet, is a maker of patterns. If his patterns are more permanent than theirs, it is because they are made with *ideas*. . . . A mathematician is working with his own mathematical reality."

So wrote G. H. Hardy, and he went on to say that "neither physicists nor philosophers have ever given any convincing account of what 'physical reality' is." Perhaps, in Medawar's terms, "mathematical reality" is a myth. It must surely follow that many hypotheses about the universe, especially about its origins, should no longer be labelled scientific, but designated "mythological." Yet I fancy that the astronomers who advance these hypotheses and who find them useful, would resent the latter adjective.

PSYCHO-ANALYTIC THEORY shares with astronomy an interest in origins. Both disciplines have, unfortunately, to put up with the fact that the nature of their subject-matter is such that they have to work with hypotheses which cannot all, at present, be validated in the laboratory. If, instead of disparaging psycho-analysis, Medawar would bend his mind to constructing experiments to prove or disprove psycho-analytic theory, and if, especially, he could invent ways in which psycho-analytic theory could be used for prediction, he would be constructive rather than destructive. As it is, direct observation of babies and experiments with the young of other species are tending to confirm some analytic theory; but we cannot, for obvious reasons, expose human young to the kind of stress which might yield positive results.

Medawar goes on to say that psycho-analysis and existential psychiatry are "highly mischievous" because they "represent a style of thought that will impede the growth of our understanding of mental illness," and then proceeds to discuss imbecility. "Did its parents, by some involuntary withholding of compassion, fail to ratify the child's ontological awareness of its essential self?" he asks; thus imputing to some totally imaginary existentialist a theory to which he would not be such a fool as to subscribe. I am surprised that he should misuse his ingenuity by making use of so vulgar a dialectical device.

In choosing imbecility as his example, he shows that he makes no distinction between brain disease and "mental illness." This is a "category mistake" as I think Gilbert Ryle

DR. ANTHONY STORR's recent books include *Sexual Deviation* (Penguin, 1964) and *Human Aggression* (Allen Lane The Penguin Press, 1968).

would agree. It simply is not true that psychiatrists, of whatever school, repudiate the idea of an organic cause of mental abnormality. Does Medawar seriously believe that, because I am an analyst, I would attempt to treat a man with a brain tumour, as I have been asked to do; or that I am not familiar with many other forms of brain disease from cerebral arteriosclerosis to Huntington's chorea?

But I am also familiar with the fact that by far the majority of neurotic patients whom I and my colleagues are asked to see are *not* suffering from brain disease, but from problems in living which are mostly tied up with difficulties in inter-personal relationships. One psycho-analyst, Thomas Szasz, has written a book called *The Myth of Mental Illness* (1962), which makes this point at length. Most of us have had some problems in relating to other people and some neurotic symptoms; but I hardly think it likely that Medawar would suppose that such difficulties were the result of brain disease or an inborn error of metabolism. It seems more probable that neurosis is the result of faulty early conditioning, and that the kind of problems one has in adult life in relating to other people are dependent upon the emotional environment in which the first years of one's life were passed, as Freud postulates. Harlow's work with Rhesus monkeys suggests that even so profound a mental disorder as schizophrenia would be discovered. I don't see any in the mother-child relation, whereas quite a number of analysts (including Jung) have thought it likely that some chemical cause for schizophrenia would be discovered. I don't see why Medawar supposes that scientists necessarily want there to be an organic cause for every mental disturbance. I should have thought that a good many biologists, including some of his own pupils, were far more inclined to believe that a good number of neurotic symptoms, including depression, impotence, and sexual deviation were the consequence of early deprivation or faulty conditioning. Does he suppose, for example, that the homosexual malarials at Lorenz's research institute are suffering from some organic physical disorder? Or does he accept that their disability is the result of the experimental interference with the normal process of imprinting which has been carried out upon them?

Validation of psycho-analytic theory is a difficult business, but it still remains true that, as I wrote in an essay which I suspect from the lecture Medawar may have read,

"Psycho-analysis is the only way of regarding human behaviour which, to date, possesses the twin advantages of doing justice to man's complexity and, at the same time, relating this com-

plexity to the biological characteristics which make him part of Nature."

As such, I am surprised that it should make no appeal to one who, after all, used to call himself a zoologist.

PERHAPS I HAVE ROOM to make one further point. It may sometimes be true that "literature tends to expel science"; a fault which could, with justice, be attributed to Jung, and to some existentialist writers. It is not, however, a charge which can be imputed to Freud or to his followers. I cannot read Freud's original German, but, so far as one can judge from translation, he is careful to eschew the "voluptuary and rhetorical use of obscurity" to which Sir Peter refers, and writes with simplicity and clarity. Moreover, he is well aware that he is sometimes forced to use concepts which are mythical, and uses the word himself in regard to some aspects of instinct theory.

I rather doubt whether literature does invariably expel science. Both Eddington and Sherrington were stylists, and the fact that they could write so well gave them an advantage when it came to communicating their ideas to others. Not even rhetoric *necessarily* interferes with detachment and objectivity. I am sure that there are people who will write obscurely on purpose in the hope that they will be misjudged as profound. Those who write with clarity are sometimes misjudged as superficial. But there are writers who do not disdain even rhetoric, and who have yet been acknowledged as authorities by other experts in their own field. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* was regarded as a standard work for many years; yet the style in which it is written is both elaborate and rhetorical.

Nor do I believe that psycho-analysis claims "a deeper insight than can be achieved by laboratory scientists or historians or philologists." In fact, there are many analogies between the practice of psycho-analysis and the pursuit of history; and the latter discipline suffers from some of the same disadvantages in that scientific validation of historical hypotheses is often difficult or impossible. Psychoanalysts are at least as concerned with truth as are historians. If our discipline has not yet reached the dignity of science, there is no reason to suppose that it cannot travel further along that road in time, and some hopeful signs that the journey has already started.

Meanwhile, if Sir Peter Medawar or anyone else can produce better explanations of the development of neurotic characters which really do justice to the complexities of both human behaviour and human mental content it would be splendid. Destructive criticism is not enough.

A Reply

By P. B. Medawar

THE FIRST PROBLEM I had to face in answering Dr. Anthony Storr's criticism of my *Romanes* Lecture was to avoid being distracted from its main theme by his own irrelevancies. Storr covers a lot of ground and expresses a number of opinions I very much disagree with (including the opinion that no one will disagree with one or two of mine). "Is mathematics not to be classed as a scientific subject?" he asks, and goes on to quote from G. H. Hardy. The answer is, no, not in any sense that bears on the correspondence of a scientific theory with real life. Hardy was speaking of *pure* mathematics: a subject which, in one view of it, is altogether devoid of empirical content, so that the question of correspondence with reality does not arise. Again, I don't agree that Gibbon's style was "elaborate and rhetorical" ("Oh dear" I said to myself by the time I had got that far); nor do I see what the charm and clarity of Eddington's popular writings has to do with the tension between scientific and literary allegiances in the behavioural sciences. Sherrington is a different matter. *Man on his Nature* is not a notable work of scientific philosophy, and it would be uncharitable to discuss his prose. Storr would have done better to mention D'Arcy Thompson, the greatest scientific master of the *bel canto* style, but neither the style nor the content of *Growth and Form* throws any light on the problem I was trying to investigate.

All this is really beside the point. Let me begin my reply by making it very clear that my criticism of psycho-analysis is not to be construed as a criticism of psychiatry or psychotherapy as a whole. People nowadays tend to use "psycho-analysis" to stand for all forms of psychotherapy, much as "Hoover" is used as a generic name for all vacuum cleaners and "Vaseline" for all ointments of a similar kind. By psycho-analysis I understand that special pedigree of psychological doctrine and treatment which can be traced back, directly or indirectly, to the writings and work of Sigmund Freud.

The position of psychological medicine today is in some ways analogous to that of physical or conventional medicine in the middle of the 19th century. The physician of 100 years ago was confronted by all manner of medical distress. He studied and tried to cure his patients with great human sympathy and understanding and with highly developed clinical skills, by which

I mean that he had developed to a specially high degree that form of heightened sensibility which makes it possible to read a meaning into tiny clinical signals which a layman or a beginner would have passed over or misunderstood. The physician's relationship to his patient was a very personal one, as if healing were not so much a matter of applying treatment to a "case" as a collaboration between the physician's guidance and his patient's willingness to respond to it. But—there was so little he could do! The microbial theory of infectious disease had not been formulated, viruses were not recognised, hormones were unheard of, vitamins undefined, physiology rudimentary, and biochemistry almost non-existent.

The psychiatry of today is in a rather similar position, because we are still so very ignorant of the mind. But the best of its practitioners are people of great skill and understanding and apparently inexhaustible patience; people whose humanity reveals itself just as much in the way they recognise their limitations as in their satisfaction when a patient gets better in their care. Storr did not accuse me of disparaging psychological medicine, but I am defending myself to make it clear that to express dissatisfaction with psycho-analysis is not to depreciate the great and growing importance of psychiatry as a whole.

BEFORE I TURN to psycho-analysis itself, I shall do my best to analyse and clarify the supposed antithesis between brain disease and mental illness—the subject that led Storr to suggest that I had made a "category mistake." *Of course* I don't think Storr would knowingly attempt to treat a brain tumour or a case of Huntington's Chorea by psycho-analytic methods, but he may not realise the degree to which he is being wise after the event. Being a sensible man he naturally repudiates the idea of treating those psychological ailments of which physical causes are, in general terms, already known. But psychoanalysts do treat and speculate upon the origins of schizophrenic conditions and manic-depressive psychoses. *These* are the test cases: what are we to make of *them*?

I SHALL BEGIN with what may appear to be a digression. As recently as 30 years ago, many geneticists were still worried and confused by the problem of assessing, in precise terms, the relative contributions of nature and nurture—of heredity and environment or upbringing—to the overt ("phenotypic") differences between our mental and physical constitutions and capabilities. Both nature and nurture exer-

cise an influence, of course; but L. T. Hogben and J. B. S. Haldane were the first to make it publicly clear that there is no *general* solution of the problem of estimating the size of contribution made by each. The reason is that the size of the contribution made by nature is itself a function of nurture. (I use the word "function" in its mathematical sense.) If someone constitutionally lacks the ability to synthesise an essential dietary substance, say *X*, then the contribution made by heredity to the difference between himself and his fellow men will depend on the environment in which they live. If *X* is abundant in the food he normally has access to, his inborn disability will put him at no disadvantage and may not be recognised at all; but if *X* is in short supply or lacking, then he will become ill or die. The same reasoning applies to other, much more complicated examples. If people live a simple pastoral life that makes little demand on their resourcefulness and ingenuity, inherited differences of intellectual capability may not make much difference to their behaviour; but it is far otherwise if they live a difficult and intellectually demanding life. How often has it not been said that the stress of modern living raises the threshold of competence below which people can no longer keep up or make the grade? This is not to deny that some differences between us are for all practical purposes wholly genetic, wholly inborn. A person's blood group is described as "inborn" not just because it is specified by his genetic make-up, but because (with certain known exceptions) there is no environment capable of supporting life in which that specification will not be carried out. We shall not go far wrong, however, if we treat these cases as exceptional. Most differences between us are determined both by nature and by nurture, and their contributions are not fixed, but vary in dependence on each other.¹

WITH THIS ANALOGY IN MIND, let me now turn to psychological disorders, which—to beg no questions—I shall define as conditions which cause a person to seek, or need, or be directed towards the care of a psychiatrist. Here too, as a first approximation, it will be reasonable to assume that both "mental" and "organic" states or agencies contribute to the difference between the psychiatrist's patient and his fellow men; but here too we should be very cautious in our attempts to assign precise values to the contributions made by each. Storr repudiates the idea of

a psycho-analytical treatment of brain tumours, because they seem so obviously organic in origin; but even in this extreme case we mustn't be too sure. Many of us now believe that there exists a natural defensive mechanism against tumours which is of essentially the same kind as that which prohibits the transplantation of tissues between one individual and another. If these natural defences are indeed immunological in nature, they are open to influences of a kind that common sense will classify as mental, *e.g.*, to prolonged frustration, unhappiness, distress, or indifference to living. (The psychosomatic element in tuberculosis is specially relevant here, because the natural defence against tuberculosis depends on immunological mechanisms of a very similar kind.)

To go now to the other extreme: Storr thinks it probable that "neurosis is the result of faulty early conditioning" rather than of brain disease or an inborn error of metabolism. No doubt; but does he not also think that constitutional or organic influences may raise or lower the susceptibility of his patients to these disturbing influences? Of course he does—and so did Freud. It is normally a mistake, I suggest, to trace any psychological disorder to wholly mental or wholly organic causes. Both contribute, though sometimes to very unequal degrees, and the contribution made by one will be a function of the contribution made by the other.

It is, nevertheless, very understandable that psychiatrists should approach their patients with two rather different kinds of etiological purpose and interest in mind. Psychiatrist *A* will say, "My interest lies in trying to see how a certain pattern of upbringing, environment, habits of life and human relationships may predispose people of certain constitutions to psychological disorders." Psychiatrist *B* will say, "Now *my* interest lies in trying to identify those elements of heredity and organic constitution which make a man specially likely to contract a certain psychological disorder if he is influenced by the environment and his fellow men in certain ways." Both attitudes seem very reasonable, and over much of the territory that belongs to them the two psychiatrists will not compete. But—and now I come to my main point—in the context of those serious psychological disorders that are still disputed territory, the methodology implicit in the attitude of Psychiatrist *B* is very much the more powerful.

The reason is this. A physical abnormality can be the subject of diagnosis, and therefore in principle of treatment, *before* it can contribute to a psychological disturbance. The recognition early in life of a certain physical abnormality (say, the chromosomal constitution *XXX*, to quote an example not yet fully worked out)

¹ To speak (as I do here and below) of the causes of *differences* between human beings sounds clumsy and takes some getting used to; but there seems to be no avoiding it if one is to be precise and at the same time avoid a formal symbolic treatment.

defines *a priori* a category of men who are at special risk; and our foreknowledge of that risk can be made the basis of a rational system of avoidance. The physical disability represents a parameter of the situation, where upbringing and environment can be varied within certain limits of our discretion. A difficult enterprise, to be sure; but not so difficult and much more realistic than, say, to abolish all family life, as one "existential psychiatrist" is alleged to have recommended, because some families create an environment conducive to mental disorder. With certain forms of low-grade mental deficiency, this programme is now adopted as a matter of routine. When tests carried out on a baby's urine suggest that it cannot metabolise the amino-acid phenylalanine, its diet can be altered in such a way as to prevent what might otherwise be serious and cumulative damage to the brain. I hope and expect that cognate solutions will one day be found for the major psychoses. No matter what other factors may have influenced him, there is something physically wrong with a manic depressive patient, and it is essential to find out what it is.

This completes my attempt to explain why I think that the categorical distinction Storr draws between brain disease and mental illness is a fundamentally unsound one—the remnant of an effete dualism, a still further perpetuation of what Ryle called the legend of Two Worlds. Storr referred to "category mistakes" in a way that made me wonder if he quite understood what Ryle was getting at, for his criticism of my lecture seems to embody the very errors of reasoning against which Ryle was putting us on our guard.

I NOW TURN TO psycho-analysis itself, taken in the sense I gave it in an earlier paragraph. I shall not attempt a systematic treatment, but shall merely draw attention to a few of its more serious methodological, doctrinal and practical defects.

The property that gives psycho-analysis the character of a mythology is its combination of conceptual barrenness with an enormous facility in explanation. To criticise a theory because it explains everything it is called on to explain sounds paradoxical, but anyone who thinks so should consult the discussion by Karl R. Popper in *Conjectures and Refutations* (1963), particularly the passages (pp. 34–39) that make mention of psycho-analysis itself. Let me illustrate the point by a number of passages chosen from the authors' summaries of their own contributions to the 23rd International Psycho-analytical Congress held in Stockholm in 1963. I choose the Proceedings of a Congress rather than the work of a

single author so as to get a cross-section of psycho-analytic thought.

"Character-traits are formed as precipitates of mental processes. They originate in innate properties; they come into existence in the mutual interplay of ego, id, super-ego and ego-ideal, under the influence of object-relations and environment."

"When an individual strikes out at his wife, his child, his acquaintances or even complete strangers, we may well suspect that a gross failure in Ego-functioning has occurred. Its restraining control has been partially eluded."

Of a cyclothymic patient in the 5th and 6th years of psycho-analytic treatment:

"... the delusion of having black and frightening eyes took the centre of the analytic stage following the resolution of some of the patient's oral-sadistic conflicts. It proved to be a symptom of voyeuristic tendencies in a split-off masculine infantile part of the self and yielded slowly to reintegration of this part, passing through phases of staring, looking at and admiring the beauty of women."

On the etiology of anti-Semitism:

"The Oedipus complex is acted out and experienced by the anti-Semite as a narcissistic injury, and he projects this injury upon the Jew who is made to play the role of the father. ... His choice of the Jew is determined by the fact that the Jew is in the unique position of representing at the same time the all-powerful father and the father castrated. ..."

On the role of snakes in the dreams and fantasies of a sufferer from ulcerative colitis:

"The snake represented the powerful and dangerous (strangling), poisonous (impregnating) penis of his father and his own (in its anal-sadistic aspects). At the same time, it represented the destructive, devouring vagina. ... The snake also represented the patient himself in both aspects as the male and female and served as a substitute for people of both sexes. On the oral and anal levels the snake represented the patient as a digesting (pregnant) gut with a devouring mouth and expelling anus. ..."

I have not chosen these examples to poke fun at them, but simply to illustrate the olympian glibness of psycho-analytic thought. The contributors to this Congress were concerned with homosexuality, anti-Semitism, depression, and manic and schizoid tendencies; with *difficult* problems, then—far less easy to grapple with or make sense of than anything that confronts us in the laboratory. But where shall we find the evidence of hesitancy or bewilderment, the avowals of sheer ignorance, the sense of groping and incompleteness which informs an inter-

national congress of, say, physiologists or biochemists? A lava-flow of *ad hoc* explanation pours over and around all difficulties, leaving only a few smoothly rounded prominences to mark where they might have lain. Surely the application of psycho-analytic methods in a completely alien culture might give even the most sanguine practitioner reason to pause? Not a bit of it. We have the word of two of the contributors to the Congress that "the usual technique and theory of psycho-analysis were found to be applicable to obtain an understanding of the inner life" of the Dogon peoples in Mali:

"A 24-year-old Dogon man, who at the beginning had met the white stranger with profound distrust, was led to change his views with surprising speed.

"After first having built a subsidiary transference and involved a younger colleague in the analysis, he turned from the animate object to the inanimate (playing with sticks) and from this to tactile gestures. . . . Finally he 'regressed' to somatic forms of expression in that he continued the analytic exchange by urinating. . . ."

THE EXAMPLES I HAVE CHOSEN ABOVE, and the psycho-analytic autopsies I shall mention later, illustrate another important methodological defect of psycho-analytic theory. If an explanation or interpretation of a phenomenon or state of affairs is to be fully satisfying and actable-on, it must have a special, not merely a general relevance to the problem under investigation. It must be rather specially an explanation of whatever it is we want to explain, and not also an explanation of a great many other, perhaps irrelevant things as well.

For example: if a patient cannot retain salt in his body, it is not good enough (though it will probably not be wrong) to say that his endocrine system is in disorder, because such an explanation would cover a multitude of other abnormalities besides. The explanation may well be that the patient is no longer producing aldosterone, a specific hormone of the cortex of the adrenal gland, and if that is so he can probably be cured. Again, it will not do to say that

muscular contraction is a transformation of energy derived originally from the sun. This is a weak explanation; it is too far removed in the pedigree of causes; we are more interested in the causal parentage of the phenomenon than in its causal ancestry. Strong explanations have a quality of special relevance, of logical immediacy; and this is a quality they must have if they are to be tested and shown to be acceptable or, as the case may be, unsound. Psycho-analytic explanations are invariably weak explanations in just this sense.

"Validation of psycho-analytic theory is a difficult business," Storr says, though he betrays no logical understanding of why it is so; and by implication he suggests that, instead of criticising it destructively, I should help find means of testing whether or not it is true. Alas—except in one respect, which I shall deal with in a moment, the methodological obstacles are insuperable. Indeed, psycho-analysis has now achieved a complete intellectual closure: it explains even why some people disbelieve in it. But this accomplishment is self-defeating, for in explaining why some people don't believe in it, it has deprived itself of the power to explain why other people do. The ideas of psycho-analysis cannot both be an object of critical scrutiny and at the same time provide the conceptual background of the method by which that scrutiny is carried out.

It is for this reason that the notion of *cure* is methodologically so important. It provides the only criterion by which the validity of psycho-analytic notions can be judged. This is why cure is such an embarrassment for "cultural" psychiatry in general. No wonder its practitioners try to talk us out of it²; no wonder they prefer to see themselves as the agents of some altogether more genteel ambition, *e.g.*, to give the patient a new insight through a new deep, inner understanding of himself. But let us not be put off. Some people get better *under* psycho-analytic treatment, of course; but do they get better as a specific consequence of psycho-analysis as such? I cannot condense the answer I gave in *The Art of the Soluble*, and therefore reproduce it here:

A young man full of anxieties and worries may seek treatment from a psycho-analyst, and after eighteen months' or two years' treatment find himself much improved. Was psycho-analytic treatment responsible for the cure? One cannot give a confident answer unless one has reasonable grounds for thinking.

(a) that the patient would not have got better anyway;

(b) that a treatment based on quite different or even incompatible theoretical principles, *e.g.*, the theories of a rival school of psycho-therapists, would not have been equally effective; and

² "Curing is so ambiguous a term," says Dr. David Cooper in *Psychiatry and Anti-Psychiatry*; "one may cure bacon, hides, rubber, or patients. Curing usually implies the chemical treatment of raw materials so that they may taste better, be more useful, or last longer. Curing is essentially a mechanistic perversion of medical ideals that is quite opposite in many ways to the authentic tradition of healing." Somewhat similar views are to be found in the writings of R. D. Laing, Michel Foucault, and J. Lacan.

(c) that the cure was not a by-product of the treatment. The assurance of a regular sympathetic hearing, the feeling that somebody is taking his condition seriously, the discovery that others are in the same predicament, the comfort of learning that his condition is explicable (which does not depend on the explanation's being the right one)—these factors are common to most forms of psychological treatment, and the good they do must not be credited to any one of them in particular. At present there is no convincing evidence that psycho-analytic treatment as such is efficacious, and unless strenuous efforts are made to seek it the entire scheme of treatment will degenerate into a therapeutic pastime for an age of leisure.

The lack of good evidence of the specific therapeutic effectiveness of psycho-analysis is one of the reasons why it has not been received into the general body of medical practice. A layman might be inclined to say that we should give it time, for doctors are conservative people and ideas so new take ages to sink in. But it is only on a literary time scale that Freudian ideas are new. By the standards of current medical practice they have an almost antiquarian flavour. Many of Freud's principles were formulated before the recognition of inborn errors of metabolism, before the chromosomal theory of inheritance, before even the rediscovery of Mendel's laws. Hormones were unheard of when Freud began to propound his doctrines, and the mechanism of the nervous impulse, of which we now have a pretty complete understanding, was quite unknown.

NEVERTHELESS, PSYCHO-ANALYSTS ARE WONT to say that Freud's work carried conviction because it was so firmly grounded on basic biological principles. Storr seems to imply as much when he reproaches "one who, after all, used to call himself a zoologist" with not perceiving the degree to which psycho-analysis relates man's complexity to "the biological characteristics which make him part of Nature." I am therefore sorry to have to express the professional opinion that many of the germinal ideas of psycho-analysis are profoundly unbiological, among them the "death-wish," the underlying assumption of an extreme fragility of the mind, the systematic depreciation of the genetic contribution to human diversity, and the interpretation of dreams as "one member of a class of abnormal psychical phenomena." Storr is thinking, I suppose of the developments of modern ethology, a subject which, with the eclecticism of many modern psychologists, he is trying to integrate into psycho-analytic theory. Here I have to

defend myself on professional grounds. As a practising biologist I have always done my utmost to promote the study of ethology in this country (Tinbergen and his pupils, some of whom were also my pupils, will bear me out). Moreover, my fellow biologists and I were all agog with the psychological implications of ethological analysis long before it became a commonplace of modern intellectual prattle.

I SAID EARLIER THAT the mythological status of psycho-analytic theory revealed itself in its combination of ingenuity with conceptual barrenness, a property to which I have not yet referred. Ever since Freud's factually erroneous analysis of Leonardo, psycho-analysts have tried their hand at interpreting the life and work of men of genius, and many of the great figures of history have been disinterred and brought to the post-mortem slab. The fiasco of Darwin's retrospective psycho-analysis has already been held up to ridicule.³ But, Darwin apart, how can we not marvel at the way in which the whole exuberant variety of human genius can be explained by the manipulation of a handful of germinal ideas—the Oedipus complex, the puzzlement of discovering that not everyone has a penis, a few unspecified sado-masochistic reveries, and so on: surely we need a more powerful armoury than this? Evidently we do, for these analyses always stop short of explaining why genius took the specific form that interests us. Freud does not profess to tell us why Leonardo became an artist. "Just here our capacities fail us," he says, with a modesty not found in the writings of his successors; but it is hard not to feel let down.

A critique of psycho-analysis is, in the outcome, never much more than a skirmish, because (as I tried to explain) its doctrines are so cunningly insulated from the possibility of disbelief. It is nevertheless customary to end any such critique with a spaciouly worded acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Freud himself. We recognise his enlargement of the sensibilities of physicians, his having opened up a new area of human speculation, his freeing us from the confinements of prudery and self-righteousness, etc. There is some truth in all of this. There is some truth in psycho-analysis too, as there was in Mesmerism and in phenology (e.g., the concept of localisation of function in the brain). But, considered in its entirety, psycho-analysis won't do. It is an end-product, moreover, like a dinosaur or a zeppelin; no better theory can ever be erected on its ruins, which will remain for ever one of the saddest and strangest of all landmarks in the history of 20th-century thought.

³ In *The Art of the Soluble* (1967), pp. 60–67.

LETTERS

Steiner's "Language Animal"

GEORGE STEINER's thought-provoking article "The Language Animal" in your August issue deserves comment on a certain point which I consider naïve. After much stimulating discussion about the nature of human speech, Steiner winds up one section of his article with his forceful pronouncement: "But I repeat: no information theory, no model of the growth into being of human consciousness, will be convincing until it accounts for the profoundly startling, 'anti-economic' multiplicity of languages spoken on this crowded planet." This declaration is so ultimate in its demands that it cannot go unremarked.

There is a universal tendency of human beings to group together, and sometimes this is accompanied not only by previously existing common interests and traits, but actually gives rise to the creation of new ones which, particularly with fabricated special or peculiar traits, act as a binding force for the group. One such product of exclusiveness in human societies is the wide variety of language spoken by mankind. The spoken vernacular varies from group to group largely because of a desire for exclusiveness. Groups wish to remain groups and if no one else speaks a group's language but members of the group then the group is secure as a group, at least in that area. This is not as often true of written language, however. In China the same written characters are used all over China and are comprehensible to all literate people, but each province has its own spoken vernacular which attaches to the same universal written characters and yet when spoken is incomprehensible to a person from another province, even though on paper anyone may communicate with anyone else quite clearly by writing.

People who are literate within geographically reasonable areas and who share racial and other traits, as all Chinese do, form a group on a level transcendent of ordinary everyday living. Such a literate group shares a means of communication—as, namely, written Chinese. But for purposes of ordinary everyday living, more local and exclusive groups become successively important (in a descending scale down to the most immediate—such as a husband and wife's private idiom and special names for objects, which is most immediate and important when husband and wife are alone—and its idiom will be used at this most basic and immediate level and only supplanted by family idiom or village idiom when these higher levels apply: a pot is called *pottie* within the family but called *pot* within the village and called *ware* by the regional manufacturer or called *goods* by the transnational shipper) and then these more local and exclusive groups exercise their claims, such that the Chinese of Fukien speak with nine tones and are incompre-

hensible to the nearby Chinese who may speak Mandarin using four tones or the southerly Cantonese who use five tones. And there are not only regional but class groups on a more local level than the literate group who share a written language: for instance, not only is a Lancashire man differentiable from a Somerset man by regional accent and dialect, but an aristocrat indigenous to London is distinguishable from a London cockney.

There is hence seen to be nothing inherently strange in "the profoundly startling, 'anti-economic' multiplicity of languages spoken on this crowded planet." The supposed anti-economic aspect exists only from the point of view of a transcendent group of cosmopolitans—scholars, businessmen, diplomats and others who are transnational and transregional in their interests and activities. However, as long as the vast majority of mankind remains preoccupied with more immediate interests concerned with ordinary everyday living, the "profoundly startling" phenomenon of lower-level group exclusivity will puzzle only those relatively rare (no matter how important) members of higher level cosmopolitan groups, be they ivory tower scholars writing learned articles about linguistics or handicapped politicians like the once-powerful Koomaraswami Kamaraj, who as former leader of the Indian Congress Party could not become President of India, and bowed to Zakir Husain, because Kamaraj could not speak Hindi or English and was thus on a national level disqualified for such public office. But the concerns of the K. Kamarajs and G. Steiners are not the concerns of the vast mass of humanity and until they are, the Kamarajs will be handicapped and the Steiners will be "profoundly startled."

ROBERT K. G. TEMPLE

London

MR. TEMPLE's gross generalisation about "a universal tendency of human beings to group together" may or may not be true. If it was, it would in any case support my own "amazement" rather than his argument. But the linguistic puzzle lies much deeper. As Wilhelm von Humboldt and others have seen, the immense proliferation and mutual incomprehensibility of human tongues poses philosophic and historical problems comparable, say, to those which would arise if the digestive systems of different races differed. The Chomskian model, as I try to show in a forthcoming essay, could account perfectly for the generation of *one* human language or of a small group of ultimately related languages. Neither transformational grammars nor any other speech model I know of accounts in any convincing way for the development of anywhere between four and eight thousand tongues on the earth. That this development has been economically inhibitory and socially divisive is a general fact. It has nothing to do with the alleged visions of a "transcendent group of cosmopolitans."

GEORGE STEINER

Cambridge

Bonnefoy's Theories

AS THE TRANSLATOR of Yves Bonnefoy's poems, and currently working on the translation of his essays, it is only natural that I should pick up a slighting reference to him in Graeme Wilson's otherwise excellent article about the Japanese poet, Hagiwara. Mr. Wilson may not have intended the slight, but a reader, unfamiliar with Bonnefoy's theories, would deduce from two sentences in the article that these theories are worthless. The first of the two sentences speaks of "the probable worthlessness of contemporary Japanese imitations of Western poetic vogue-styles, which are themselves probably worthless in the first place." Then in the next sentence Mr. Wilson lists "the Western poetic vogue-styles" an obsession with which "result[s] in worthless Japanese poetry," and included in the list are "the theories of Yves Bonnefoy."

Perhaps Mr. Wilson is right in saying that Yves Bonnefoy's theories (which are propounded in essays of course, not in poems) are a poetic vogue-style, whatever that may mean—they have certainly been very influential in France and his poems may be having an influence in the several languages they've been translated into—but it is not Bonnefoy's fault if the theories are mishandled by minor Japanese poets. As Marx is supposed to have said: "I am not a Marxist..."

Far from being worthless, the theories are part of an ongoing *art poétique* that may well rank with the prose of Eliot and Valéry. True enough, Mr. Wilson says the poetic vogue-styles are *probably worthless*, but that hedging qualification enables him to have his cake and eat it, to slight in a genteel, adverbially and proverbially English way.

ANTHONY RUDOLF

London

"Plus ça change, plus ça reste. . . ."

I AM SURE that by your occasional quotations from Tocqueville or Flaubert in 1848 you do not mean to imply that the current phenomenon of Student Revolt has parallels only in the French Nineteenth Century. Readers with historical memories will know otherwise. Perhaps there is nothing new under the sun (and now not even the moon).

I take the liberty of offering you two rather more ancient references. The first is from the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, where in Book V he records the circumstances (c. 400 A.D.) in which he left his teaching post in Carthage and preferred rather to teach in Rome:

"I did not wish to go to Rome because higher gains and higher dignities were warranted me by my friends who persuaded me to this (though even these things had at that time an influence over my mind), but my chief and almost only reason was, that I heard that young men studied there more peacefully, and were kept quiet under

a restraint of more regular discipline; so that they did not, at their pleasures, petulantly rush into the school of one whose pupils they were not, nor were even admitted without his permission. Whereas at Carthage there reigns among scholars a most disgraceful and unruly licence. They burst in audaciously, and with gestures almost frantic, disturb all order which any one hath established for the good of his scholars. Divers outrages they commit, with a wonderful stolidity, punishable by law, did not custom uphold them; that custom evincing them to be the more miserable, in that they now do as lawful what... shall never be lawful; and they think they do it unpunished. . . ."

The second is from a Goliard poem, "Floreat Olim Studium" and the scene in the accompanying woodcut seems to my jaded eyes as some kind of medieval sit-in. (The translation is taken from the recent edition by George F. Whicher, *The Goliard Poets*, published by the New Directions Press, 1949.)

*Learning that flowered in days of yore
In these our times is thought a bore.
Once knowledge was a well to drink of;
Now having fun is all men think of.
Today mere striplings grow astute
Before their beards begin to shoot—
Striplings whose truant dispositions
Are deaf to wisdom's admonitions.
Yet it was true in ages past
No scholar paused from toil at last
Nor shrank from studies the most weighty
Till his years numbered more than eighty.
Now boys you'd think were barely ten
Throw off the yoke and pose as men,
Nay, even plume themselves as masters:
Blind lead the blind to swift disasters. . . .*

JAMES P. O'DONNELL

Berlin



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by

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THE CRESSET PRESS, LONDON 1969

AUTHORS

Brian Aldiss is well known as a science-fiction writer. As he informs us, his next novel, *Barefoot in the Head*, due from Faber and Faber in the autumn, "forages beyond categories to explore a Europe where civilisation and languages are breaking down. . ."

Early next year, Weidenfeld & Nicolson will publish *The Hand-reared Boy*, first of a quartet of novels Aldiss is writing about "tabu areas of sex in our time." He is also the author of a travel book on Yugoslavia, *Cities and Stones* (Faber). . .

Max Beloff's "Rootless Cosmopolitans?" is a slightly shortened version of a recent Presidential address to the London Association of Jewish Graduates. Professor Beloff is Gladstone Professor of Government & Public Administration at Oxford. His latest work, the first volume of a study of the decline of the British Empire is shortly to be published by Methuen: *Imperial Sunset*, Vol. I, Britain's Liberal Empire, 1897-1921 (65s.). . .

RECENT ANTHOLOGIES include much of the material which ENCOUNTER published over the last two years in its special articles on the Middle East. *The Israel-Arab Reader*, edited by Professor **Walter Laqueur** (Bantam Books), includes the article by **Cecil Hourani**, "The Moment of Truth" (November 1967) as well as the exchange of letters between **Arnold Toynbee** and **J. L. Talmon** (October 1967). *Conflict in the Middle East*, edited by James Chace (Wilson Co., N.Y.), includes the contributions to our special section "O Jerusalem" (ENCOUNTER, February 1968) by **M. A. Shaban**, **B. H. Liddell Hart**, and **David Marquand**. . .

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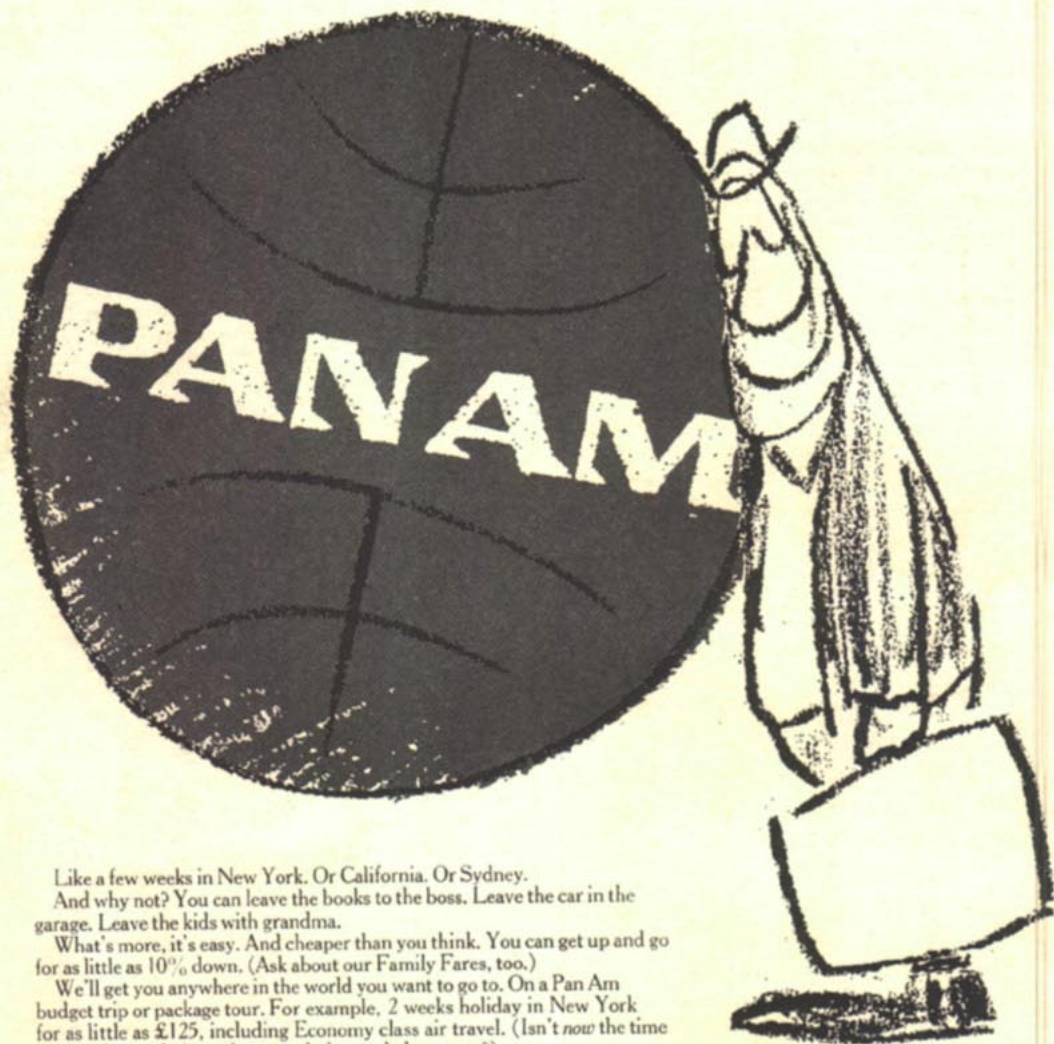
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